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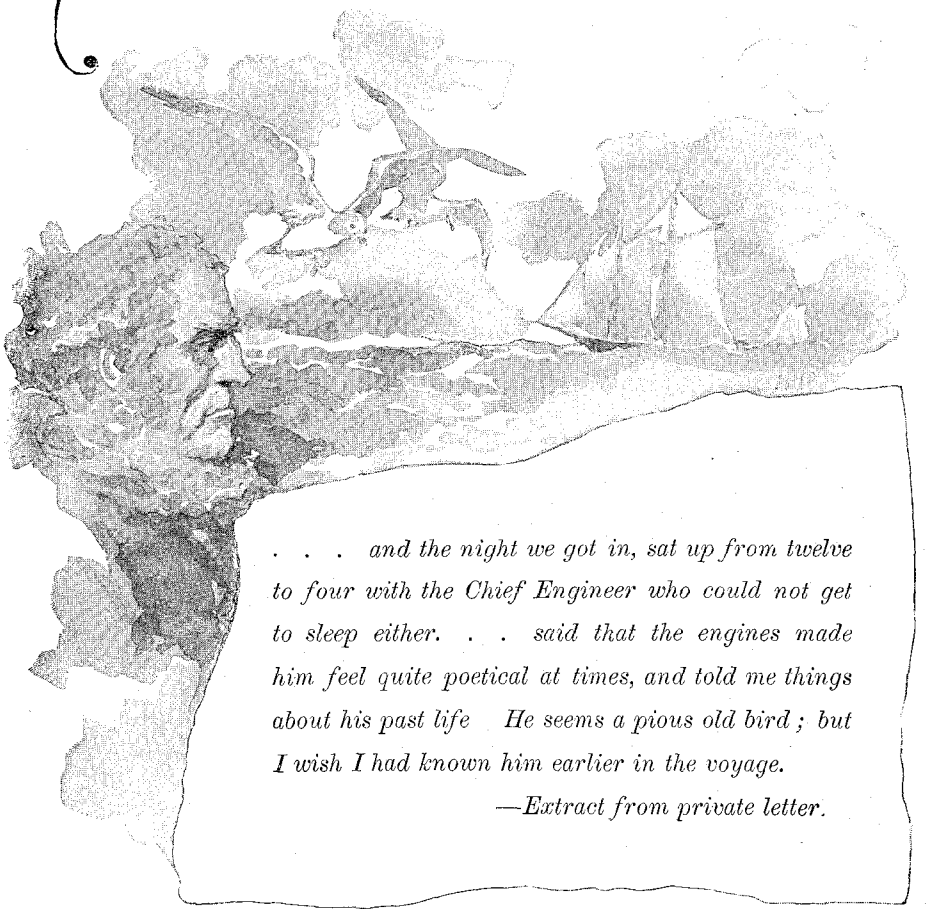
M'CANDREWS' HYMN

By Rudyard Kipling

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD PYLE



. . . and the night we got in, sat up from twelve to four with the Chief Engineer who could not get to sleep either. . . said that the engines made him feel quite poetical at times, and told me things about his past life He seems a pious old bird; but I wish I had known him earlier in the voyage.

—Extract from private letter.

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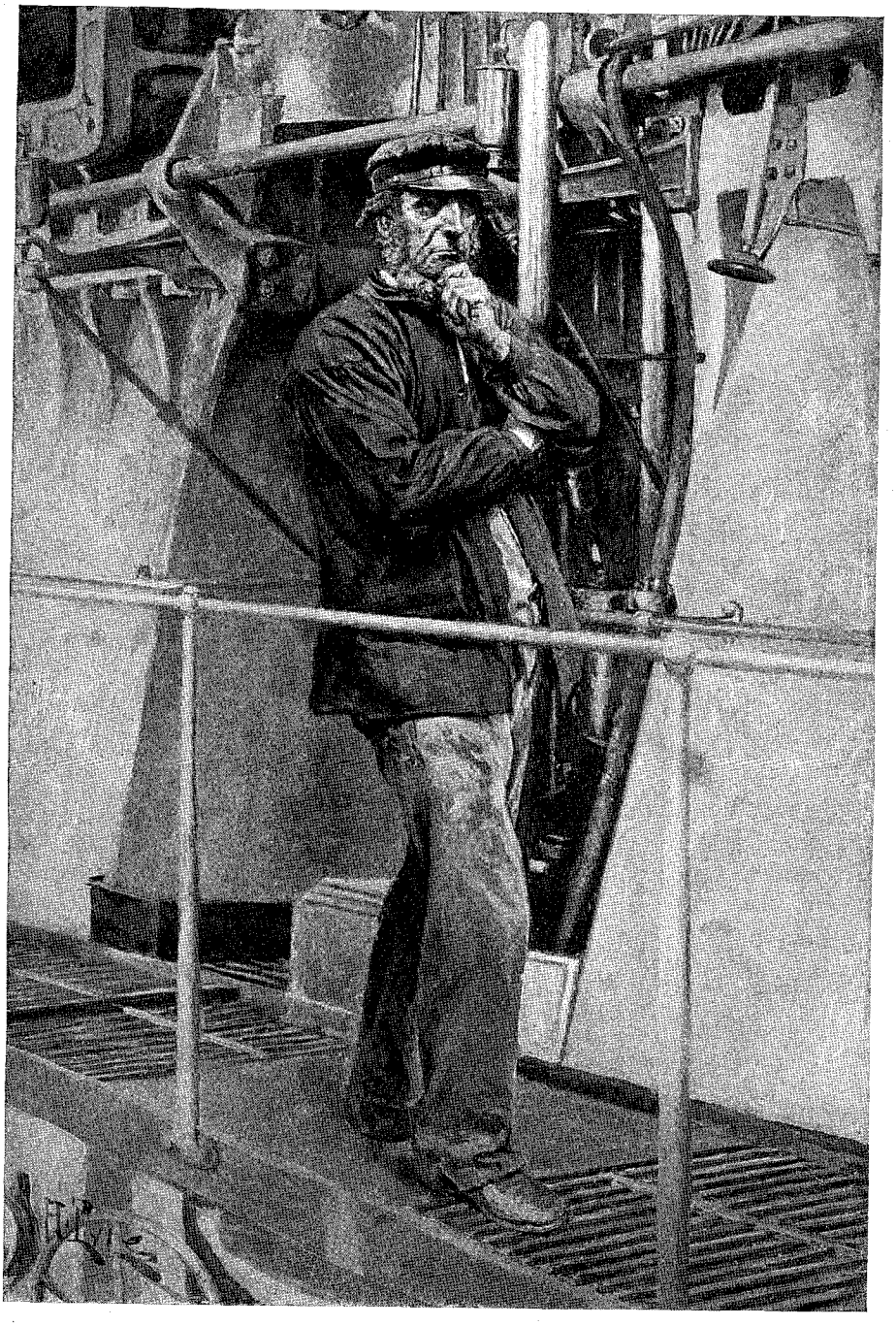

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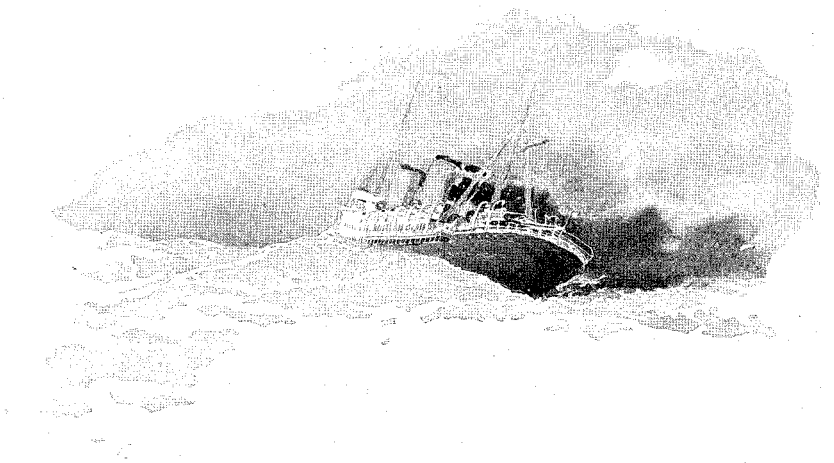

LORD, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream,
An' taught by time I tak' it so—exceptin' always Steam.
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, Oh God—
Predestination in the slide o' yon connectin'-rod.
John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enorrmous, certain, slow—
Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—*my* "Institutio."
I cannot get my sleep to-night, old bones are hard to please:
I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone wi' God an' these
My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an' strain
Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin' home again.
Slam-bang too much: they knock a wee. The crosshead-gibs are loose;
But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them fair excuse. . . .
Fine, clear an' dark—a full-draught breeze, wi' Ushant out o' sight,
An' Ferguson relievin' Hay. Old girl, ye'll walk to-night!
His wife's at Plymouth. . . . Seventy—One—Two—Three since he began—
Three turns for Mistress Ferguson. . . . I canna blame the man!
There's none at any port for me, by driving fast or slow,
Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty years ago.
(The year the *Sarah Sands* was burned. Oh roads we used to tread,
Fra' Maryhill to Pollokshaws—fra' Govan to Parkhead!)
Not but they're ceevil on the Board. Ye'll hear Sir Kenneth say:—
"Good morrn, McAndrews! Back again? An' how's your bilge to-day?"
Miscallin' technicalities but handin' me my chair
To drink Madeira wi' three Earls—the auld Fleet Engineer,
That started as a boiler-whelp—when steam and he were low.
I mind the time we used to pack a bursten main wi' tow.
Ten pound was all the pressure then—Eh! Eh!—a man wad drive;
An' here, our workin' gauges give one hunder' twenty five!
We're creepin' on wi' each new rig—less weight an' larger power:
There'll be the loco-boiler next an' thirty knots an hour!
Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen since ocean-steam began
Leaves me no doot for the machine: but what about the man?

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The man that counts, wi' all his runs, one million miles o' sea:
Four time the span from earth to moon. . . . How far O Lord from Thee?
That wast beside him night an' day. Ye mind my first typhoon?
It scoughed the skipper on his way to jock wi' the saloon.
Three feet were on the stokehold floor—just ragin' to an' fro—
An' cast me on a furnace-door. I have the marks to show.
Marks! I ha' marks o' more than burns—deep in my soul an' black,
An' times like this when all goes smooth my wickudness comes back.
The sins o' four and forty years, all up an' down the seas,
Clack an' repeat like valves half packed. . . . Forgie's our trespasses.
Nights when I'd come on deck to mark, wi' envy in my gaze,
The couples kittlin' in the dark behind the funnel stays;
Years when I roamed the ports wi' pride to fill my cup o' wrong—
Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street in Hong Kong!
Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I abode—
Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Reddick an' Grant Road!
An' waur than all—my crownin' sin—rank blasphemy an' wild.
I was not four and twenty then—Ye wadna judge a child?
I'd seen the Tropics first that run—new fruit, new smells, new air—
How could I tell—blind-fou wi' sun—the Deil was lurkin' there?
By day like playhouse scenes the shore slid past our sleepy eyes;
By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered from those velvet skies,
In port (we used no cargo-steam) I'd daunder down the streets—
An ijjit grinnin' in a dream—for shells an' parrakeets,
An' walkin'-sticks o' carved bamboo an' blowfish stuffed an' dried—
Fillin' my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put overside.
Till, off Sumbawa Head Ye mind, I heard a land-breeze ca'
Milk-warm wi' breath o' spice an' bloom:—"McAndrews, come awa'!"
Firm, clear an' low—no haste, no hate—the ghostly whisper went,
Just statin' eevidential facts beyon' all argument:—
"Your mither's God's a graspin' deil, the shadow o' yoursel,
"Got out o' books by meenisters clean daft on Heaven an' Hell.
"They mak' him in the Broomielaw, o' Glasgie cold an' dirt,
"A jealous, pridefu' fetish, lad, that's only strong to hurt
"Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His red-hot rod,
"But come wi' Us" (Now, who were *They?*) "an' know the Leevin' God,
"That does not kipper souls for sport or break a life in jest,
"But swells the ripenin' cocoanuts an' ripes the maiden's breast."
An' there it stopped: cut off: no more; that quiet, certain voice—
For me, six months o' twenty-four, to leave or take at choice.
T'was on me like a thunderclap—it racked me through an' through—
Temptation never guessed before, unnamable an' new—
The Sin against the Holy Ghost? An' through it all our screw.
That storm blew by but left behind her anchor-shiftin' swell,
Thou knowest all my heart an' mind, Thou knowest Lord I fell!
Yet was Thy hand beneath my head: about my feet Thy care—
Fra' Deli clear to Torres Strait, the trial o' despair,
But when we touched the Barrier Reef Thy answer to my prayer.
We dared not run that sea by night but lay an' held our fire,

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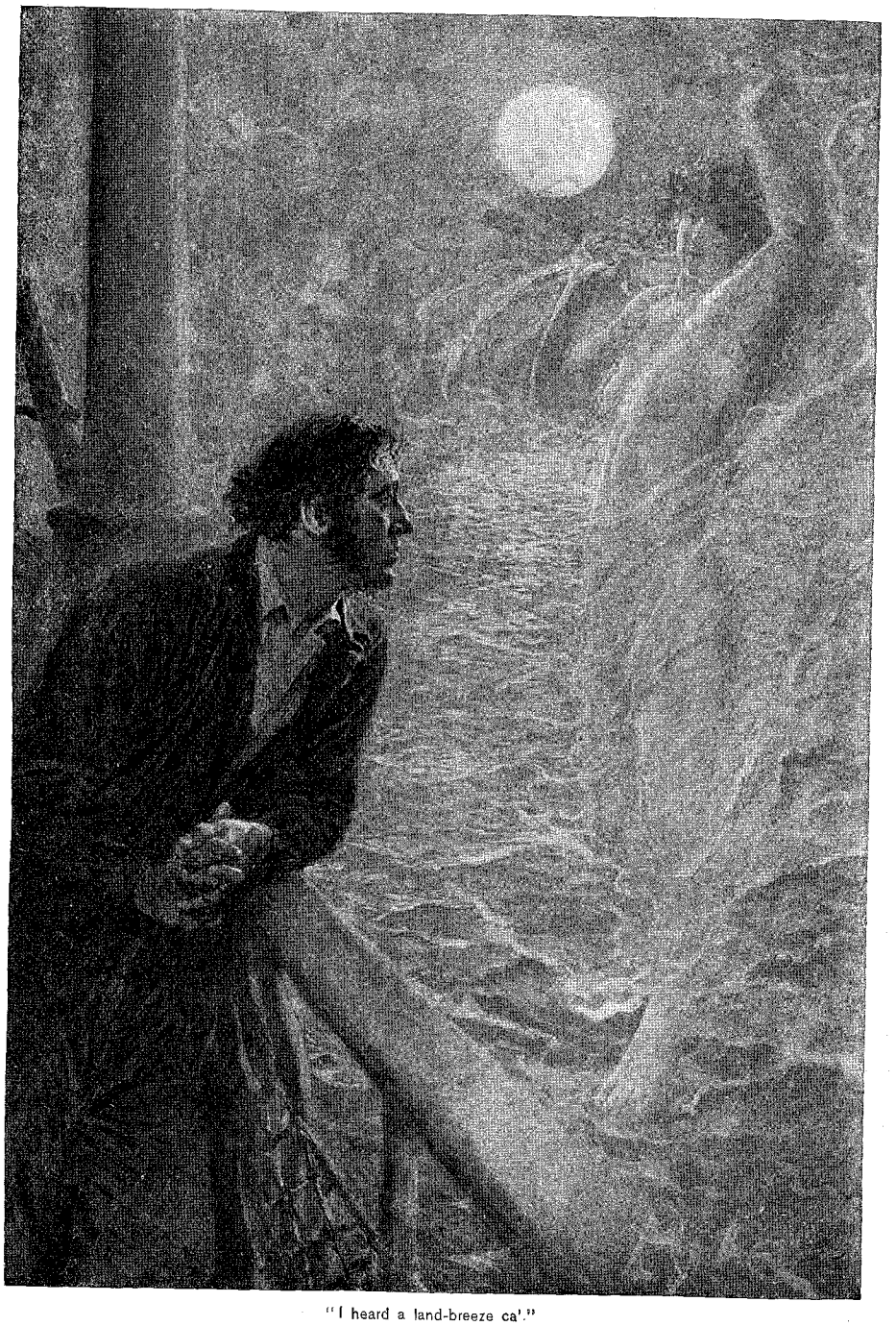

"I heard a land-breeze ca'."

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An' I was drowzin' on the hatch—sick—sick wi' doubt an' tire:—
"*Better the sight of eyes that see than wanderin' o' desire!*"
Ye mind that word? Clear as our gongs—again, an' once again,
When rippin' down through coral-trash ran out our moorin'-chain;
An' by Thy Grace I had the Light to see my duty plain.
Light on the engine-room—no more—clear as our carbons burn.
I've lost it since a thousand times, but never past return.

. . . . . .

Obsairve. Per annum we'll have here two thousand souls aboard—
Think not I dare to justify myself before the Lord
But—average fifteen hunder' souls safe-borne from port to port—
I *am* o' service to my kind. Ye wadna' blame the thought?
Maybe they steam from grace to wrath—to sin by folly led,—
It isna' mine to judge their path—their lives are on my head.
Mine at the last. When all is done it all comes back to me,
The fault that leaves six thousand ton a log upon the sea.
We'll tak' one stretch—three weeks an' odd by any road ye steer—
Fra' Cape Town east to Wellington—ye need an engineer.
Fail there—ye've time to weld your shaft—ay, eat it, ere ye're spoke,
Or make Kerguelen under sail—three jiggers burned wi' smoke!
An' home again, the Rio run: it's no child's play to go
Steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an' floe an' blow—
The bergs like kelpies overside that girn an' turn an' shift
Whaur, grindin' like the Mills o' God, goes by the big South drift.
(Hail, snow an' ice that praise the Lord: I've met them at their work,
An' wished we had anither route or they anither kirk.)
Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for though Thy Power brings
All skill to naught, Ye'll understand a man must think o' things.
Then, at the last, we'll come to port an' hoist their baggage clear—
The passengers, wi' gloves an' canes—an' this is what I'll hear:—
"Well, thank ye for a pleasant voyage. The tender's comin' now."
While I go testin' follower-bolts an' watch the skipper bow.
They've words for everyone but me—shake hands wi' half the crew,
Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they never knew.
An' yet I like my wark for all we've dam' few pickin's here—
No pension an' the most we earn's four hunder' pound a year.
Better myself abroad? Maybe. *I'd* sooner starve than sail
Wi' such as call a snifter-rod *ross*—French for nightingale.
Commeesion on my stores? Some do; but I can not afford
To lie like stewards wi' patty-pans. I'm older than the Board.
A bonus on the coal I save? Ou ay, the Scots are close,
But when I grudge the strength Ye gave I'll grudge their food to those.
Inventions? Ye must stay in port to mak' a patent pay.
My Deeferential Valve-Gear taught me how that business lay,
I blame no chaps o' clearer head for aught they make or sell.
I found that I could not invent an' look to these—as well.

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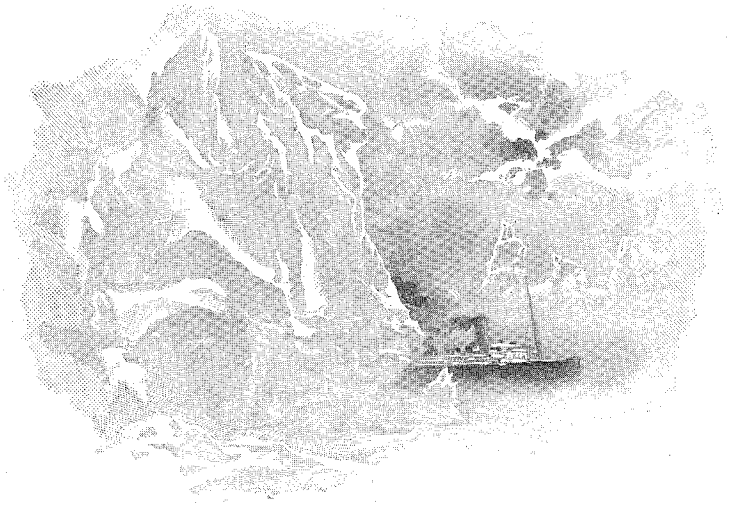

So, wrestled wi' Apollyon—No!—fretted like a bairn—
But burned the workin' plans last run wi' all I hoped to earn.
Ye know how hard an Idol dies, an' what that meant to me—
E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to Thee. . . . . .
Below there! Oiler! What's your wark? Ye find the bearin' hard?
Ye needn't float the gland wi' oil—this isn't the Cunard.
Ye thought? Ye are not paid to think. Go, sweat that off again!
Tck! Tck! It's deeficult to sweer nor tak' The Name in vain!
Men, ay an' women, call me stern; wi' these to oversee
Ye'll note I've little time to burn on social repartee.
The bairns see what their elders miss; they'll hunt me to an' fro,
Till for the sake of—well a kiss—I tak' 'em down below.
That minds me of our Viscount loon—Sir Kenneth's kin—the chap
Wi' Russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked yachtin'-cap.
I showed him round last week, o'er all—an' at the last says he:—
"Mister McAndrews, don't you think steam kills romance at sea?"
Damned ijjit! I'd been down that morn to see what ailed the throws,
Manholin', on my back—the cranks three inches from my nose.
Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,
Printed an' bound in little books. But why don't poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves an' doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rods mark the time.
The crank-throws give the double-bass; the feed-pump sobs an' heaves:
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves.
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the guides.
They're all awa! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamoes.

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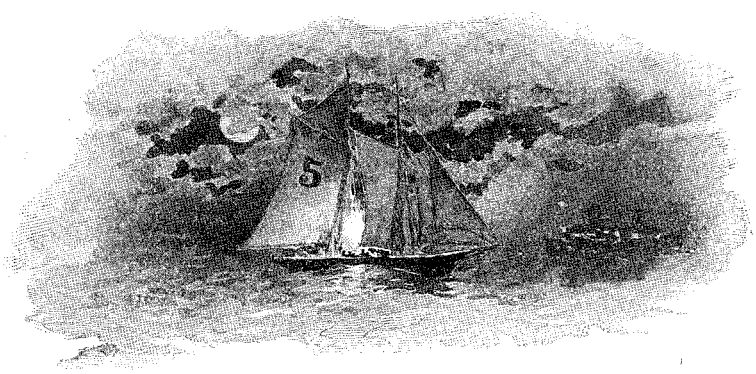
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, Ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.
Fra skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:—
"Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!"
Now, a' together hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:—
"Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"
Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.
Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain,
Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain!
But no one cares except mysel' that serve an' understand
My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh Lord! They're grand—they're grand!
Uplift am I? When first in store the new-made beasties stood,
Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word declarin' all things good?
Not so! O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall could vex
Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the Arrtifex!
That holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction, waste an' slip,
An' by that light—now, mark my word—we'll build the Perfect Ship.
I'll never last to judge her lines or take her curve—not I.
But I ha' lived an' I ha' worked. All thanks to Thee, Most High!
An' I ha' done what I ha' done—judge Thou if ill or well—
Always Thy Grace preventin' me. . . .
Losh! Yon's the "Stand by" bell.
Pilot so soon? His flare it is. The mornin' watch is set.
Well, God be thanked, as I was sayin', I'm no Pelagian yet.
Now I'll tak' on. . . .
'Morrn, Fergusson. Man, have ye ever thought
What your good leddy costs in coal? . . . I'll burn 'em down to port.



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CAST SHADOWS*

PAINTED BY ÉMILE FRIANT

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

The surest evidence of decadence in a school of painting is the prevalence of new fashions that lead the artists in bands away from the independent study of nature. A painter ought to see nature with his own eyes. If he conforms to a fashion he sacrifices his individuality as a dressmaker does when she makes a lady's costume according to a taste that is not her own, because she finds it, for the present, the best way of earning her living. The French school has of late shown evident signs of decadence in the sudden and inexplicable adoption of new fashions by large groups of artists together — the best possible evidence that they have no individual convictions, or that they are ready to abandon them, at short notice, for anything that promises notoriety. You cannot imagine any serious artist, like Ingres, taking up some new "fad" in this personally irresponsible way. Anyone who has watched French art for the last ten or fifteen years has seen how new principles of coloring and new modes of handling have suddenly become the rage amongst the younger painters. The reason why these fashions spread rapidly like epidemic diseases—so I am told by one who has a personal acquaintance with their victims —is because the young men have such a profound dread of seeming to be behind their age. To escape such a damaging imputation they will paint in any color and in any style that bears no resemblance to what they most abominate, the old-fashioned styles of painting to be seen in the galleries of the Louvre. "The separation of the method of expression from the idea to be expressed is the sure sign of decadence. France is now all decadence. In the Champ de Mars, as in the Salon, the man of the hour is he who has invented the last trick in subject or treatment."

This quotation is from one of the most modern of English critics, Mr. George Moore. The first sentence is absolutely true. What follows about the universality of the decadence in France is effective, but exaggerated. Some artists of merit, even amongst the younger men, have entirely escaped from the prevalent artistic diseases, and are as whole and sound as if they had lived in a better time. M. Émile Friant is one of these, and he is very young for a well-known artist, being only thirty-one.

M. Friant was born in 1863 at Dieuze, which was then in the department of the Meurthe, but was annexed by Prussia eight years later. It is a small but ancient town, the *Decem pagi* of the Roman occupation, known in the present day for its salt-works. M. Friant's father was foreman of the locksmith's department at these works, and his grandfather had held the same post before him. His mother belonged to a family of peasants in the neighborhood, and had been a dressmaker from the age of fourteen or fifteen. This maternal occupation had, indirectly, a great influence on the destiny of the boy.

There was a chemist at Dieuze called Parisot, a man of considerable importance in the place, as he was *adjoint* or deputy mayor. Madame Parisot used to employ Madame Friant as a dressmaker, and took great interest in her, which developed ultimately into a personal affection. an affection which included her little boy The chemist himself, being childless, treated little Friant very paternally, and he became like their adopted son, a position advantageous for his mental development, as M. Parisot was always ready to answer his endless questions. On the other hand, Madame Parisot behaved like a French mother with an only child, that is to say, she spoiled him, and his childhood was rather solitary, as his adopted parents would not allow him to associate with the ill-bred little boys in the street, and not much other youthful society was open to him at that time. However, he was sent to school, where

* See Frontispiece.

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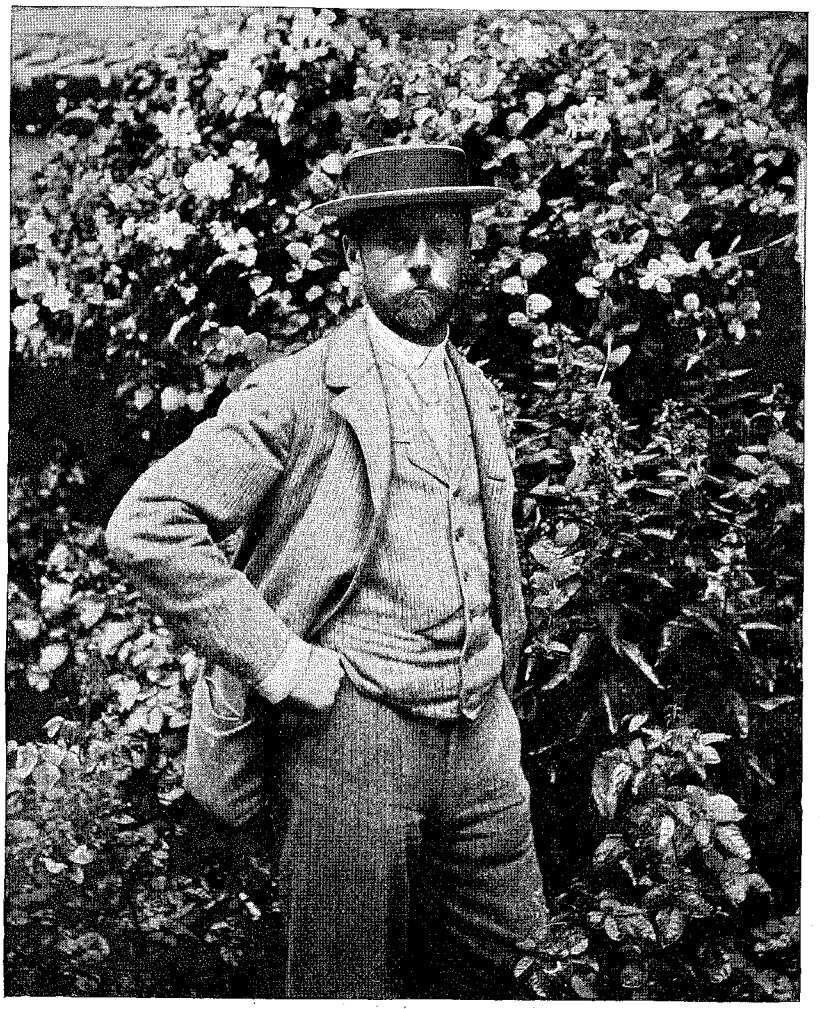

Émile Friant.

he was listless and indolent so far as the regular studies were concerned, but when he saw the other boys make sketches on their slates it was like a revelation to him, and he began to draw with quite a passionate ardor. Soon afterward he sketched from nature and often escaped into the country for that purpose, being invariably scolded on his return.

Then came the war of 1870, the invasion, and the annexation of Alsatia and Lorraine, including the little town of Dieuze, which was French no longer. Monsieur Parisot had been deeply afflicted by the course of events and intended to leave Dieuze to go to live at Nancy, which, as the reader will remember, is on the French side of the new frontier in Lorraine, but before he could carry out this project his life came suddenly to an end. Madame Parisot, however, went to Nancy after her husband's death and took little Friant with her, his father and mother joining them soon afterward. The boy disliked the big town, and deeply regretted his native place and the country round about it.

As to the choice of a profession, that seemed decided by M. Parisot's example. Friant was to be a chemist and had to learn Latin, for which he was sent to the *lycée* at Nancy, where he was a back-

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ward pupil. Meanwhile some judicious friends had warmly recommended his father to do something for his artistic talent, so he followed a course of instruction in the municipal school of art, where he soon distinguished himself and won medals. The sense of his inferiority at the *lycée* humiliated him the more by its contrast with these successes, and at last he asked his father's permission to quit the *lycée* altogether and devote himself exclusively to painting. To his great astonishment his father took the request without surprise, but an unexpected opposition came from his painting master, who did not under-estimate the boy's artistic capabilities or his chances of success as an artist, but urged, with a liberality of mind very rare at all times among specialists, the desirableness of a more advanced classical education and the folly of leaving school before it had been attained. However, as young Friant was doing no good at the *lycée* he was now put under a private tutor with an arrangement of his work that left time for painting. The residence in Nancy was good for progress in art, as there was an able teacher, Devilly, a pupil of Eugène Delacroix and both a well-informed man and a talented artist. Under his direction Friant painted studies of still life, landscapes, and afterward portraits which he sold for thirty francs apiece. At the age of fifteen he exhibited at Nancy and became a local celebrity with the title of "le petit Friant." A year later the municipal council granted him an allowance to go and study in Paris, where he became a pupil of Cabanel. That artist was interested in his new pupil at first, but was afterward disappointed with him, and the boy felt himself in a false position, as he had been compelled to abandon his first habits and the palette of Delacroix; however by executing some oil sketches as projects for historical pictures he regained Cabanel's favor. The monotonous discipline of the *atelier* was disagreeable to him, and he left some time afterward for Nancy, where he worked under the direction or aided by the advice of the painter Morot, who had worked in Rome. A successful portrait increased the local reputation of "le petit Friant," and he undertook a picture of "The Prodigal Son," which, on his return to Paris, had every appearance of a disastrous failure. It was intended for the Salon, and though the time was rapidly gliding by he allowed it to remain unfinished. Four days before the receiving day he consulted an experienced friend, who said, "Do nothing for two days but rest, and spend the last two days in getting your picture better together." This he did, and the picture was both admitted and well hung, but it was rather coolly received, whereas another work, an interior of a studio, which the young painter had executed only for his amusement, attracted general attention and made him known at once throughout the artistic world. Friant's age being still only nineteen, Cabanel suggested that he should try for the *prix de Rome*. He did so and won the *second grand prix*. After this he had a travelling allowance from the government which enabled him to see all the galleries in Holland, Spain, and Italy, but he cared more for Rembrandt and Velasquez than for the Italian masters. He also travelled in Algeria and Tunis with a result precisely the opposite of what might have been expected, as the sun of Africa only made him think with melancholy regret of the gloomy Novembers of Lorraine. This inspired his first really celebrated picture, "La Toussaint," All Saints Day, which was conceived in Africa and painted, on a large canvas, immediately on the artist's return. It was exhibited in 1889, when it won the *prix du Salon* and was purchased by the State for the Luxembourg gallery, where it may still be seen. This picture made Friant acquainted with Meissonier who took an interest in his art and both praised and criticised it. In the same year the young artist, still only twenty-six, won a first-class medal at the Universal Exhibition and was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, altogether a most extraordinary instance of early success. Since 1889 he has exhibited regularly and of late years in the Champ de Mars, where his pictures always attract attention both by their human interest and the honest excellence of their workmanship.

"La Toussaint" represents the interior of a cemetery, just within the gates.

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It is a picture entirely of the present time. M. Friant has even accepted the silk hat which is worn by a gentleman with an overcoat. It is true that this gentleman is partly concealed by a great flowering plant in a pot that he allows a young lady to carry while he carries nothing but his umbrella. Before him advance two ladies with large bouquets, and in front of them is a young girl with a *gros sou* in her hand that she intends to drop into a little tin cup held by a blind man between gloved hands that rest upon his lap. The blind man is comfortably seated and warmly clad in a hooded overcoat with a thick railway rug over his knees. The whole scene is truth itself and well illustrates one of the most respectable customs of French life, the visit, so rarely neglected, to the tomb of a dead relation. The picture shows great skill in combination with what has now become an unusual modesty and simplicity of style. The only objection to it is its unnecessary size. The subject might have been equally well rendered on a canvas of cabinet dimensions. The drawing is most careful and accurate, absolutely without bravura, and the color sobriety itself, but by no means easy, as it includes a difficult study of blacks and of grays not much more encouraging.

Another study of blacks in costume is the picture given as a frontispiece to this number, entitled "Cast Shadows," and exhibited in 1891. An ungainly lover with black clothes and cravat is seated, holding in both hands the hand of a plain, decent-looking middle-class woman, also in black, who is standing by his side and looking wistfully away from him while he gazes up at her with the devotion of a worshipper. Their shadows are cast upward, apparently by firelight, on the bare wall. The picture is humorous and pathetic, and painted with rare perfection of realization.

In 1890 M. Friant exhibited a picture entitled "The Wrestlers," in which the nude figure was treated with a refinement of veracity in drawing which had more to do with nature than with the ideal. Some boys have come down from a farm-house to bathe in a little stream, so two of them have taken to wrestling in the field. It is a simple rural scene, in which, however, the artist's sobriety of execution excludes the sketchiness of manner usually associated with the rural picturesque.

I must mention one more picture, the portraits of the two Coquelins, the actors, the elder seated in an arm-chair in his study, while the younger is leaning on the table and reading to him. The expression, both of listener and reader, is admirably given, and this mastery of expression is very probably one reason why M. Coquelin (who as an actor must understand it) has purchased several pictures by M. Friant. The richly furnished interior shows the owner's taste for books and works of art, and is painted with a scrupulous truth reminding one of the old Flemish masters.

Here ends what I have to say about the painters of the twelve pictures that I have selected for this magazine. They are fairly representative of several varieties of modern art which, with great diversity of method, have one quality in common, their singleness of purpose, their complete freedom from affectation. Not one of the artists in my list has been enslaved by any prevalent fashion; each has done his own work in his own way, simply trying to make it as good as possible in the manner that properly belongs to him. In my view the unpopularity of a painter proves nothing against him, nor does popularity, when he has it, prove anything against him, either. When Manet painted "The Fifer" he was entirely unpopular, when Carolus Duran painted "The Poet with the Mandolin" he was the most fashionable portrait-painter in France. It does not matter, both pictures are equally honest work, though "The Poet" is painted with more elegance and suavity. There is a class of critics in the present day to whom nothing is so odious as success. They cannot endure Leighton because he is President of the Royal Academy and a baronet, nor Bouguereau because he has made a fortune. Surely with a just critic neither worldly success nor failure ought to count for anything, either way. Leighton

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and Bouguereau have exactly the same right to justice as if they were unsuccessful. I see that the London *Spectator* accuses me of being unable to appreciate living artists, possibly because I have not hitherto written anything about Degas, the demigod of the "new criticism." I happen to know on the best authority, that of Degas himself, that he dislikes all printed publicity. His admirers have plagued him sufficiently; as for me, I respect his wishes by a silence which is neither ignorant nor contemptuous. With regard to the general justice of the *Spectator's* accusation, the readers of these papers have the materials for an opinion of their own.

THE MATRIMONIAL TONTINE BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

THE Matrimonial Tontine Mutual Benefit Association of New York was reduced to two members. These were Benjamin Davis, note broker, and Horace Wilson, landscape gardener. The rest were married or buried. That is to say, one member, poor Thomas Cook, was under the sod, and the other twelve were Benedicts in good standing. There had not been even a divorce, though divorce was not a contingency provided for in the constitution.

The Association was twelve years old, and owed its existence to a random remark made by Harry Stephenson at a dinner at the club.

"I wonder," said he, "which of us fellows will marry first."

"Or last," said Ben Davis.

"Or not at all," said Horace Wilson.

There was some lively banter on the subject, chiefly to the effect that marriage as an institution was decaying, and that no one but a Crœsus could afford to take a wife, and presently George Edmunds, who had been smoking reflectively, drew general attention to himself by rapping on the table.

"I have a scheme to propose," he said.

George Edmunds was known to have a nimble fancy and to be a practical individual into the bargain. He was a writer of fiction, but he had invented in his spare moments a patent corkscrew and a patent potato-peeler which brought him in a round sum annually. Consequently any scheme of his suggestion was sure to be listened to respectfully.

"There are fifteen of us here tonight," he continued, "and there can't be a difference of two years between the eldest and the youngest. Why shouldn't we form a Bachelors' Protective Union?"

He paused and looked round the table inquiringly. Several smiled as though the idea pleased them; but evidently no one knew exactly what George meant; and by way of inviting elucidation, Ben Davis, who probably had the potato-peeler in mind, asked:

"Where's the chance for making an honest dollar this time?"

"I'll show you," replied George. "Fifteen members at an annual assessment of twenty-five dollars apiece will insure a dinner on the first of every January for the party, and leave a neat little annual sum to be invested by the treasurer. The last man who holds out against the enemy takes the pool. If the fund is skilfully handled, and we hold out as rigorously as we talk, he ought to carry off a tidy sum."

There was a murmur of approval and amusement.

"It's a pious plan," exclaimed Stephenson. "Let's put it through."

"We will," said several others.

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"But suppose there never should be a last man? There might be several, you know, who would hold out to the end," said Ben Davis. "There should be a time limit when the survivors divide."

This seemed sensible, and it was subsequently agreed that at the end of twenty years the pool should be apportioned in case there should be more than a single bachelor remaining.

Before midnight on that very evening the articles of association were drawn up by the flowing pen of George Edmunds, and read to the assembled company. There was a preamble with a formidable *Whereas*. "*Whereas* we, the undersigned bachelors, have this day entered into a solemn compact for the mutual protection of our liberties against the institution of marriage, etc., etc." Then followed a solemn bond wherein The Matrimonial Tontine Mutual Benefit Association of New York bound itself, in consideration of certain covenants and agreements of each subscriber, to furnish a dinner of reasonable richness as to food, and abundance as to drink, on the first day of each and every year, and to pay over to the individual or individuals who should be most faithful to the purposes of the Association the total net capital accumulated from the time of first payment down to the date of the final settlement.

Everybody signed that night, and there was much flamboyant protestation on the subject of matrimony. To judge merely from the expressed views of the subscribers, it seemed probable that the pool would be divided among the fifteen members at the end of the twenty years. The average age of the subscribers was twenty-five. No one was over twenty-six or under twenty-four. Consequently the limit of twenty years appeared to be a reasonable one. Surely a bachelor of forty-five ought to be able to take care of himself, and do without the protection of a Bachelors' Union.

The subscribers, having duly affixed their signatures to the articles of association, elected, as seemed fitting, George Edmunds president, secretary, and treasurer. It would be his duty to call the members together on the occasion of the annual dinner, to note and report failures to pay the annual dues or fallings from grace into matrimony, to exercise general supervision over the affairs of the Association, and particular supervision over the net fund. He was given, by the oral instructions of the members, plenary and yet peculiar and sleep-haunting powers as to the management of this fund. No gilt-edged conventional investment returning regular, modest interest would satisfy the winner of the pool. The treasurer would be expected to hit upon something extraordinary in its dividend-yielding character. If not another potato-peeler, something equally bonanza-like and gratifying. And yet no risks must be run which would hazard the integrity of the principal. Something safe yet unconventional, perfectly secure but splendidly lucrative, would be expected from him. George would understand what they meant and act accordingly, and doubtless the eventual winner of the pool would have every reason to approve of their selection of a treasurer.

Whether it be that much of the talk this evening was on the surface and merely for effect or bravado, or whether it be that the masculine heart may contain matrimonial germs without being conscious of them, no less than four of the fifteen subscribers ceased to be members of the Association after paying but two annual assessments—that is to say, they became engaged in the course of the second year. A summer girl at Narragansett Pier caused the first break, which was the occasion of an extra dinner and much oratory as to the necessity of caution and steadfastness. Within the three ensuing months, thereby suggesting that the deserters probably had matrimony in their minds at the time these speeches of exhortation were being made, a second, third, and fourth fell victims to a widow with two children, a flaxen-haired doll, and a strong-minded brunette, respectively. The terms of description are those of the remaining members, who closed up their serried ranks and looked askance at one another. *Who* would be the next to fall? Who, indeed! But there was always the consolation that the individual chances of the survivors to

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win the pool had been materially enhanced. As for the pool itself, the treasurer had already doubled it by a happy purchase of some shares in a gold mine.

During the next two years there was no lapse from grace, and simply the death of Tom Cook to chronicle. Then, without warning, Harry Stephenson came a fearful cropper, as they say in the hunting-field. He fell over head and ears in love with a very plain girl in Harlem, without a penny to her name, and married her. This made a frightful gap, for Harry had been one of the most inspiring and virulent bachelors of the Association. What was more, his defection seemed to knock the moral fortitude out of William Hardy, so that when the fifth annual dinner came round, only eight members clinked their glasses and drank a standing toast to the joys and blessings of single life. On the following day, one of the eight announced his engagement to a chit of eighteen. This bit of perfidy elicited from the survivors a special vote of censure which accompanied the box of flowers sent by them to the victimizer of their late associate. The only cheering bit of intelligence was, that the treasurer had again done his duty. He had sold the shares of the gold mine at a magnificent figure, and put them into the stock of the Oleo Refrigerator Company, which had immediately declared a cash dividend of fifty per cent.

After this there was another lull of two years and a half. Then, at intervals of about six months apart, three more fell from grace, leaving only George Edmunds, Benjamin Davis, Horace Wilson, and Roger Partridge to dine together on the occasion of the tenth annual dinner. Partridge, who was bald-headed and looked like a confirmed old bachelor of the first water, was nevertheless so melancholy and absent-minded that the president, secretary, and treasurer called him to order and directed the eyes of the Association upon him so sharply that the poor fellow blushed to where roots of his hair had been.

"You had better confess and make a clean breast of it," said Ben Davis.

"I've nothing to confess," answered Partridge, stoutly. But he looked exceedingly doleful, and of a sudden he collapsed and blurted out, "I offered myself to a woman yesterday and she threw me over. If that's a reason for resigning, I'll resign. I wish somebody would blow my brains out." Thereupon he buried his head in his hands.

There was a short silence, and the other three exchanged sardonic glances.

"Does the constitution cover the case?" asked Ben Davis.

"No. The repentant sinner is received back with open arms," said Edmunds. "Cheer up, Roger. You've run a frightful risk, but you still have a grip on the pool, dear boy. Only don't ask her again."

"She wouldn't have me if I did," groaned the culprit.

"Oh, yes, she would."

"What makes you think so?" eagerly asked the bald-headed bachelor.

"Because in nine cases out of ten they do."

"Then you think I'd have a chance?"

"What's her age, old fellow, if she'll excuse the question?"

"Twenty-nine next August."

"It's nearly a dead certainty," exclaimed Edmunds and Davis, in the same breath.

"My opinion is that if you don't ask her, she'll ask you," said Horace Wilson.

This was a little brutal. Horace, who really had a tender heart, felt it to be so. He put his hand gently on Roger's shoulder.

"I say," he exclaimed a moment later, "this thing has gone far enough. Fate is against the Association. I vote that we disband."

"Disband!" cried Davis. "That is a monstrous idea. What do you mean?"

On the other hand, Edmunds made no such demonstration of protest. Indeed, a careful observer would have noticed that a flicker of satisfaction passed across his countenance. But all he said was—he said it, though, a little nervously—"We four should get about fifteen hundred apiece. The fund figures a trifle more than six thousand on my books to-day."

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"Money or no money," said Horace, "we've carried it far enough. We have vindicated our principles; we are each of us thirty-five, and now it seems to me that anyone of us ought to be allowed to marry without loss of self-respect."

"There is certainly something in what you say," said Edmunds, with an appearance of dispassionate candor.

Davis gazed from one to the other in mingled astonishment and indignation. "I never heard of such a thing," he exclaimed. "Disband just when we're reaching the crucial point! It's the brassiest proposition I ever listened to. Even Roger here, who would get his fifteen hundred by it, looks as though he thought it the most extraordinary idea that was ever broached. I see through it, though," he continued, defiantly. "It's a conspiracy. You two are either engaged or in love, and have put your heads together to play me for an imbecile. But it won't work. The Association can't disband without a unanimous vote, and mine is not to be had for love or money. Come now, George Edmunds and Horace Wilson, admit that you're in love and that this is a game. You can't look me straight in the eyes, George. By Jove, you're the most conscious-looking conspirator who was ever brought to bay."

Undeniably, Edmunds, from the moment this accusation was uttered, had worn a flurried air and now, when Davis seized him by the arms and tried to look into his eyes he winced and avoided the searching, scornful scrutiny, and turned pink and white. Even his would-be nonchalant words of protest did not clinch the matter, as his accuser was quick to discover.

"Engaged? Nonsense. I never asked a woman to marry me in my life."

"But you're in love. Deny it if you can."

"I deny your right—" began George. "Er—besides it's not true."

"I knew it," cried Ben, triumphantly, and, letting Edmunds loose, he bent his gaze on Horace Wilson. "And here's another in the same fix."

This time there was no wincing or shrinking. The scornful, piercing eyes encountered a cool, steady return, and there was the resonance of convincing truth in the sturdy reply:

"Ben Davis, unless we disband tonight, you, barring my death, will never touch one dollar of that six thousand until the end of the twenty years, and then you will have to divide it with me. Conspiracy? There isn't a woman in this world whom I would cross the street to speak to a second time. And more's the pity, too. What I said about disbanding came from my heart. Heaven knows I'd like to fall in love, but I can't. I've tried, but it's no use. If there ever was a firm-set old bachelor, I'm the man; and since you decline to disband, I warn you to look out, for I intend to take the pool."

Thereupon Horace folded his arms and smiled with the assurance of a man who has been many times under fire and still is heart-whole.

You will remember that this occurred at the tenth annual dinner. Before the eleventh Roger Partridge offered himself again and was accepted. The remaining three dined together on the first of January, and clinked their glasses once more to perpetual bachelorhood. Although George Edmunds made no formal announcement, his undisguised attentions to Miss Virginia Tebbetts, and her apparent preference for him, left little room to doubt that his membership in the Association hung by the gills, so to speak, and that the contest was to be limited to the other two. Indeed, Ben Davis felt that the president, secretary, and treasurer was so completely out of the race that he saw fit, in the spirit of prudence which was an attribute of his, to throw out a hint or two as to the advisability of conservatism in regard to the investment of the pool. The treasurer had again made a notable financial stroke by selling out the stock of the "Oleo Refrigerator Company" at the top of the market, and buying the shares of the "Plimsoll Aëronautic Concern" at a bed-rock price.

"Don't you think it might be well to salt down what we have into a first-rate real-estate mortgage?" inquired Ben.

George Edmunds flushed. He was not prone to take offence, but he prided

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himself on his acumen as an investor, and this remark seemed to him to savor of rank ingratitude and to be entirely uncalled for.

"Haven't I done sufficiently well for you?" he replied.

"You have done wonders — made three ten-strokes; but — but I think you will admit that there was a certain element of risk in each one of the—er —investments."

"They succeeded," said George, coldly.

"Besides, the treasurer was directed to be brilliant," interjected Horace. "There is no scope for brilliancy in a first-rate real-estate mortgage."

"That was at first, when we had a mere pittance in the treasury. We have ten thousand dollars now. Ten thousand dollars does not grow on every bush, but it may be lost in a twinkling. What if the flying-machine does not work? Where will our money be?"

Undoubtedly George Edmunds laid up this criticism against Ben so far as a kind-hearted and malice-hating fellow could lay up anything against anybody. This, too, in spite of the fact that the stock of the "Plimsoll Aëronautic Concern" rose rapidly during the next four months, demonstrating clearly thereby the superior sagacity of the treasurer of the Matrimonial Tontine Mutual Benefit Association. At a special meeting of the members held on the first day of May, this self-same treasurer announced, with the apologetic reprehension of self which the fall of the chief and sole official of the Association seemed to demand, his engagement to Miss Virginia Tebbetts.

"I have called a special meeting," he continued, "for the reason that, as I have ceased to be a member, a new custodian of the assets of the Association should be elected forthwith. The only present asset is this certificate for one thousand shares of the stock of the "Plimsoll Aëronautic Concern," which I take pleasure in informing you could be sold to-day for twelve thousand five hundred dollars."

Thereupon, with a glance of legitimate triumph at Ben Davis, he laid the valuable piece of parchment on the table, together with the records of the Association, and presently left the two survivors to their own devices.

On the following morning, before a single quotation was uttered in Wall Street, Ben Davis entered a broker's office with the piece of parchment in question, duly endorsed by him as president, secretary, and treasurer of the Association.

"Sell this at the market," he said, carelessly. But though he looked cool as a cucumber, there was fever in his soul, and he hung about the office until the operation was completed. The stock was sold for $12,500, and the following week it fell $5 a share in as many minutes, and within a fortnight the certificates were worth merely what old paper is worth. But long before that dismal day the funds of the Matrimonial Tontine Mutual Benefit Association were safely invested in a gilt-edged mortgage on improved real estate.

And so, as was stated in the first place, the Association was reduced to two members, a condition of affairs which had existed now for three calendar years. The fourteenth annual dinner had recently been eaten, and Ben Davis and Horace Wilson had clinked glasses to the joys of single life with the same gusto, so far as either could discern by close scrutiny of the other, displayed by them on the very first occasion. Beyond the fact that George Edmunds had been married and was the father of a boy baby, and the funds of the Association were yielding a safe but modest four and one-half per cent., matters seemed just the same. But they were not.

One winter's evening, about six weeks subsequent to the fourteenth annual dinner, Ben Davis sat before the fire in his comfortable bachelor rooms, with a pensive expression of countenance. Time had dealt kindly with Ben. He had some hair left, a moderately youthful face and figure, and a prosperous business. People and corporations who were pressed for money came to him to relieve their necessities, and he was very apt to be able to relieve them. When he did so, he retained a small slice; such is the

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way of the world ; and it does not take a very great many slices to make a respectable family loaf. But Ben had no family. He kept a cob and he went to Europe for six weeks in summer, provided the money market was not too tight. In the event of financial stringency he ran down to Bar Harbor for a fortnight or so. Money had been at a premium the previous summer, and he had been able to get away only for ten days, and to get only as far as Narragansett Pier. But those ten days had been detrimental to his peace of mind ever since. He had seen her in the water the first time, and he could not forget her.

She did not live in New York ; but such are the opportunities of a note broker that one can run over to Philadelphia on business without seeming to go out of one's way to call on a girl. Ben had made the trip five times since the first of October, and it was not yet March, and he had fairly come to the conclusion that single life was a failure. What he was saying to himself this evening was that on Easter he would send her a lily, and go over the following week and ask her to become his. In the event that she accepted him, Horace Wilson, of course, would get the money. This was not exactly a pleasant thought for Ben ; but so far as he could see, there would be no escape from it. Somehow he had come to regard the pool as his, and the idea of losing it entirely was galling. Not that he needed the money ; for he was doing remarkably well. Indeed, the sum would make a much greater difference to Horace Wilson than to him, for Horace, though described in common parlance as a rising landscape gardener, had only half his income. It would certainly be unpleasant, though, to be obliged to take the little trunk out from the safe and hand it over to Horace. The gilt-edged mortgage on improved real estate seemed to him to belong just where it was, and the prospect of parting with it was very distasteful to him. Was there no means by which he could win her and the pool both ?

None presented itself that evening, but on the following morning, which was Sunday, he stumbled upon something just a little promising. Up to this time during the last five years he had never seen Horace Wilson in the society of any woman. Though the city was large, to be sure, and they did not meet altogether the same people, Ben flattered himself that he kept a pretty close eye on Horace. And yet the painful consciousness was his that never had he run across his rival in what might be called a compromising situation. Had he detected him even at a theatre-party, he would have felt encouraged, but though he had often beheld Horace comfortably ensconced in an orchestra stall, there had never been a female companion beside him.

On this Sunday morning, however, as Ben was taking an airing, chance led him along the particular cross street in which George Edmunds had established his household gods. The churches were just out, and though it was a cross street, there was a sprinkling of people on either sidewalk. Ben was thinking of her, and consequently did not pay his customary heed to the passers. There was only one woman in the world for him, and as for the men, they interested him not at all, provided the single ones stayed away from Philadelphia. There was just one man he would except from the general scope of his indifference, and he was Horace Wilson. Why the dickens didn't that fellow get married ? It was high time. Happening to look across the street as this thought formulated itself in his mind, his heart gave a jump. In the vestibule of George Edmunds's house stood four people, who were on the point of entering. Indeed, before he had fully comprehended the situation, they had gone in and shut the door. But in three of them Ben had recognized George and his wife and Horace Wilson. As to the fourth, who had been slightly in advance of the others, and consequently partially concealed, he had detected by the feathers on her bonnet that she was a woman, and a passably young woman at that. Ben, being a note broker, was quick at computation. He instantly put two and two together and said to himself that

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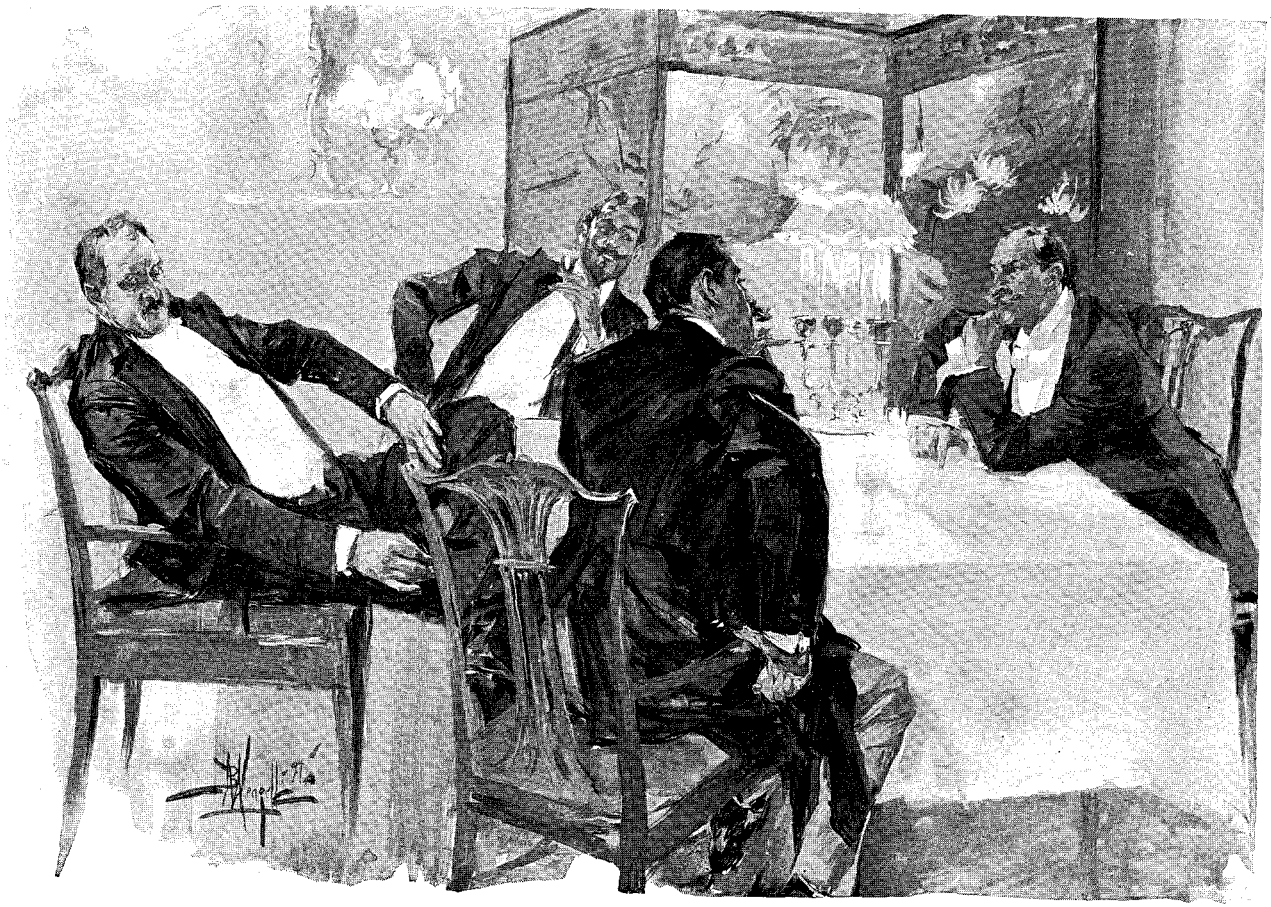

The Tenth Annual Dinner—"She threw me over."—Page 681.

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Horace had been escorting the unknown in question home from church. A ray of hope lit up his late gloomy reflections regarding the gilt-edged mortgage. If Horace were to become engaged before he did, the pool would be his. After glancing up at the house opposite in the hope of detecting the mysterious stranger at the window, he went on his way with a more elastic step. If he won the pool, could he not afford to give the one woman in the world the superb diamonds which he had examined at a jeweller's the week before? He would be cautious and delay a little, and await developments.

On the very next evening Ben happened to run across George Edmunds at the club, and immediately asked him the question uppermost in his mind. "Who was the lady walking home with you from church yesterday?"

The inquiry was made in the most innocent, off-hand manner, but obviously George was prepared for it. Be it for the reason that he had never forgiven Ben for charging him with being in love before he knew it himself, or for impugning his financial judgment, George had taken sides. He was particularly desirous that Horace Wilson should win the pool, and consequently was on his guard.

He answered, diplomatically, "My wife's mother is staying with us for a few days."

"I congratulate you, George. It wasn't your wife's mother with you yesterday, however. The lady Horace Wilson escorted to your house was no one's mother. Is he attentive to her?"

"Spying, eh?" said George. "No, he isn't."

"What's her name?"

George hesitated. He was on the point of telling and then, for no particular reason, thought better of it.

"It will never be Wilson," he replied.

George Edmunds returned to the bosom of his family that night in an anxious frame of mind. He and his wife, the late Virginia Tebbetts, were already at war in regard to the relations between Horace Wilson and their guest, Miss Florence Delaney, and his interview with Ben Davis had made him still more solicitous that his better half should do nothing further to promote the affair.

"It will be the same as robbing Horace of a good thirteen thousand dollars," said he to his spouse. "You should have seen the triumphant, avaricious gleam in Ben's eyes when he told me that he had detected him. Just leave the man alone, Virginia. Provided you let him go his own gait, I feel sure that his natural antipathy to your sex will lead him out of temptation. But if you keep egging him on, the next thing we shall hear is that he is engaged."

"I devoutly hope so, dear. I have made the discovery that Horace Wilson is one of those men whose matrimonial sweetness has been wasted on the desert air of a club long enough. He is peculiarly adapted to be a husband and father, but the girls in the world who would suit him are abnormally scarce. Dear Florence happens to be one of them. He may never meet another; and so the sooner they are engaged the better."

"Then let him find it out for himself. Don't prod him into it."

"No, dear; a bachelor of his age needs to be prodded now and then, in order to realize what is best for him. So great is the sexual shyness which a wicked association such as yours engenders, that a woman has to give very clear signs that she is pleased, or the man will run back into his lair again and fancy himself jilted. Don't you remember how I had virtually to offer myself to you before you came to the point?"

"But no third person dragged me up to the halter."

"No; because you see, George, I really liked you almost as much as you did me. But the trouble here is that Florence doesn't know her own mind. It seems there's another."

"Thank goodness."

"Ah, George, don't talk like that. Poor Horace is just crazy about her. He thinks of nothing else. And he needs encouragement so badly. Only this afternoon he said to me, 'I'm afraid it's no use. I'll give it up and

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go in for the pool. She doesn't care for me more than for the button on one of her boots.' Oh, it was pitiful, George!"

"Who is this another?"

"That's the difficulty. I don't even know definitely that there is another. But I feel morally sure that there is. Otherwise she would accept Horace. It's harassing, for they are just made for each other. I warn you, George, that I am going to do everything that I can to bring them together. I shall invite her frequently to stay, and I shall go where she goes this summer. It was you who were responsible for

Horace had been escorting the unknown in question home from church.—Page 686.

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"Why they are diamonds—real diamonds!"—Page 691.

this hateful Association, and I feel a moral obligation to save Horace Wilson while there is yet time."

"The time to save him, as you call it, will be after he has pocketed the thirteen thousand dollars," said George.

Mrs. Edmunds was a determined woman. Her words were no idle sputterings to be forgotten as soon as spoken. She was resolved to keep the possibility that he might be accepted constantly before the mind of Horace Wilson, and with feminine, feline instinct she reached out for Ben Davis as an ally. She happened to meet him at Tiffany's some fortnight later. He had gone in to have another look at the diamonds, and he was reflecting that the pool would enable him to satisfy admirably his impulse to do the handsome thing by her who was to be his, when he looked up and beheld Mrs. Edmunds watching him. He bit his tongue in vain to keep from blush-

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ing. He realized that he had been caught in a very compromising situation. Yet to his relief his observer did not seem to notice it. On the contrary she said: "If you have a spare moment, Mr. Davis, I wish to have a few words with you in regard to our mutual friend, Mr. Wilson. Perhaps you do not know that he is in love."

"I had guessed as much."

"Then you know her?"

"Not well. I have seen her." It would have been more accurate to say that he had seen the tip of her bonnet. But Ben was a diplomat by instinct.

"She is a charming creature. Just the woman for him. He really ought to be married. And all he needs is encouragement—to be egged on. Can I count on you, Mr. Davis, now and then to do a little egging?"

The late Virginia Tebbetts spoke with all the engaging sweetness at her command, and conscious that she had said all that was necessary to enlist him on her side, provided he were willing to yield to the temptation, she glided away and left Ben to his own cogitations.

The result of this interview was twofold. It strengthened Ben's resolution to be cautious and make haste slowly in the matter of committing himself toward his intended, and it gave him an excuse for opening fire on Horace. As Mrs. Edmunds had said, Horace really ought to be married. A word or two of encouragement from him might cement matters and bring about his friend's everlasting happiness. The game was perfectly fair, for Horace knew well enough that the man who was engaged first would lose the pool.

The opportunity came the following week. Ben was returning from Philadelphia, where he had been to call on his Dulcinea, and he ran across Horace in the train. They had the smoking-compartment all to themselves, so Ben opened fire at once.

"I've come to the conclusion, old man," he said, "that there's no happiness like married happiness. I rather expect to be married myself some day." This admission seemed to Ben to be magnanimous, and he proceeded to add, without a qualm, "A little bird has told me that you have only to ask in a certain quarter to be accepted."

"And leave you to gather in the pool?" replied Horace, promptly. "Springs to catch wood-cock, eh?"

"Yes, I should win the pool," said Ben, slowly. "But what is a pool compared with true love? You may lose her, man, if you let mercenary considerations move you."

Horace made no verbal response. He merely sighed—sighed deeply. Ben, who was a diplomat, respected this display of emotion by silence. He bided his time and said, presently, "I understand that she is very charming."

"She is an angel," said Horace. "But I'm not worthy of her, in the first place, and in the second, she doesn't care for me."

"How can you tell until you ask her?" murmured Ben; though, to do him justice, he reminded himself of the murderer of Gonzago, pouring the poison into his victim's ear in the play of one William Shakespeare.

Horace sighed again, more pensively and less hopelessly than before. Just then the train stopped at a way station and Ben took advantage of the five minutes intermission to telegraph to the florist at Philadelphia.

"Delay lily."

He had given orders that morning to have one sent to her on Easter Sunday, which was the day after to-morrow, but it seemed to him, in view of the entire situation, that he had better suspend active operations until he should ascertain whether Horace's campaign was likely to be long or short. The girl might be one of the kind who would refuse Horace the first time; in which case there would be a fearful relapse, and months might pass before the sick man could be egged on to a second trial.

The spring slipped away, and so did the summer and autumn, and presently the ground was covered with snow, and Christmas-wreaths were in the windows. On the evening of the twenty-fourth, or Christmas-eve as we call it, the mercury was only five degrees above zero; it was snowing, and those who had put off buying their Christmas presents until the last minute found Jack Frost a too attentive companion. Ben Davis

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was not among them. He was sitting in his pleasant bachelor's rooms, comfortably established before a glorious fire. He had bought all his Christmas presents, and he had even hung up his own stocking, but he was not thinking of Christmas at the moment. Once or twice he rubbed his hands pleasantly together, as though he were gratified at his own reflections. And indeed they were satisfactory from his point of view. Only the day before yesterday he had had a most interesting interview with his ally and fellow-conspirator, Mrs. George Edmunds, who had complimented him on his egging capabilities, and whose final words had been, "She is coming to stay with us to-morrow, and I shall be egregiously surprised if he doesn't ask her and if she doesn't accept him. It is practically an accomplished fact."

An accomplished fact! With Horace Wilson engaged and out of the way, the pool would be his and he would be free to be as devoted as he pleased to the charmer in Philadelphia. Another Christmas-eve should not find him a lonely bachelor, but a happy Benedict, with the sweetest wife in the world. He had waited the longest, but he had won both the pool and the most charming of her sex. And after all, was he not the one entitled to the pool? But for his prudence and prompt action in the nick of time, there would have been no pool left. It would have gone where the rest of the funds in the "Plimsoll Aëronautic Concern" had gone. Instead, it was invested in a gilt-edged mortgage on improved real estate. Prudence! Caution! These had been the watchwords of his career. They had served him well in business, and now they were to serve him well in love. If only Horace Wilson announced his engagement on Christmas-day, he would offer himself on the first of January, and she should have the diamonds. He rubbed his hands again at the thought, then started, for someone had knocked. It was ten o'clock. Who could be the caller on so cold and stormy a night? "Come in," he cried, and in walked the gentleman of whom he had been thinking, well done up in a heavy coat which was plentifully besprinkled with snow.

"I wish you merry Christmas, Horace. You look like Santa Claus himself."

"I am Santa Claus. By your leave, Ben, I've come for a cigar and a night-cap. Ah!" he added as he approached the hearth, "I see you have hung your stocking up."

"Yes. I always do that. Some years I wake up and find it empty. But it reminds me of old times to see it there."

"Well, you won't find it empty to-morrow morning. I've come to fill it."

"Brought me a present, eh?" Ben's pulses bounded joyfully, but his habitual caution bade him speak decorously.

"A good many men would be very glad to find what you will find in your stocking. But very likely you won't care much. Ben, I'm engaged. I dare say you can afford to congratulate me."

Congratulate him? It was a little awkward to have to jump up and nearly wring a man's hand off when you had just come in to a neat $13,500 as the result of his action. Nevertheless, Ben did it with consummate tact and all the semblance of sincerity. Glad? Of course he was glad; simply radiant. There was no need to pretend. He shook Horace by the hand again and again, and they both laughed until they nearly cried.

"You have won the pool, old boy, and I don't care a straw. I'm the luckiest fellow in the world. She's a perfect darling."

"I'm sure she is. I wish you no end of happiness, Horace."

"Do you know her, Ben?"

"No, I caught just a glimpse of her once on George Edmunds's door-steps. Merely the tip of her bonnet. I suspected you, though, from that minute."

"Did you, really? George has been awfully kind; that is, confound him, I mean infernally disagreeable. He did not want me to lose the pool, and so he tried to make out that it would be time enough to think of marrying when the twenty years ran out. But his wife, heaven bless her, and you, Ben, kept my spirits up. If it wasn't one at me, it was the other, until finally I took heart and asked her. You were gunning for the pool, of course, Ben. I

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saw that. But you helped me all the same, and, thanks to you and Virginia Edmunds, I've something to live for now. You don't know, Ben, what an insignificant thing money seems to me to-night. Get married — get married, Ben, as soon as you can."

"Perhaps I may some day," he answered, significantly, moved by Horace's enthusiasm, for it was no longer necessary to be cautious. "I shall have to drink to bachelorhood alone this year; but between you and me, Horace, I hope for better things some day."

"Don't put it off, Ben. If you only knew—but you don't. I won't bore you. George says I'm as obnoxious to the nerves as a Fourth of July celebration."

"I don't even know her name."

"Florence. Do you remember the day we met on the train coming from Philadelphia? I had just been to see her. Florence Delaney."

Ben looked at him for a moment in silence. "It is a pretty name," he said, quietly.

"And she is an adorable woman."

"Yes."

"I thought you said you didn't know her."

"I was mistaken. I find I do. You are indeed the luckiest man in the world."

Horace glanced at him narrowly, struck by his grave tone and by the quietness of his demeanor. "Poor fellow," he said to himself. "He must be thinking what an infernally dull thing it is to be an old bachelor. I won't remind him of it any longer."

Horace remained until he had finished his cigar. After he had gone Ben sat for a long time with his face in his hands and his head on the table. To think that he had never recognized her on George Edmunds's steps that Sunday morning. He called to mind Horace's speech urging him not to put off being married, and he laughed at his own discomfiture, though there were real tears in his eyes. He said to himself that he was doomed to be an old bachelor to the end of his days. Christmas-eve after Christmas-eve would find him just like this. What a fool he had been. Prudence! Caution! They had served him well, indeed, in the matter of love. He seemed to see them before his mind's sight in mocking letters of fire. He had won the pool; but what was the pool now? Poor, pitiful schemer that he had been; he had thrown away the chance of his life.

He walked his room long that night, and when he went to bed it was not to sleep. The sun rose on a city mantled in snow. It was Christmas-day, but Ben felt that he belonged nowhere except at his club. He dined there alone, and after dinner he went into the writing-room and wrote. Merely a few lines; but when he had finished them he felt better. On the following morning he rose early, for he had a present to buy on his way down town. He was at Tiffany's so promptly that the attendants were still rubbing the aftermath of Merry Christmas from their eyes when he entered. "Let this be delivered as soon as possible. It is a Christmas present I had neglected to buy," he said to the salesman from whom he made his purchase.

An hour and a half later Horace Wilson and his ladylove were sitting on the sofa in Mrs. George Edmunds's drawing-room, when the maid entered with a tolerably large parcel which she delivered to Miss Delaney. Notwithstanding that Miss Delaney was very comfortable where she was, she forsook the sofa in order to examine her belated Christmas present.

"I wonder whom it can be from, Horace," she murmured, feverishly, as young ladies will under such circumstances. But before she undid the parcel she stopped to read the note which accompanied it.

"How very kind of him!" she said, when she had finished. She looked just a little queer, too. "It's from Mr. Benjamin Davis." And she held out the note.

"Ben Davis? I didn't know you knew him."

"Oh, yes, dear, very well indeed. In fact—" but here Miss Delaney stopped and gave a little laugh, and began busily to undo the parcel.

"In fact what?" asked Horace.

"Nothing." Then she gave a sudden scream of transport. "Look, Horace, look. Why, they are diamonds—real

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diamonds. Did you ever see anything so superb?"

Horace whistled with astonishment. "Diamonds? I should think they were!"

But a flush of disquietude presently succeeded the expression of delight on Miss Delaney's face, and she looked up at her lover appealingly. "I really don't see why he sent me such a present. They are lovely, but I don't think I like it."

"You mustn't feel annoyed, dearest," answered Horace, mysteriously. "Ben has tried to do the handsome thing, and he has done it."

"May I really keep them, Horace?" she asked, almost supplicatingly.

"Certainly, dear. Ben has sent them on my account, and he has acted very generously. I have a little confession to make, if you will listen. I ought to have told you before, but I haven't had time since yesterday. Ben and I have been members of a club called the Matrimonial Tontine Mutual Benefit Association." Thereupon Horace told her the whole story—at least he thought he had. "So you see," he said in conclusion, "Ben, the dear old fellow, has taken it into his head to do the handsome thing. He has practically shared the pool with me."

"I see," said Florence Delaney, quietly, but she shook her head with a little sigh and looked queerer than before. Horace, however, did not observe these signs of distrust in his deductions, for he was engaged in reading Ben Davis's letter, which, by the way, was the most commonplace of epistles.

"Dear Miss Delaney," it ran. "Will you do me the favor to accept these jewels with my sincerest wishes for your future happiness? Wishing you a merry Christmas, I am yours very sincerely, Benjamin Davis."

It was natural, in view of his understanding of the matter, that the gift of the diamonds should not be concealed by Horace from George Edmunds and his wife. It happened later in the day, when Horace was showing them to Mrs. George, that she remarked casually, "Now that it is all settled, Horace, I don't mind telling you that I was very much concerned at one time lest Florence would accept Ben Davis."

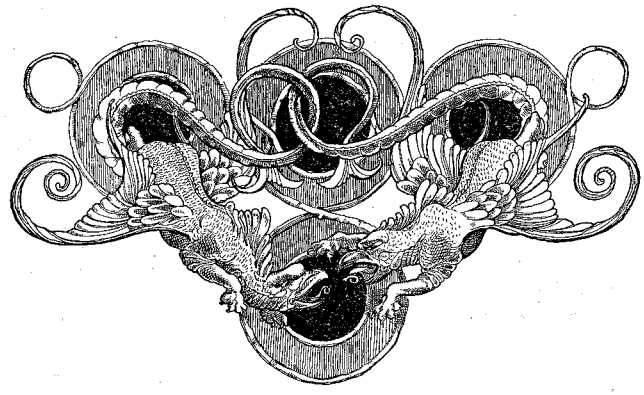
"What do you mean?" exclaimed our hero, very nearly letting fall the precious stones in his agitation.

"Why, he was the 'another' of whom I was so much afraid, though I didn't let you see I was. I didn't know myself that he was Mr. Davis until a few weeks ago, and when I realized that I had induced him to egg you on to offer himself to his own sweetheart, I felt like a guilty wretch. But it was too late to draw back then. Why, Horace, how strange you look! I took it for granted that Florence had told you all about it."

"You have merely added just a few paltry details which make me inclined to be sorry that I let Florence keep those diamonds," said Horace, grimly.

"Ah, you won't be so cruel as to take them away now after telling her she could keep them? Besides it would hurt Mr. Davis's feelings. He has really been very generous."

"Confound him, yes. I suppose you are right, though. Poor fellow, how I pity him! I can certainly afford to be a little generous too."



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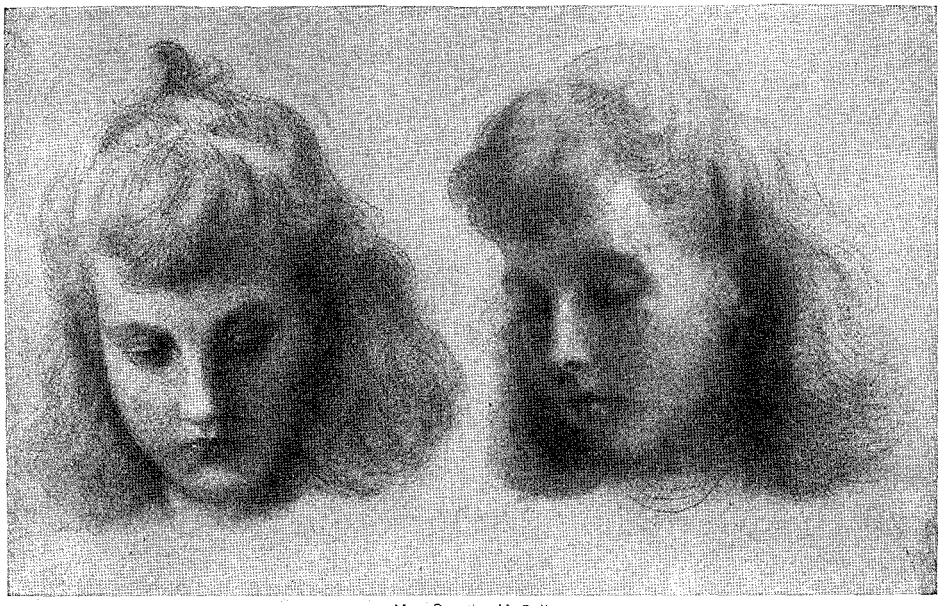

Miss Dorothy McCallan.

(Photographed by F. Hollyer, from chalk drawing in the possession of the artist.)

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.

By Cosmo Monkhouse

WHO was it who invented the phrase, "the literary idea?" and did he quite understand what he meant by it? Did it occur to him that ideas are the property of the human mind and not of any particular art; that though some can be fully expressed by one art only, and some better expressed by one art than another, to deny the right of any art to express or suggest what it can would be to impoverish it very seriously? Literature would come off better than painting, but how changed and dull would it be if what may be called the "pictorial idea" were excluded from its territory.

Fortunately men of imagination who are also artists have always refused to be strictly bound by pedantic theories, and the greatest of them have not been the first to break down any inconvenient barriers between one art and another, which hampered the expression of their thoughts. What has been will be, and even in the present day of dominant "realism" we have several artists who endeavor to express by paint such ideas as inspire them, without much regard as to whether they are "literary" or not. With one of these, Sir E. Burne-Jones, I dealt in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE last February, and I am now to write a few words about another, who has done as much as any artist of his generation to maintain the

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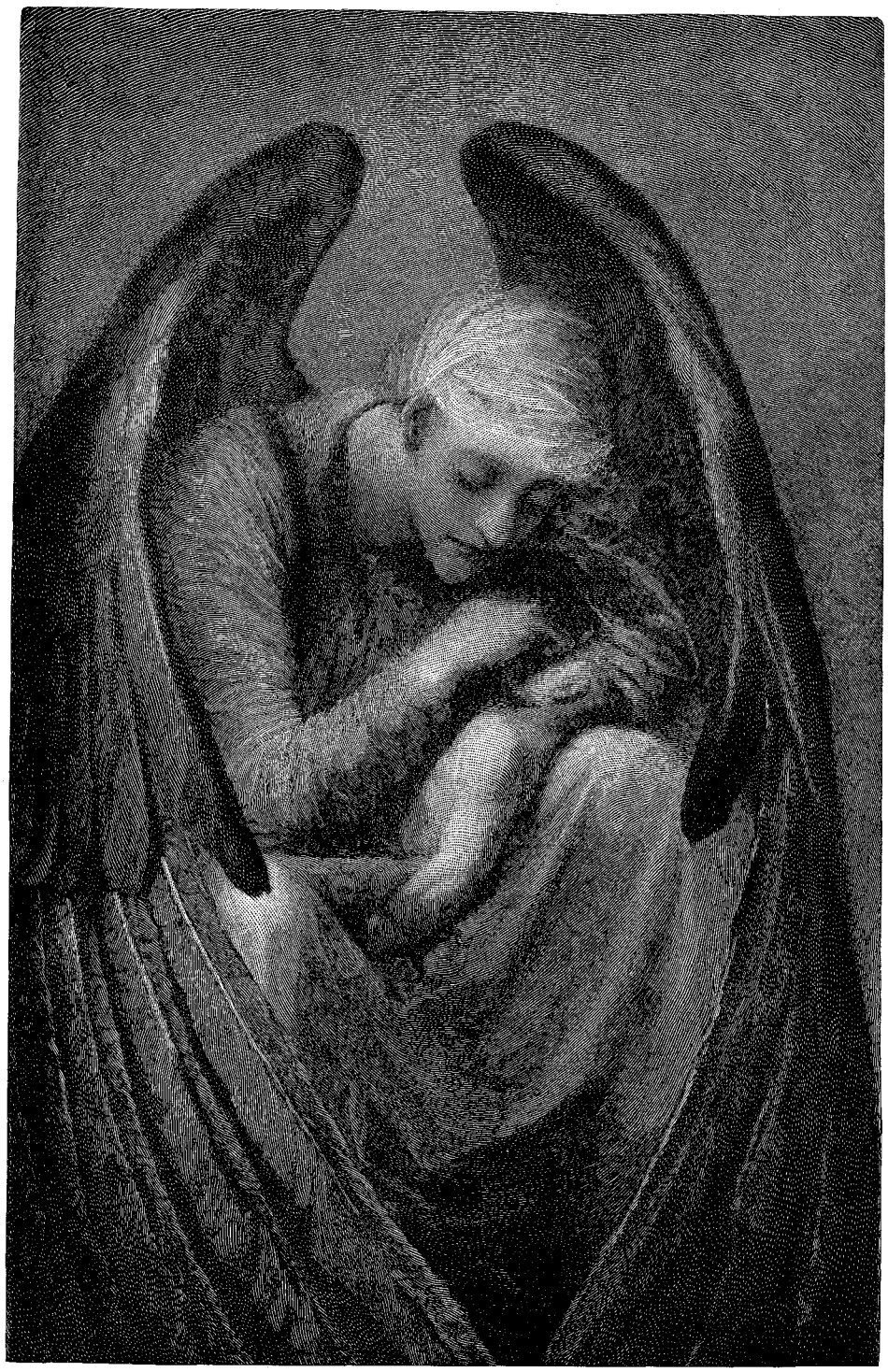

Death Crowning Innocence.
(Photographed by Cameron & Smith.)

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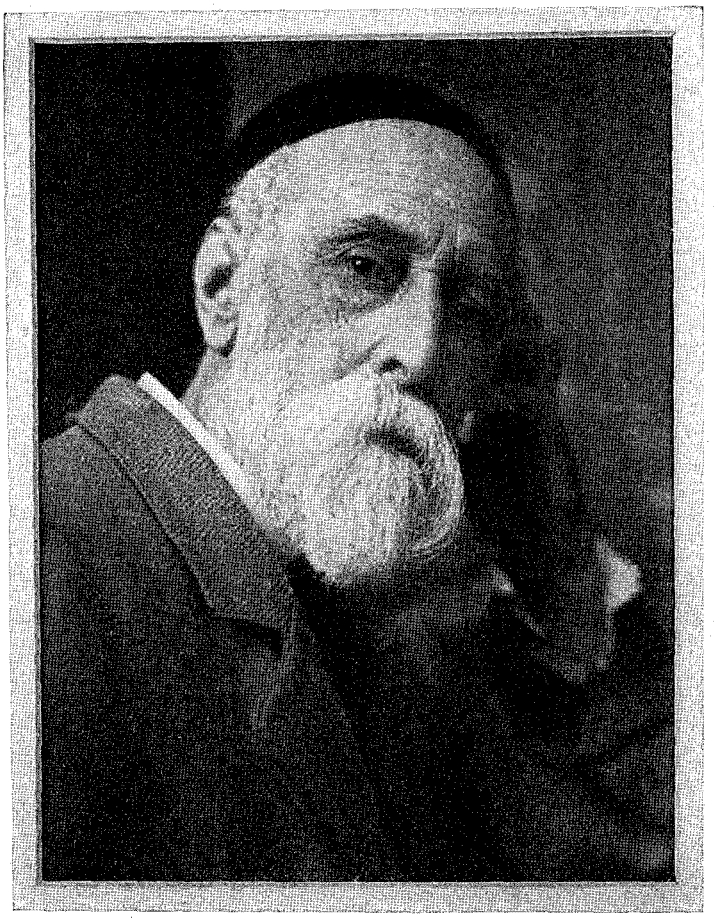

G. F. Watts, R.A., from Life.
(Photographed by Cameron & Smith.)

claim of the art of painting not only to please and amuse, but to elevate the mind by the expression of the noblest ideas. It has been the strange fortune of Mr. Watts, who has never disguised the didactic aim of his art, to have been more or less exempted from the general condemnation which some modern critics have for many years distributed impartially on all painters whose art is not entirely for "art's sake." He is still regarded by most of these as a true artist; an artist as it were in spite of himself. And this he is even according to his own account, for he has told me that he would have expressed himself in words had that gift been vouchsafed to him. If one may judge from his few published utterances, like his early criticism of Benjamin Robert Haydon, his description of his own works, and his delightful conversation, he underrates his own powers of effective speech; but still it is not to be regretted that his dominant power of expression has been graphic design, for this is a quality rarer even than eloquence, and he possesses it in a degree of force and purity which would have been exceptional at any time or in any country.

It was certainly by no ordinary strength of natural impulse that Mr. Watts, like Sir E. Burne-Jones, was constrained to devote the whole of his life to creating images of the unseen. The feeling of "something not ourselves" permeates the whole of their subject art, idealism invades their very portraits. The results are indeed dif-

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ferent, for they spring from two different human beings, each of whom has allowed his own genius to develop in harmony with his own separate individuality, neither has permitted any accident or fashion or worldly consideration to mar or divert its normal growth.

Burne-Jones has the more romantic and more personal vision, Watts the broader and simpler imagination, and so, though their lines of thought often run near to each other, they can scarcely be ever said to touch. So much at least may be said in comparison of these two artists without approaching the "odious." Nor is it any disparagement to other living artists of imagination to say that Watts is perhaps the most self-taught and self-directed of all. It must be remembered that he belongs to a generation before the Pre-Raphaelite and later movements which have had so transforming an influence on modern art. When he first exhibited at the Royal Academy, in the year 1837, being then but twenty years old (he was born on the 23d of February, 1817), the chief lights of poetical, or what was then called "historical," art were Etty, Eastlake, Hilton, and Howard among painters, and Baily and Gibson among sculptors. These were all Academicians, and among the Associates there was not a man from whom Watts's genius could draw much nutriment. Outside the Academy was indeed Haydon, with his high aims and Titanic energy, and inside was the great Turner, whose genius, though principally shown in landscape, was all-embracing. Watts, no doubt, owed much indirectly to both of these, but not in the way of training. They had no influence on the schools of the Royal Academy, which he found so useless to him that he withdrew from them after a few weeks' attendance. He "haunted," as he expresses it, the studio of William Behnes, the portrait-sculptor, drawing from plaster casts, of which he had a good collection, but receiving no instruction from him. Of professional education in the ordinary sense he had received none when he exhibited "A Wounded Heron" and the portraits of two young ladies in the Royal Academy in 1837. He will tell you that his real masters and standards of art were the Elgin marbles, and that he derived from them not only his sense of form and style, but suggestions of color. In 1838 he sent another portrait, in 1840 his first subject-picture, "Isabella e Lorenzo"—in 1841 a portrait of Miss Brunton, and the next year a portrait of Madame Ionides and a scene from "Cymbeline." The portrait of this year is especially noteworthy, as from that day to this Mr. Watts has painted a succession of portraits of the Ionides family—five generations in all. The first of the series were Constantine and Mary Ionides, painted about fifty years ago; the last is their great-great-grandchild, Miss Agathoniké Hélène, painted quite recently, and surely one of the most charming of his or any other artist's portraits of children. It is not given to many artists to paint five generations of the same family, or to retain the power at the age of seventy-six to present with such perfect freshness and sympathy the grace and sweetness of a little girl.

From 1842 there occurs a break of six years in Mr. Watts's contributions to the Royal Academy. At that time the art-world was agitated by the proposal of the Fine Arts Commission to hold competitive exhibitions of designs for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament with scenes from the history of Great Britain. The first exhibition was held in Westminster Hall in 1843. Artists young and old threw their whole energies into their cartoons, from poor Haydon, who had ever since 1812 been the consistent and loud-voiced instigator of the scheme, to Watts and other young men, who had yet their spurs to win.

To Haydon the competition was a bitter disappointment, perhaps the bitterest of his life, for he was unsuccessful; to Watts the result was the reverse, for he obtained one of the first-class prizes with his cartoon of "Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome."* The £300 which he received facilitated his desire to go to Italy, the

* This was never carried out in fresco. Fragments of it are in the possession of Lord Northbourne.

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Orpheus and Eurydice—in the possession of the artist.
(Photographed by Cameron & Smith.)

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Hope—in the possession of Mr. William R. Moss.

(Photographed by Cameron & Smith.)

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promised land of all young artists, and one day in the year 1843 he presented himself at the Casa Ferroni, then occupied by the British Legation at Florence, bearing a letter of introduction to Lord Holland, the British minister at the court of the Duke of Tuscany. Here he not only received a welcome, but found a most valuable and constant friend. He went to Florence for a short stay; he remained for four years. On the walls of the Villa Careggi, where Lord Holland lived, and where Lorenzo de Medici died, still remains a fresco

Paola and Francesca—in the possession of the artist.
(Photographed by Cameron & Smith.)

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Herr Joachim (1867)—in the possession of the artist.

(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

by Watts of an incident relating to the death of Lorenzo.*

But it is at Holland House that the happy effects of his introduction to Lord Holland can be best seen. There, besides many other portraits of the Holland family, are the sprightly portrait of Lady Holland in a "Nice" hat, and the charming one of little Mary Fox (afterward Princess Liechtenstein) with the big dog "Elia." The former was painted in Florence about 1843. To the Florence time belong also the portraits of the Countess Walewska and the Countess Castiglione, and a

* His fatal illness having aroused suspicions of poisoning, his friends seized his physician and cast him down a well. A sketch in oil for the composition is in Mr. Watts's possession.

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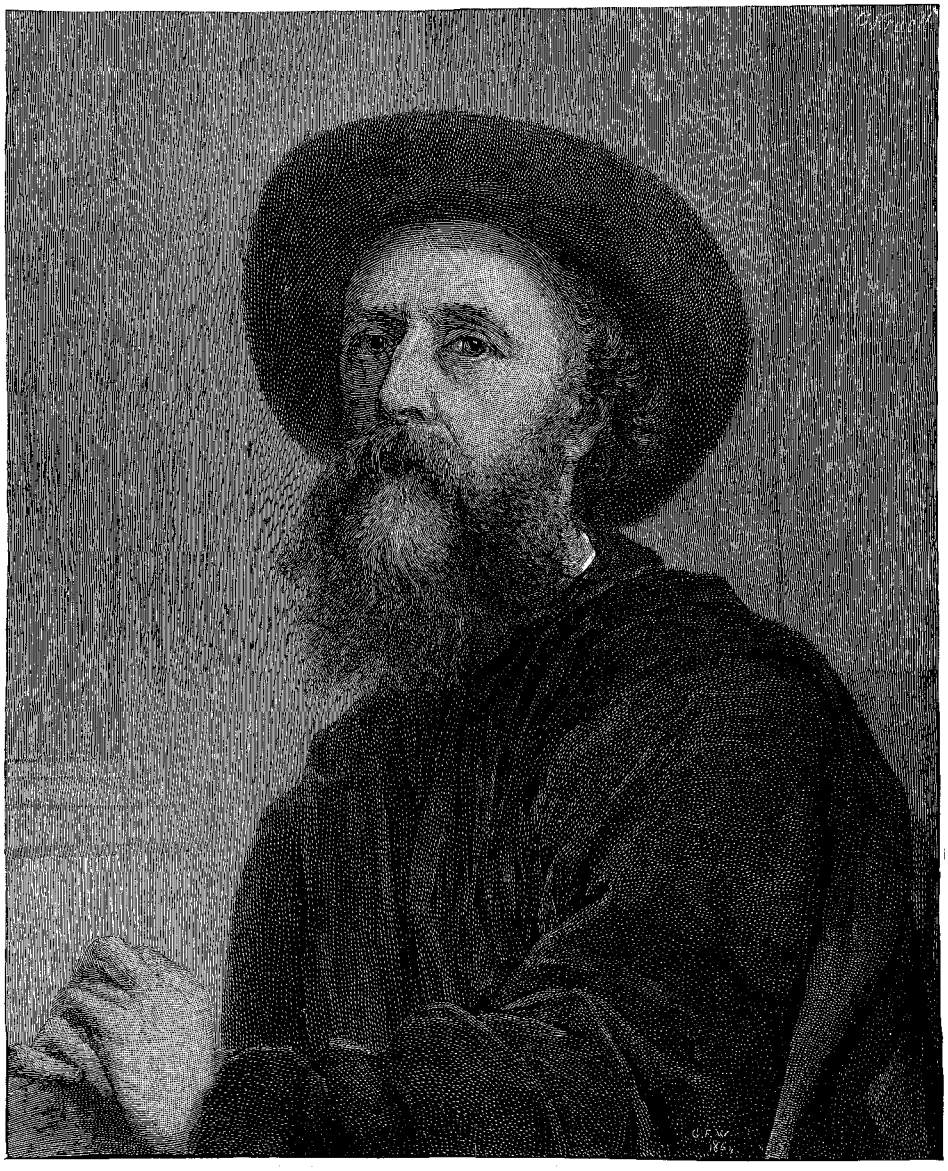

G. F. Watts, R.A., by himself—in the possession of the Dowager Lady Bowman.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

series of sketches of Lord Holland's friends, including many of the Italian nobility.

Time passed so pleasantly and quickly in Italy that, if it had not been for a kind reminder from Lord Holland, Watts would probably have missed the competition of oil paintings for the Houses of Parliament, which was held by the Fine Arts Commissioners in June, 1847. He returned to England just in time to send in his picture of "King Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Resist the Landing of the Danes," which duly obtained one of the first prizes, this time worth £500.

He also received a commission to execute in fresco the "St. George and the

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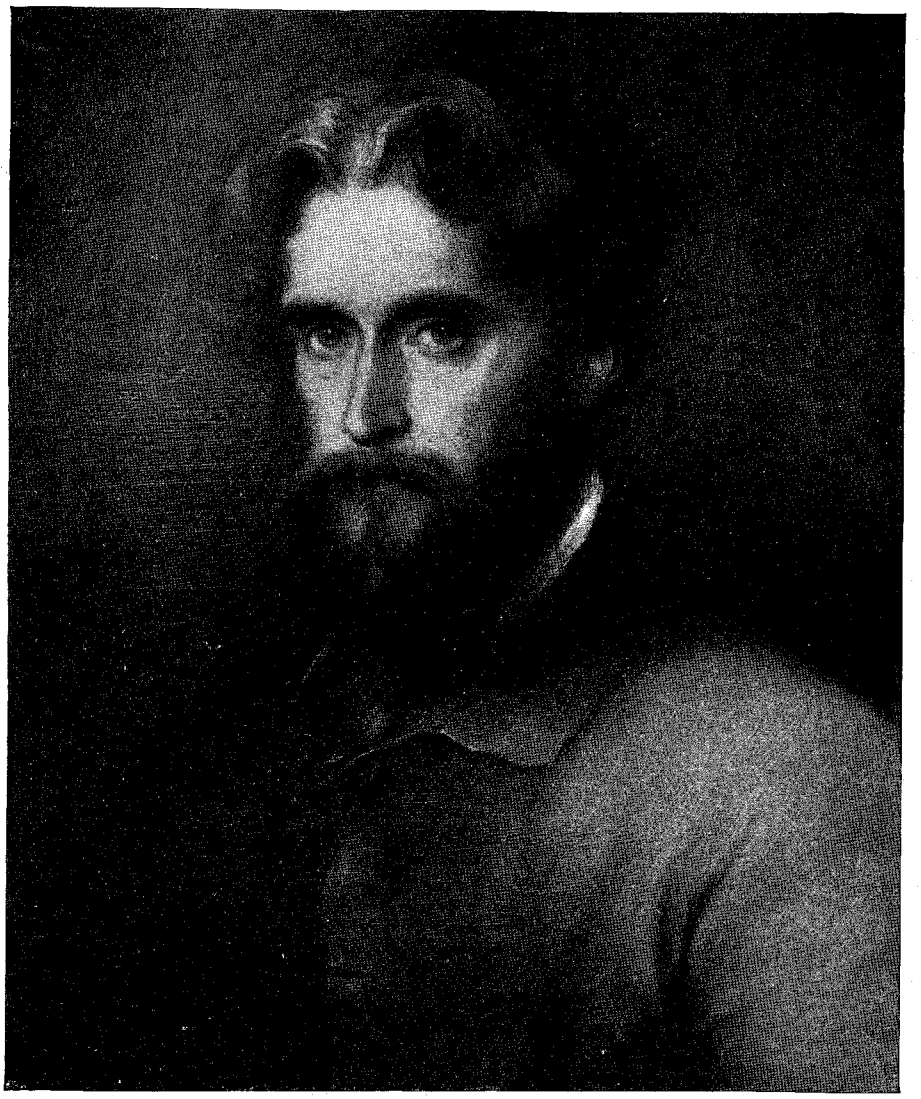

John Lothrop Motley (1882)—in the possession of the artist.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

Dragon," which, begun in 1848, was completed in 1853, in the upper waiting-hall of the palace at Westminster. The "King Alfred" is also in the "House," having been purchased after a time, for a small sum, by the Commissioners.

He was now thoroughly possessed with the desire to stimulate the love of noble art and the spirit of patriotism in England by the adornment of the walls of public buildings with mighty frescos of great subjects, and he pursued this great aim with ardor for many years after his return from Italy. If such a dream could be fulfilled by the will of artists alone, every public building in England would be covered with pictures; for, whatever else may be alleged against British artists, it can never be said that they have been wanting in public and patriotic spirit, or have weighed their labor by the ounce, when it was to be turned to a noble use. Barry, half starved, laboring at his huge pictures at the Society of Arts for the cost of his materials, the Royal

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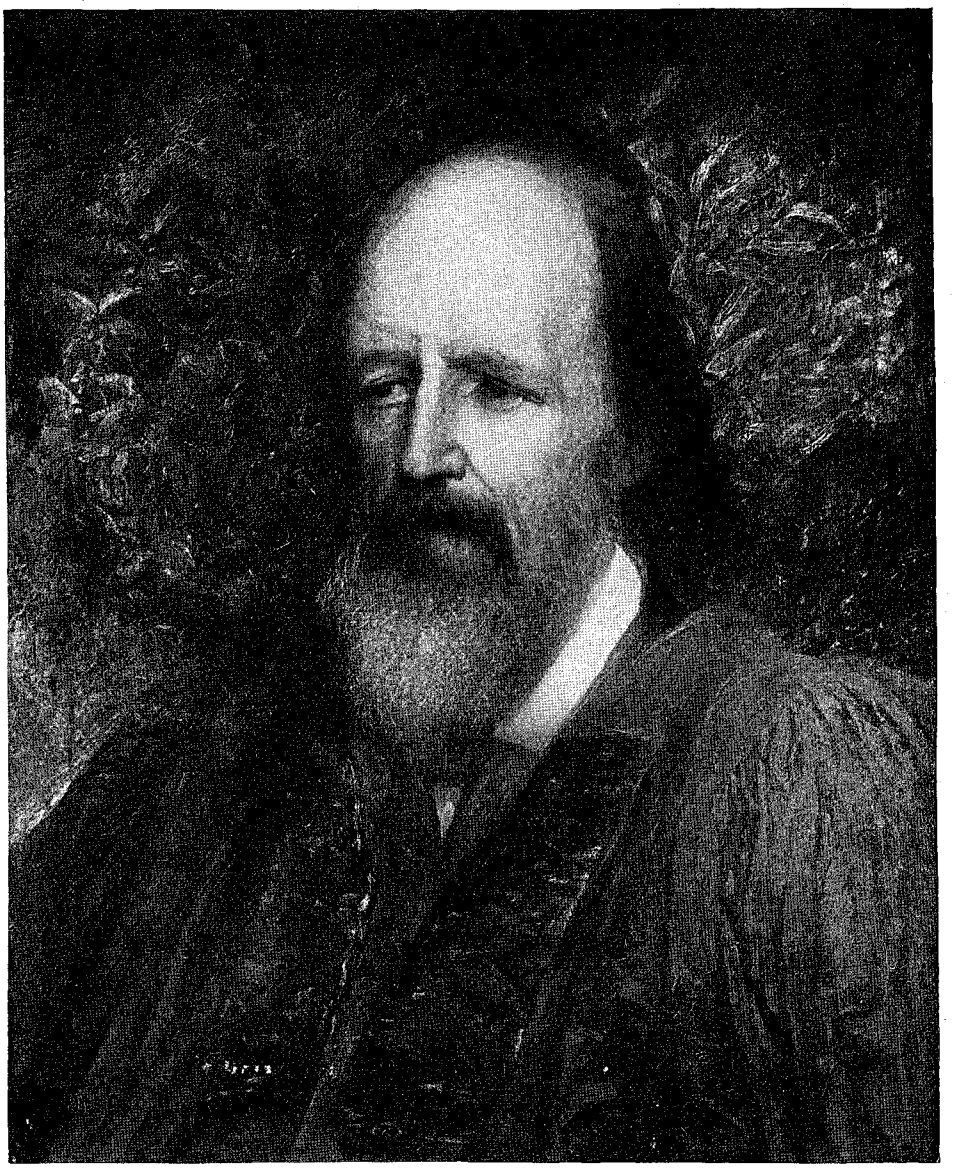

Lord Tennyson.

Photographed by F. Hollyer, after the unfinished study in oil in the possession of the artist. The painting was finished May, 1890.

Academy as a body, offering (in 1773) to decorate St. Paul's at their own expense, are striking evidences in the past; and of living men, Leighton, Shields, Armitage, and others have shown their willingness to work for public ends for nothing, or for journeyman's wages. Not least of these is Watts, who executed without fee the grand fresco of "Justice," 40 feet high by 45 feet long, in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, and offered to decorate the great hall at Euston Railway Station with a series of mural paintings representing the "Progress of Commerce," for the bare cost of scaffolding and colors. This was refused, and the regret which we must all feel at the rejection of such a great offer is

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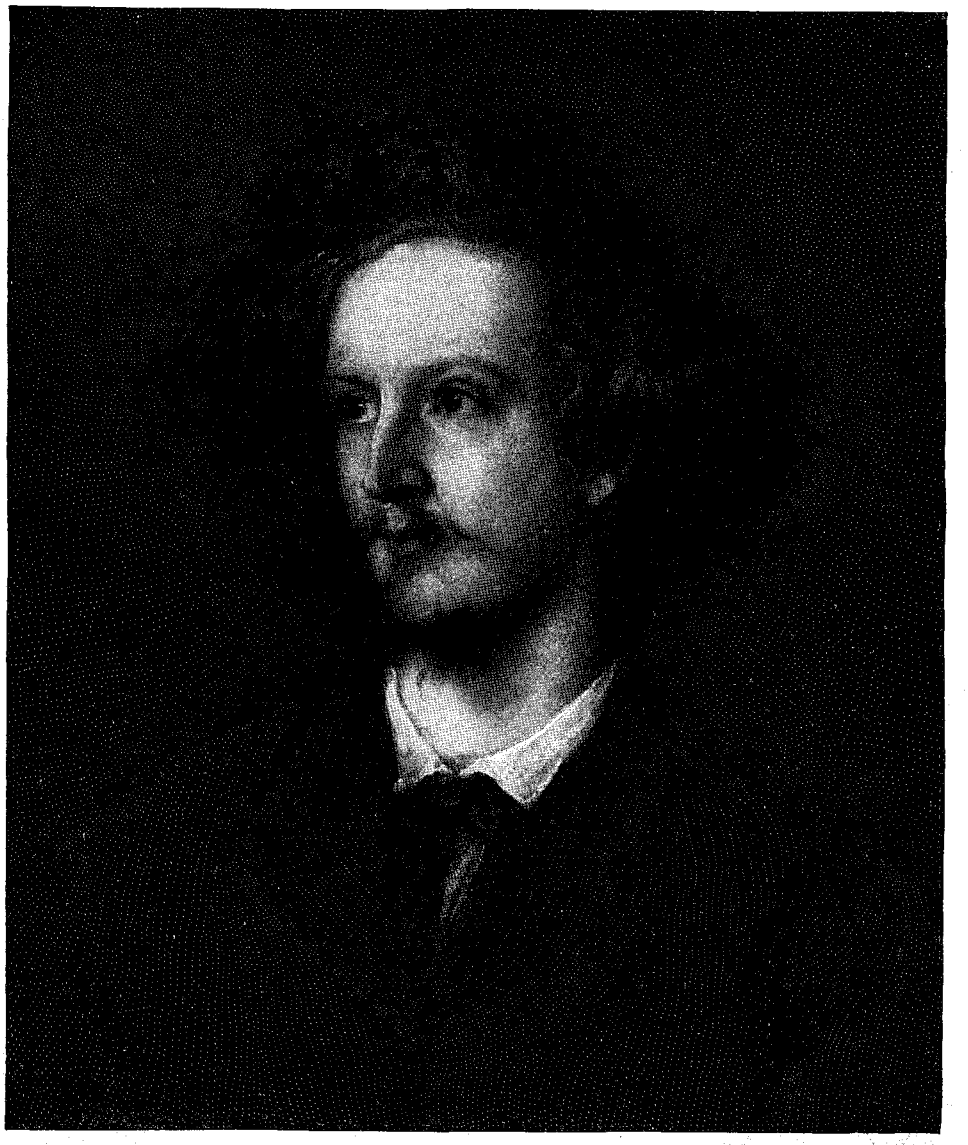

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1865)—in the possession of the artist.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

mitigated by the reflection that the works, if executed, would probably, ere this, have followed the fate of nearly all frescos in England, and of most in other countries; while we should have missed a number of smaller but equally noble pictures, which, with proper care, will last for an indefinite time. The fresco at Lincoln's Inn has already had to undergo extensive reparations in tempera. It is gratifying to record that the "Inn," in testimony of their appreciation of this monumental work, presented to Mr. Watts a cup and a honorarium of £500.*

Mr. Watts has been but a fitful exhibitor, and you cannot in his case, as in that of most English artists of distinction, trace his progress and career from

* Among other mural paintings by the artist are a fresco in the Church of St. James the Less, near Vauxhall Bridge, and "Achilles, Briseis, and Thetis," at Bowood, the seat of Lord Lansdowne.

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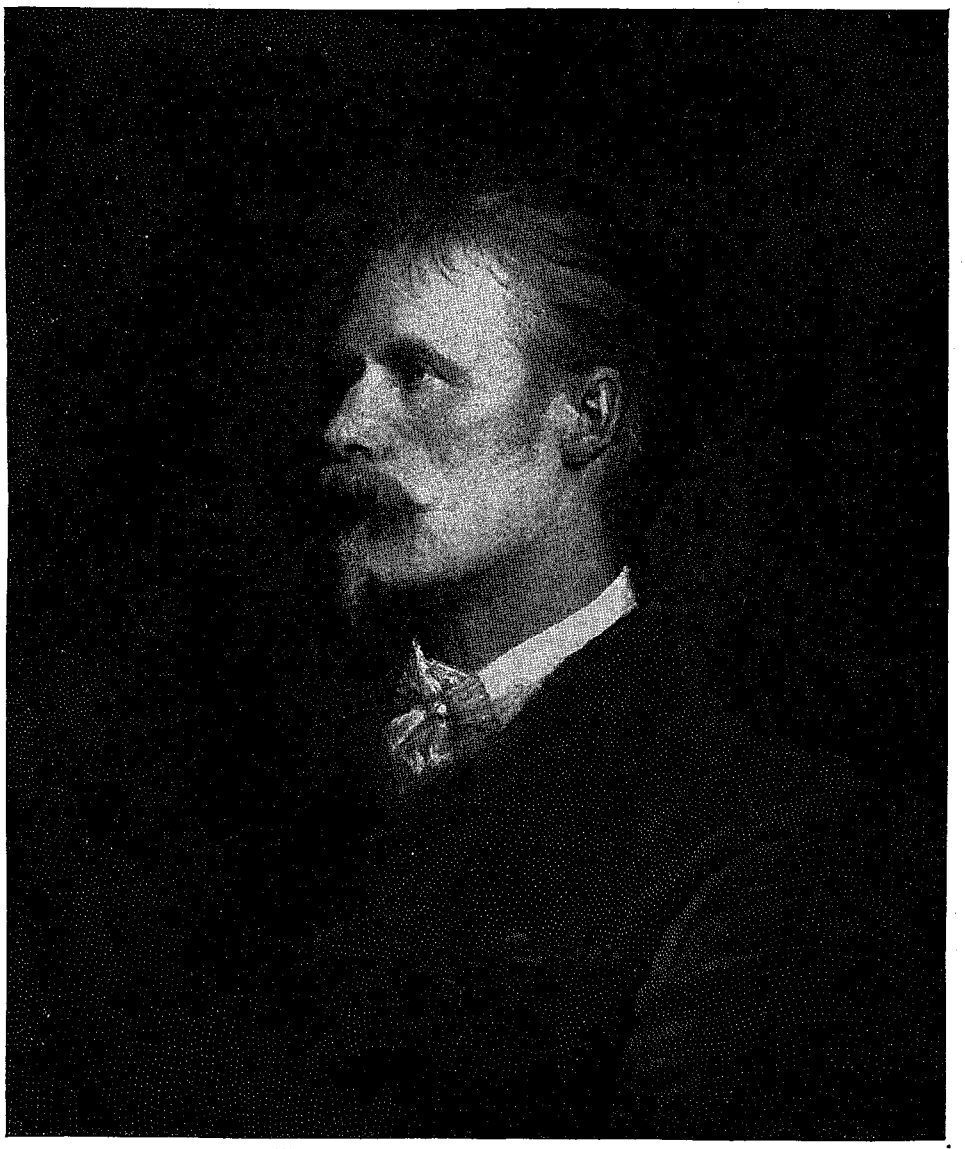

Walter Crane (1893)—in the possession of the artist.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

the catalogues of the Royal Academy. Yet the pictures which he sent to Trafalgar Square in 1848 and 1849 have some historic significance.

In the first of these years he sent two portraits, "Lady Holland" and "M. Guizot," and in the second, a large and elaborate oil picture called "Life's Illusions," and a drawing for a fresco, the subject of which was taken from Isaiah.

These works intimated the aims to which he was hereafter to devote his life almost exclusively. The portrait of M. Guizot was one of the first of that great series in which, more than any other artist of his time, he has reflected the best intellects and imaginations of the nineteenth century. From the Guizot of 1848 to the Sir Andrew Clark of yesterday, a period not far short of half a century, he has pur-

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sued a consistent aim in painting a gallery of great men, not for the most part for money or for other people, but for himself and for the nation, to whom he will bequeath them; or rather such as still belong to him at his death, for a few are in private hands and he has already given some to the National Portrait Gallery.* In "Life Illusions" and the drawing from Isaiah there is a distinct departure from merely historic illustrative art, their intention being to "body forth the forms of things unknown," to give to the "airy nothings" of a poet's vision "a local habitation and a name."

Miss Agathoniké Hélène Ionides (1893)—in the possession of Mr. Alexander Ionides.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

Henceforth he is to be a painter of ideas, of the properties and attributes of the human race, of the forces which surround and mould the lives of men, of the dreams and aspirations of the world—a painter of spiritual motive power. "Whatever stirs this mortal frame," whether passions high and low, beauty or intellect, religion or philosophy, these were then, and are now, the true subjects of his art.

It is only at first sight that there seems to be anything radically divergent in these two aims—the life-like imitation of an individual and the pure creation of ideal images. It is not the subject but the artist which divides art into what is usually the "real" and the "ideal." A portrait by a Denner is, indeed, mundane enough, but so is an allegory by a Bronzino, and when a man like Rembrandt or Watts paints either a portrait or a vision, he removes it to a sphere beyond the reach of mere physical sensation.

* Lord John Russell, Lord Lyons, and Lord Lyndhurst.

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From the Half-length Portrait of Mary, Wife of Constantine Ionides (1842)—in the possession of Constantine Ionides, her grandson.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

Whether he paints portrait or history, takes his theme from a book or his own invention, Watts's aim is always ideal. When a man embodies an idea we call it *imagination*, when he paints a material object in such a way as to express its essential beauty we call it *insight*, but the faculties are closely akin though employed, one in creation and the other in revelation. But though akin they are distinct, like two hands, and some artists seem to be able to use one and not the other. Mr. Watts, however, is, so to speak, ambidextrous, and can make us feel either the presence of Death or the genius of Tennyson. In both cases he impresses our minds with a new image of the immaterial.

The secret of Mr. Watts's strange power of drawing into the faces of his sitters suggestions of their inner being lies, no doubt, essentially in his wide and sensitive sympathy with his kind.

In the presence of his sitters he surrenders his own individuality. He has no wish to produce a fine picture sealed with his own artistic *cachet*, whereby everyone who looks may say, "This is a Watts." Of course, you can generally tell a "Watts" portrait at once by its tone and color and handling, and more certainly, perhaps, by a certain sense of the presence of a real person alone with his thoughts, secluded in a veil as of a special intellectual atmosphere. But such marks of identification are the unconscious results of the artist's own self-suppression.

In all his works he regards his art as only a means to an end, and the end of a portrait to him is a truthful resemblance of the sitter, truthful not only to the body but the mind. In the

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Iris—the latest picture painted by Mr. Watts.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

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Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham—in the possession of Hon. Percy Wyndham.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

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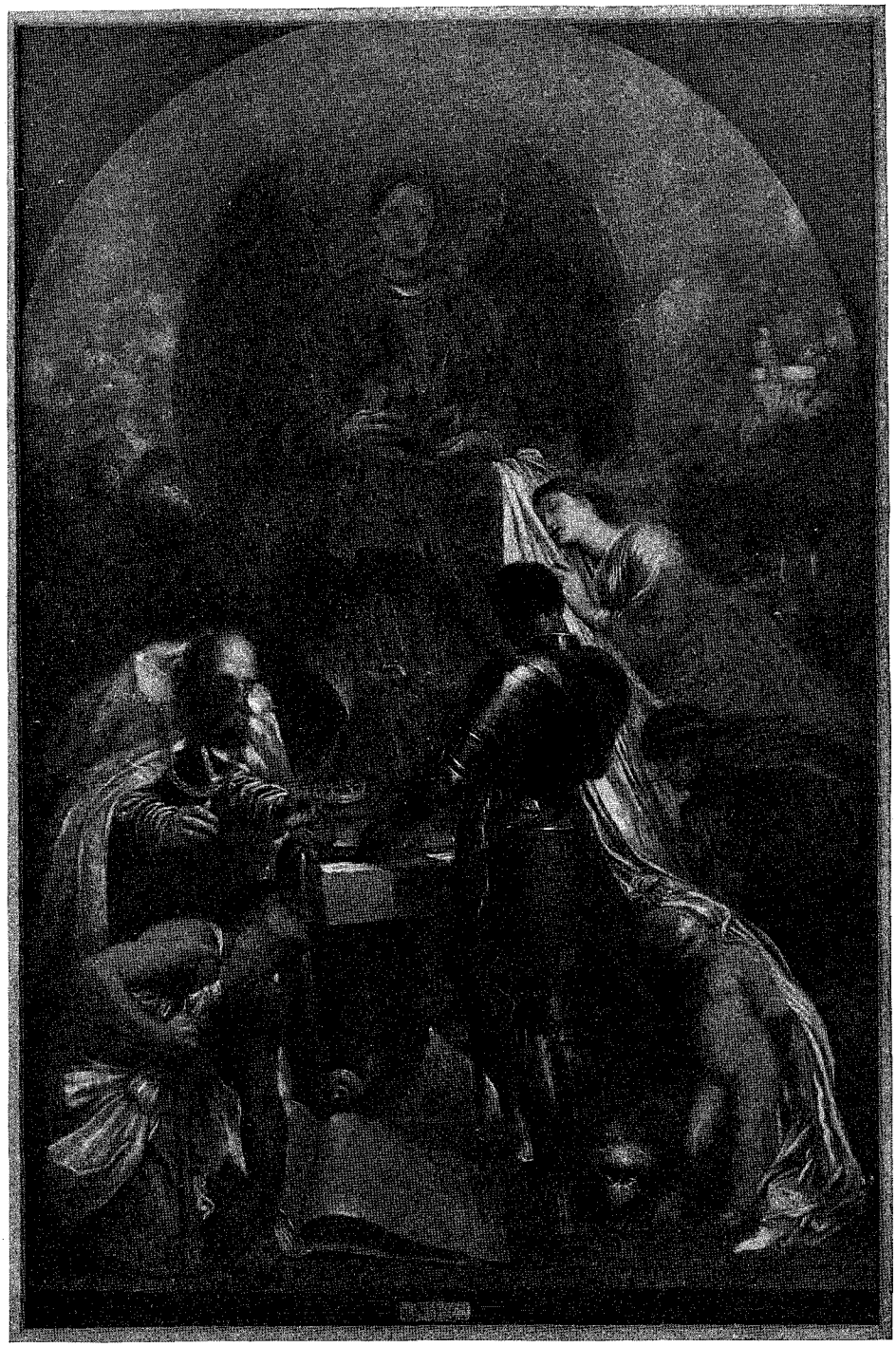

The Throne of Death (unfinished)—in the possession of the artist.

(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

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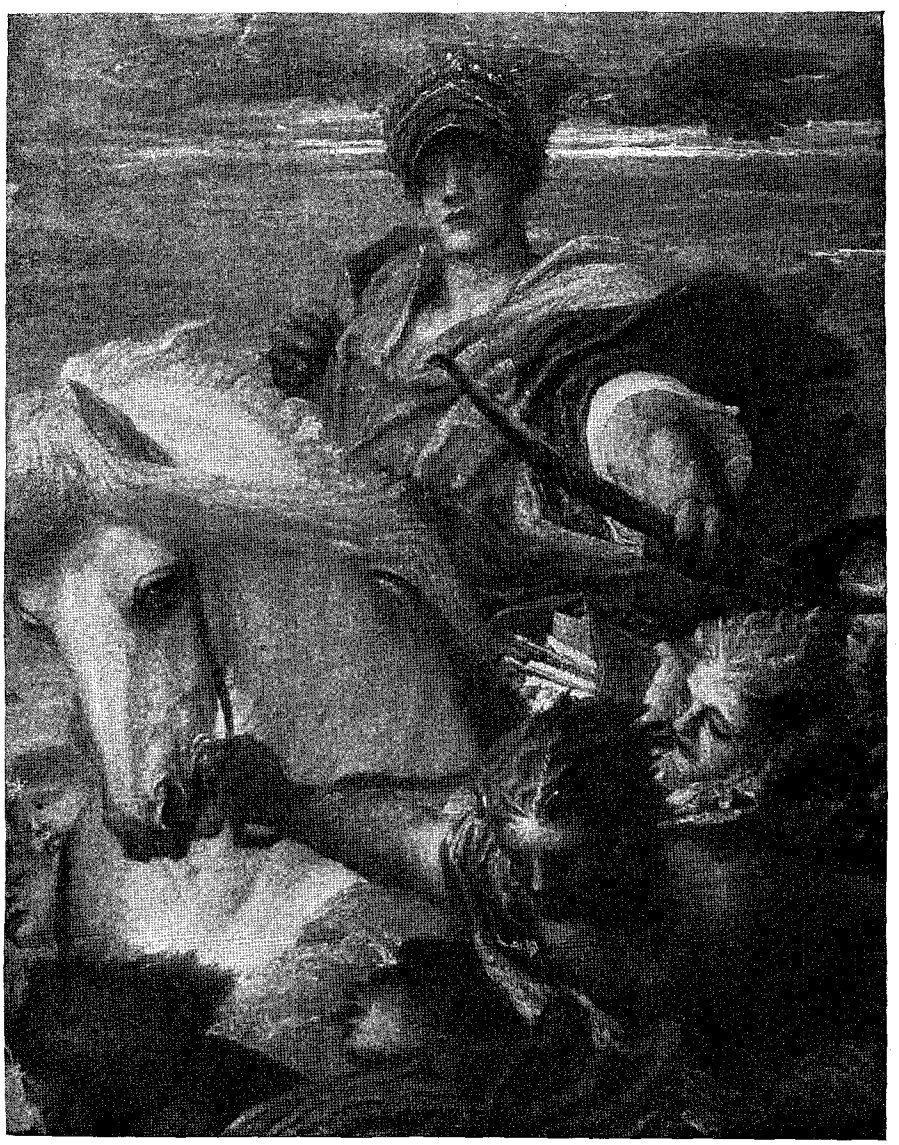

The Rider on the White Horse (1881)—in the possession of the artist.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

Pall Mall Gazette Extra, No. 22, p. 13, will be found an interesting account of his way of painting portraits, given in his own words. In the course of it he observes:

"In my imaginative work I consider myself perfectly free as to detail so long as I do not violate any law; but not so, of course, in portrait-painting, when, while giving my mental faculties full play so as to seize my sitter's intellectual characteristics, I observe equally the physical minutiæ. To assist myself, I converse with him, note his turn of thought, his disposition, and I try to find out, by inquiry or otherwise (if he is not a public man, or is otherwise unknown to me), his character and so forth; and having made myself master of these details, I set myself to place them on the canvas, and so reproduce not only his face, but his character and nature."

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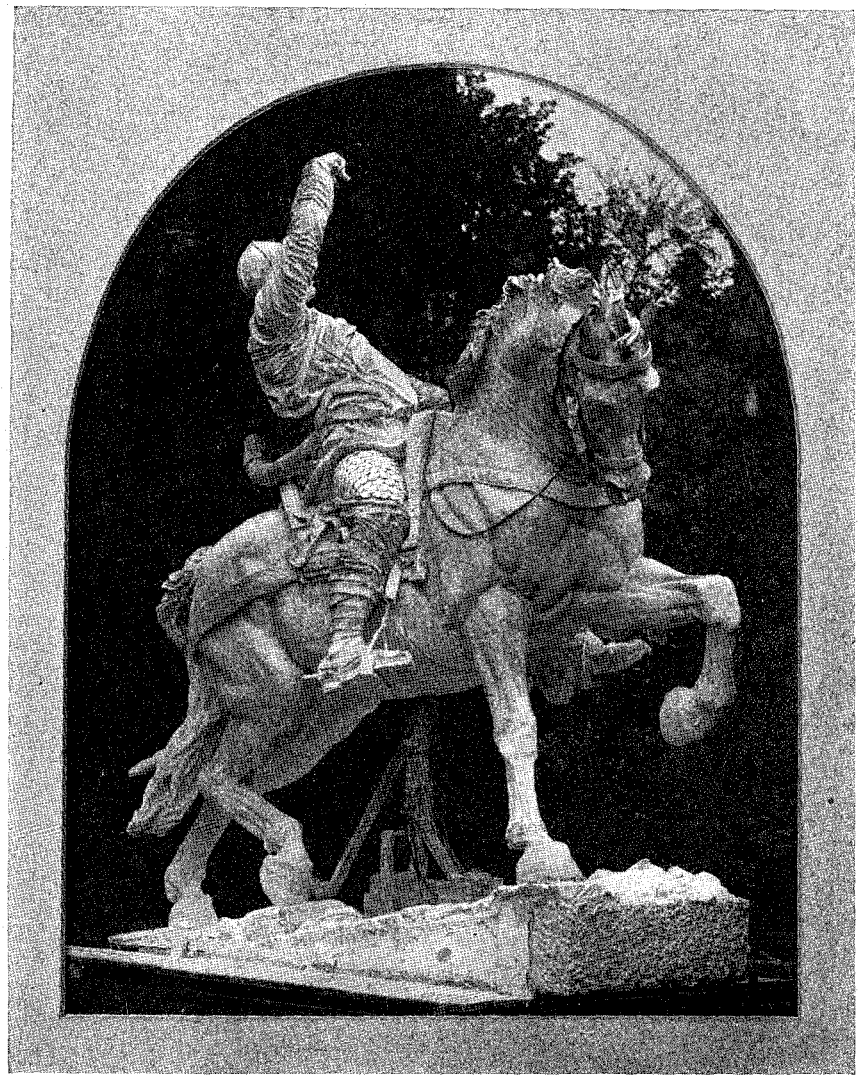

Statue of Hugh Lupus at Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's Country Seat near Chester.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

There can be little doubt that this was the way of some of the greatest portrait-painters of old — Titian, for example, and Bellini, Lotto and Rembrandt, Moroni and Raphael — but none the less has Watts made a new departure in modern art. The power which was a natural gift grew with exercise, and it has not decreased to the present day, as his admirable portrait of Walter Crane is alone sufficient to testify. Physically the portrait is neither flattering nor the reverse, it is the very image of the man, and the sincerity and energy of its character are equally true to life. A great advance is to be noted between the Guizot of 1848 and the Gladstone of 1865, a portrait which I have elsewhere said is not only a history but a prophecy. Since then his hand has grown freer while his insight has remained as keen, and the level he reached in such portraits as those of John Stuart Mill (1874) and Cardinal Manning (1882), if it has not been exceeded is still maintained.

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In confirmation of this we may point not only to the Walter Crane, but among other works to two noble studies made by him of his old friend Lord Tennyson in his latter years, and I can imagine no better index of Watts's manner as a portrait-painter at different periods of his life than his pictures of this great poet. It has always been Watts's ambition to raise the pictorial art of his country to the level of its literature, and none has succeeded so nearly. In his pictures he, like Tennyson, has aimed at the highest standard of pure and noble thought, and the intellectual sympathy between them has no doubt helped to make his portraits of the poet of exceptional value. The earliest (1859) is in the possession of Lady Henry Somerset; another very fine one belongs to the Dowager Lady Bowman; another, in red robes, is at Trinity College, Cambridge, but has never been exhibited; another, in peer's robes, is in the possession of the artist.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to go through the whole catalogue of poets and painters, of men of science and thought, of soldiers and statesmen, of noble men and beautiful women, whom Watts has painted; and I may perhaps be permitted to quote a few lines which I have written elsewhere about these portraits. "A past of anxious search through metaphysic mazes for the truths most desired of mankind, is written in the thought-worn face of Dr. Martineau; a future of passionate unrest in the eager, subtle, self-conscious features of Gladstone in his prime. In Arthur Stanley we see the sensitive lip almost trembling with its message of good-will toward men; in Lord Lawrence, the man of thought as well as of action, the devoted and able servant of his country, the soldier and statesman in one. Here, the distinctive nobleness of each preserved, is the quiet definite Mill opposed to the thundering indefinite Carlyle. These few words may give some notion of the breadth of Mr. Watts's sympathy, and of the unerring certainty of his insight. To detect his finer discriminativeness some special and peculiar class of portraits should be studied. No class will serve this purpose better than that of poets; for the mental characteristics of the sitters are widely known, their number is small, and all the greatest of them are here. Of Tennyson there are two portraits: one taken in 1859, the other recently. In both there is a touch of mystery which is wanting in the presentments of the sitter's brethren; in both there is a something of the seer and the philosopher—a something, too, of the fastidious workman who is long in seeking out the best. The powerful head is a laboratory where thoughts volatilize in passion, and passion is absorbed in thought. The fire of genius that one rather feels than sees, smoulders long sometimes before it bursts into flame; but to look at Mr. Watts's portraits is to be as sensible of its presence as of its safe control. The later work in nowise contradicts the earlier, it is rather the proof and fulfilment of it; passion, imagination, and reflection are the chords of both. On the others I have not space to enlarge. I shall only note that in each particular face the painter has shadowed forth some special and peculiar characteristic: in Browning's, speculation; in Swinburne's, ardor; in Taylor's, reason; in Arnold's, criticism; in Morris's, taste." Perhaps the most important addition not before mentioned to Watts's Gallery of Celebrities, since these words were written, are the John Lothrop Motley and the Lord Lytton of 1882, both of the finest quality. In his studio is now an unfinished study of Professor Max Müller. When we come to consider Watts's works of imaginative art, we shall find that they are most easily arranged by dividing them into the classes of ideas which they embody. In the first place, abstract ideas of Time, Life, Death, Love, Justice, as in the Lincoln's Inn fresco; his pictures of "Time, Death, and Judgment," of "Love and Death," of "Love and Life," of "Hope"—perhaps the most nobly pathetic of all his works. Secondly, ideas of human life, of which the images are not less the creation of the artist though they are suggested by the myths of classical legend. Such are the "Orpheus and Eurydice," the "Daphne,"

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the "Psyche," and the "Three Goddesses," or, as the artist prefers to call it, "Olympus on Ida." Perhaps the latter more properly belongs to the class in which the artist has given himself up more completely to the overpowering charm of the dreams of classical poetry—dreams of Arcadia and Olympus. Under this head may be mentioned the lovely "Bacchanal" and the "Ganymede." More hard to class are the "Genius of Greek Poetry," that fine design which reminds one equally of Phidias and Michael Angelo, and the playful pictures of Cupids in various delightful occupations, like "Good Luck to your Fishing," works of his old age but full of the very sportfulness of youth. Fourthly, come a few biblical subjects, which, like the classical ones, are not "illustrations" so much as embodiments of ideas suggested by the Bible. Such are "Cain," the typical presentment of the wrath of Heaven against murder, and the "Rider on the White Horse," the majestic image of the power that conquers. If we add the series of evil forces of human life in the hideous forms of "Minotaur," "Mammon," etc.; a few pictures of the misery of London like "Drowned," and a few more trivial subjects like "A Rainy Day," we shall have pretty well indicated the range which Mr. Watts has allowed to his imagination—and a wide range it is, as wide almost as life itself.

The forms in which Mr. Watts has clothed his abstract ideas are of great force and dignity, and many of his conceptions are often striking in their originality, clinging in no way to old traditions except when those are in accordance with his own sense of essential truth. Time the destroyer, imaged from time immemorial as an old man, appears to him to be ever young and strong, marching through all the ages with unfaltering step, a destroyer maybe, but also the leader of life. So he has drawn him in his impressive design of "Time, Death, and Judgment." Death appears to him no more as the grinning skeleton of the *Danse Macabre*, but either a sad irresistible force, stronger even than love (human love), as in perhaps the grandest of all his pictures, the "Love and Death,"* or as the endlessly pitying angel who consoles all mortals for their troubles, as in the "Angel of Death," and the "Throne of Death," that monumental picture which still unfinished hangs in his studio at "Limners Lease," his country house near Guildford. Love, sometimes as the ideal of human beauty, as in the "Wife of Pygmalion," or of celestial beauty, as in the Venus in the "Three Goddesses;" sometimes as a beautiful winged figure, as in "Love and Death," again as the guide of Life helping her feeble footsteps to reach the rocky summit of earthly pilgrimage, as in "Love and Life." All these loves are beneficent, but the influence of maleficent passion he has made the subject of two or three pictures on which he has lavished a more than usual wealth of invention and an unwonted luxury of color. These are his two visions of the "Fata Morgana" from Boiardo's poem, and "Mischief," in which a figure representing Physical Manhood is snared in the briers by Passion in the form of Love. In such subjects, and those based upon classical legend, the ideas are naturally conveyed in forms which suggest perfect physical beauty; but Watts paints what is called "the nude" with a grandeur of style and a reserve in imitation which so purifies them that they never appeal directly to the senses. We see all his figures as in a mirror, surrounded and softened, but not blurred, by a charmed atmosphere. Some of these pictures are of his finest, nor do I know any artist who has rendered so powerfully the awful moment when Eurydice falls back, dead, slain again by the look of her lover. The "Daphne" is certainly one of the most beautiful single figures in all art, and despite its fully developed contours one of the purest, the ideal of virgin beauty shrinking before the advent of the Sun-God. A worthy companion is the girlish figure of Psyche, conscious of the ruin of her happiness by the indulgence of her curiosity. Both of these figures, like so much of Watts's work, show how strongly he combines the temperament

* Presented by the artist to the Whitworth Institute at Manchester.

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of the painter and the sculptor. It was the remark of one of the most celebrated sculptors of the present day, on looking round the Gallery at Little Holland House,* that he had left little for sculptors to do. He referred not to Watts's sculpture, but his paintings, in which he has expressed the most fundamental ideas of philosophy and religion, the most abstract types of human passion, in the language of form and gesture. It is still one of the doubts in Mr. Watts's own mind whether his natural talent was not stronger in the direction of sculpture than painting. Yet he has never for a moment forgotten the limits which technically divide the domain of the one art from the other. If the ideas are those which might have been well expressed in sculpture, he has always seen them, felt them, and expressed them as an artist whose medium is paint and not marble, as one who had to produce on a flat surface the illusion of relief, and as one to whom color should always form an essential constituent of conception. His pictures can never be open to the charge against David and his school, of being bas-reliefs painted. They are thought as well as wrought in paint, and paint only.

No illustration of this can be much better than his beautiful picture of the "Judgment of Paris," or the "Three Goddesses," a subject which demands ideal treatment whether at the hand of a sculptor or a painter. It may be compared with the Three Graces in that fine antique group now preserved in the library of Siena Cathedral, with the picture made from it by Raphael (once in the Dudley Gallery and now in the collection of the Duc d'Aumale), and again with the Three Goddesses in Reubn's picture in the National Gallery. In the first work we have sculpture pure, in the second sculpture painted, while in the third we have pure painting in which the ideal is missed. Rubens's Three Goddesses may represent his so-called "ideal" of female beauty, but they are only Flemish women of fine physique painted as nearly like nature as possible. Watts's Three Goddesses are distinctly ideal dreams of abstract beauty, but they are not sculpture, they are not even translations of sculpture into painting; they are conceived with a painter's sense and executed with a painter's hand.

But Watts is a sculptor also. His exquisite bust of "Clytie" is so large in style and noble in movement, that it lives in the memory with the antique. Mr. Gosse in a recent paper has claimed for it a notable place in the history of modern sculpture, as marking that new departure from the old conventions which has revivified the art in the present generation. Richly picturesque in its design and full of vigorous life is the colossal equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, the huntsman, the *Grosveneur*, which adorns the grounds of Eaton Hall, the seat in Cheshire of the Duke of Westminster, the head of the house of Grosvenor. Finely realized is the action of Lupus as he reins in his steed to watch under his uplifted hand the flight of his hawk. Of nobler suggestion, and of equal grandeur, is another equestrian statue, in which the rider is no mediæval sportsman but the spirit of Physical Energy itself. This still awaits completion. Nor, in the record of his plastic work, must I omit to mention the fine recumbent figure of Bishop Lonsdale in Lichfield Cathedral.

The landscapes of Mr. Watts have been few and far between, but they are as characteristic as any of his work, and perhaps more unique. His "Return of the Dove to the Ark," with its wild waste of waters and relentless sky, struck, as he has so often done, a new note of elemental poetry, and his more realistic but still (in the intellectual sense) "impressionist" records of Naples and its vicinity, one of which, "Vesuvius," has recently been admirably engraved by Mr. Frank Short, are nearer perhaps to Turner in feeling than any of the works of that artist's imitators. The same may be said of two small views of misty sea, gray but palpitating with iridescent color, which formed a striking feature of the Exhibition at the New Gallery a year or two ago.

In his "Morning after the Deluge," with its sun rising in a huge envelope

* Full of his life-work, and opened free to the public on Saturdays and Sundays.

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of orange mist, he tends to the transcendental, as indeed he does in his strange vision of the Conscience—the "Dweller in the Innermost" as he calls it—a description of which is impossible.

As I look through what I have written I am sadly struck with the numbers of things which I have wished to say and have left unsaid.* His portraits of women, many of which are of great beauty, and some of his finest pictures, like "Endymion" and "Paolo and Francesca," have been left almost unnoticed. The latter is unique among Watts's work, for it is the only picture in which he has set himself to express the ideas of another's mind. It is also one of his most successful pictures, and by far the finest rendering of Dante's immortal episode that has been made by any artist.

I have said nothing either of his trilogy of the history of "Eve," which will hereafter count among the noblest of his works. That I have said little about the artist and his life I care little, for such reticence would be in accordance with his wishes. He lives, as he has always lived, a life quiet and retired, but not without the society of a large and choice circle of friends, surrounded, whether in town at Little Holland House (the second), or in the country at Limners Lease, by his works in various states of completion, touching now one and now another, as his impulse comes. He has sold comparatively few of his pictures, not from want of buyers, but from choice, in order to keep them by him to perfect, and with the view of devoting his life's work, as far as possible, to the nation. So he has kept himself comparatively, but only comparatively, poor, with enough to enable him to work in peace, without display. He has twice refused the honor of a baronetcy, as, among other reasons, unsuited to his quiet tastes and moderate means. Not late in his career and with steps of unusual rapidity he attained the highest honors of his profession, and since then his position has remained unassailed.* Never robust in health, he has lived to a good old age. With eyesight almost unimpaired, and hand almost as sure as ever, he still works on, not only perfecting his earlier work, but actually developing new interests and power. He is one of those men who, like his forerunners, Bellini and Titian, never seem to grow old in spirit, remaining keenly alive to all the movements of the day in his art and out of it. One of the most striking signs of the vitality of his mind is the new departure in color, of which many of his later works are the witness. He has never looked upon color, as most painters do, as an aim in itself apart from his subject. Color, form, and subject have to him been always inseparable parts of his conception, and this is the reason why his color is somewhat unequal as a pleasure-giving quality, and why some fail to understand how a man who has shown such a sense of rich color in such pictures as "Mischief" or "The Birth of Eve," should forego its attractions when treating subjects to which it is less appropriate.† But of late years, perhaps the "Uldra" (water-nymph) of 1882 was the first sign of it, he has shown new interest in the vibration of light and color, and many of his later pictures, like "Hope" and "Love" and "Death," shimmer with a tender iridescence. This lovely effect is perhaps most palpable in his very last imaginative work, a vision of "Iris," with her drapery fluttering behind a rainbow, one of the most beautiful of all his creations.

On the gentle influence which has blessed his later years I scarcely dare to touch; but it will be good for all lovers of art and all admirers of his noble life to know that, with Mrs. Watts by his side, the peaceful progress of the one and the happy prolongation of the other are as well assured as anything can be in a changing world.

* On his technique and other matters I have already written, in the article before referred to, in the Magazine of Art (1882).

* Of the many evidences of appreciation, not only in his own country, one of the most notable was the request to add his portrait to the great portrait gallery of artists in the Uffizzi at Florence, where it now hangs side by side with those of the "old masters."

† It is generally when the artist's imagination has not been strongly engaged that his color is unsatisfactory; as a rule, the nobler the subject the finer the color.

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A MODERN SIR GALAHAD

By Hannah Parker Kimball

This is Sir Galahad. Clear from the mist
Of the past we can see him, gracious, fair;
The lips that the spirit loved and kissed;
The halo of palely golden hair;
The brow to the light of the vision bare.
But a doubt to the depths of his bright soul creeps,
And Sir Galahad weeps.

Is it Sir Galahad? Forged to endure
This armor; these are his true young eyes;
These are the wasted profile pure,
The eager hands that should grasp the prize,
The voice that should thrill with the glad surprise;
But a doubt in the heart of the Knight is come,
And Sir Galahad's dumb.

Himself he has questioned: "What is the grail,
That by the vision should be revealed?"
He has waited. Alas, now visions fail!
So he mounts his steed and takes his shield,
And now he fares through town and field;
Since doubt has entered Sir Galahad's breast,
The Knight cannot rest.

Poor Sir Galahad! Visionless Knight!
The other knew visions—ah, happy he!
But for thee, who seekest the mystery bright,
Full of agony, bend we the knee
And pray that thy soul its hope may see—
Even if it come at thy latest breath
And through that revealer whom men call Death.

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THE MANTLE OF OSIRIS

BEING THEODORE POPE'S OWN NARRATIVE OF HIS POTENTIAL DISCOVERY; WITH A PREFATORY STATEMENT BY WILLIAM BISHOP, N.A.

By Walter Launt Palmer

"SHOULD I not return within two years, you may fairly assume that I never will. Then open this packet, and make its contents public in the way I have directed."

With substantially these words, Theodore Pope handed me a bulky, sealed envelope the day before setting forth upon his perilous and mysterious journey into the heart of Morocco. The two years have long ago elapsed, and, as I can no longer hope that my friend is alive, I now—with a keen sense of the responsibility of my position—undertake to execute what I believe he intended, being obliged to rely upon my own judgment because of the unfortunate circumstance that — by an error of my own and by a mere accident—Pope's written instructions, as well as the only means of verifying his wonderful story, have been irretrievably lost.

Therefore, after long and anxious deliberation, I have decided simply to publish the narrative, prefacing it with such facts of my own knowledge as seem necessary for the clear comprehension of the situation; and believing that the information here imparted will lead some bold spirit to force from the desert of Sakkarah and from the Moorish mountains their long-hidden and invaluable secret.

Theodore Pope and I were fellow-students in the Duran Atelier, in Paris, from 1876 to 1880. He was from Boston, and was the only child of an invalid father. We became intimate friends and were almost inseparable. He was of good physique, though not large, and had a strong and rather masterful nature. I was generally content to follow his leadership; in fact, in the atelier, where we had early been dubbed "Le Pape" and "L'Evêque," John Sargent once greeted us with the remark:

"Here comes the Apostolic Succession," a title from which we never afterward escaped.

For three or four years after leaving Paris we were both living in New York City. Pope's father died and left him wealthy. He went abroad in the fall of 1885, and shortly afterward wrote me that he was going to Egypt, to spend the winter and collect data for a great Biblical picture. Pope was industrious and serious, but I never cared for his over-scientific kind of art. Consequently, when he wrote me more and more of his interest in Egyptology, and less of his painting, I thought it just as well. Finally, he avowedly abandoned Art, and enthusiastically devoted himself to the study of the history, language, and relics of Ancient Egypt. The several succeeding winters Pope spent in the land of the Pharaohs, leaving, each spring, only when the intense heat drove him across the Mediterranean. During these years we did not meet, but kept up a steady though not frequent correspondence. His letters were mostly enthusiastic accounts of his studies and investigations. One of them in particular I had fortunately preserved, and here copy, as it contains several things which bear peculiarly upon subsequent events. In fact, considering now these events, his interest at that time in the two subjects – the wonder of the Cyclopean works accomplished by the Egyptians, and the mysterious and obscure cartouche—seems almost prophetic. Here is the letter:

"HOTEL DU NIL, CAIRO,
"February 23, 1888.

"MY DEAR BILL: I found your good letter of January 30th awaiting me here last night when I arrived from Luxor. I made the voyage down the

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river on board Mr. Thurber's Dahabiyeh. You must remember the Thurbers in Paris? The oldest daughter married Bloomfied, you know. But if you could spend two weeks in such company, and hear the Egyptian myths and the heretic king discoursed upon by the two clever daughters and the learned father, I am sure you would be won over to Egyptology.

"Well, as I have written you several times, this is a great country, and they were a marvellous people who inhabited it a few thousand years ago. They were real architects, but their sculpture and drawing were simply childish, though sometimes unconsciously decorative. You have heard often of 'Cleopatra eyes,' and that the Egyptians were an 'almond-eyed' race. The fact is that they never attempted to draw other than the profile of a head, and then could not manage the eye in perspective, and consequently carved or painted the front view of an eye on the side of a face. But even compared with their great development of architecture, the amazing thing to contemplate in this people is their achievements in handling enormous stones. How in thunder did those old duffers do it? No one has offered a satisfactory theory. The subject greatly engrosses me. Consider, for instance, the fallen statue of Rameses II., at Thebes, a single block of red sienite, nearly sixty feet high. It is estimated to weigh nine hundred tons, and the stone was brought one hundred and fifty miles down the Nile.

"Yet they showed great lack of mechanical understanding in their building up of stone-work. In the great Pylons, there is an entire absence of a proper system of 'breaking joints' and of tying the whole mass together. But there are great stones everywhere; the higher up, the larger the stones. How then, lacking almost all of the mechanical aids and appliances now in use —primarily—any large metal construction—could the ancients do these great works which would stagger our engineers in this iron age?

"Another thing which occupies much of my attention is the possible meaning of a rare cartouche I can almost claim to have discovered. It is this sign: a circle, a straight line and a triangle, inclosed in the usual cartouche oval. This brings me to the real gist of my letter. Some day, when you have nothing better to do, can't you go to the Metropolitan Museum and the Historical Society's Rooms, and see if you can discover this hieroglyph upon any of the Egyptian relics?

"I have written you a long letter without one word in reply to yours! Well, I don't believe in answering letters, particularly at such long range. You write all about yourself, and I'll write all about myself, and I'm sure it will be satisfactory all around. But anyway, write soon.

"Yours as ever,

"THEODORE POPE."

Pope and I arranged to spend the summer of 1891 together in Europe. We were to meet at Gibraltar in the early spring, arriving there by steamers from opposite directions—he from Alexandria, and I from New York—and intended to go over to Morocco, then back to Cadiz, and so on through Spain and up to Paris in time for the Salon. I reached Gibraltar on March 7th, and found, by a letter awaiting me there, that Pope would not arrive for almost a week. But the time did not hang heavily on my hands in that nondescript picturesque little town that hangs on the side of the famous rock. At the hotel I became acquainted with Captain Percy Breeze, much spoken of lately on account of his book about Morocco. He gave me many thrilling accounts of his difficult journeys into that land which, though lying within two hours' voyage of European civilization, has not yet emerged from the darkness of the despotic and cruel Middle Ages. When Pope did arrive, I found him much changed from the Pope of a few years previous. He was as friendly as ever, save that he appeared extremely preoccupied and absent-minded, and I could but feel that there was something of moment on his mind of which I knew nothing.

Of the first few days that we spent at Gibraltar, I need say little. Only one incident must be noticed. Pope wore

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a double watch-chain, carrying his watch in one pocket, and on the other side a bunch of trinkets. One morning I entered his room while he was dressing, and while carelessly fingering the charms attached to his chain as it lay upon the bureau, happened to notice a gold wire ring carrying a turquoise upon which was engraved the device which Pope had asked me to look for in the New York museum, and which, by the way, I had never found.

"Hello!" I exclaimed, "here's that cartouche of yours. Did you ever find out what it meant?"

Pope looked up quickly and with evident annoyance. After a rather unusual interval, he replied, slowly: "I have made a good many guesses."

"What is there about it?"

"A great deal," he answered, nervously, "but I can't tell you about it. It's too long a story."

This struck me as curious, but I saw plainly that Pope did not wish to be further questioned, and so I dropped the subject.

About a week after Pope's arrival at Gibraltar we were walking in the Alameda and encountered Captain Breeze, who was no longer living at the hotel. I was quite pleased to have Pope meet him, being sure they would have many interests in common. I did not suspect what a striking one they would come upon almost at once.

After some unimportant remarks, we all sat down upon a bench and Captain Breeze began to open a small package he was carrying.

"I have just found a most curious thing," he said, "and I am particularly glad to meet you at this time, Mr. Pope, as you, perhaps, can give me some light as to the meaning or origin of this inscription, for I have often thought it Egyptian. If so, it proves a most important fact in the history of northern Africa—that is, that the Egyptians travelled into Morocco at a very remote date."

All this time he was struggling with an obdurate knot, but finally opened the bundle and produced an old Moorish dagger of a common shape.

"I just got this of a Moor down at the market," continued Breeze. "The dagger is ordinary enough, but this stone in the end of the handle is what took me."

I was seated between the other two, and as the Captain handed me the dagger, I observed in the hilt a blue stone, engraved with the same forms as were on Pope's ring. But Pope, after one glance at it, sprang to his feet and demanded, almost fiercely, "What do you mean? What do you know about that mark?"

He stood, glaring at the Captain, who, unruffled though evidently surprised, turned an inquiring glance toward me, and then deliberately answered:

"I once saw that same inscription on the face of a cliff in the Riff Mountains."

Pope's manner changed. He grew very pale and sat down, looking straight ahead of him and breathing hard.

"Is it an Egyptian hieroglyph?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, it is Egyptian." Then in a moment Pope added. "Just where is the cliff that bears this inscription?"

"Near a small town called Djebel Reh, in the heart of Morocco. I am probably the only white man who ever saw it."

"Can you tell me anything more about the place?" asked Pope, with ill-disguised excitement.

"Indeed I can. It is a most extraordinary spot, and the stories they tell about it are still more extraordinary. I had heard the legend many times and in various shapes before going into that part of the country, and could but believe that there was something quite unusual about this so-called Djebel Reh, or "Mountain of the Wind."

"Do tell me the legend!" exclaimed Pope, no longer attempting to conceal his agitation.

"They say that as one approaches the mountain from whatever direction the wind is always blowing toward it, and when I got nearest it there certainly was a wind blowing that way. But the story is that the wind increases in force as one ascends the mountain-side, and that finally it drags everything with it, and that any man venturing far enough is swept on and dropped into the mouth of hell, which is on the top of the mountain."

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"And are they rendered sick and dizzy?" broke in Pope.

"Why, yes," said the Captain, "I forgot to mention that. Then you've heard the story?"

"No, I never did. Please go on."

The Captain looked at him with a puzzled expression, but continued, deliberately:

"Of course I imagined it would prove to be the crater of a volcano, but as I approached the mountain saw no signs of such a formation, and no one ever had spoken of smoke or fire arising from it. It was a precipitous granite formation, and could be ascended only with difficulty. It was on the smooth face of a cliff that I found this sign cut. The figure was several feet high and in a most inaccessible place. I had no opportunity to ascend the mountain, though I greatly desired to do so."

Pope jumped up and paced up and down in front of us. Presently he stopped and asked of Breeze:

"Will you tell me how to get to this place?"

"My dear sir, it is practically impossible. I barely got away from there with my life. The people are fanatical and savage, and even the Sultan of Morocco cannot subdue them or collect his taxes of them."

I admired the calm, civil way in which this English gentleman answered Pope's questions. He did not ask him to explain himself, and evidently considered my friend somewhat daft. After a little Pope seemed to realize how strange his own conduct had been, and said:

"I beg you will overlook my manner during this conversation. I have been taken entirely by surprise, and you cannot possibly realize the importance of what you have told me. You, sir, will have due credit for what you have found. The whole of mankind will be grateful to you. For myself, I probably would have spent the rest of my life in fruitless search for the clue that you have accidentally given me."

"But," exclaimed the Captain, "it cannot be of so much consequence whether the Egyptians got so far as Morocco or not."

"It is of the utmost consequence. You must excuse me, I cannot explain any further. I must go to the Riff Mountains at any risk. If I find what I expect and return to tell of it we can go back there in the wake of an army. The world will consider the conquest of Morocco a small price to pay for what I verily believe these Riff Mountains contain. But this time I must go alone."

Neither of us replied to this extraordinary statement. It was so incomprehensible that there seemed nothing to be said. Breeze arose to go. Pope arranged with him for another interview, and we two walked back to our hotel, he silent but in great agitation, and I with the mournful conviction that my old friend was a madman.

In this opinion both Captain Breeze and myself wavered many times pro and con. Naturally, we both thought that Pope must have visions of finding whole mountains of gold or precious stones, but the utter contempt with which he received this suggestion obliged us to abandon it. There seemed nothing left but the idea of the Fountain of Life, or some such wild legend, and Pope was in all other ways so entirely himself that it was hard to imagine him bound to any such mad dream. He simply said that he would not disclose the secret until he had completed his discovery or was convinced that he never could do so. The Captain and I had many conversations about all this, but finally, seeing that Pope would not be dissuaded from his purpose, Captain Breeze undertook to advise him as to the most feasible method of accomplishing it.

After many meetings and consultations and careful preparations, he and I accompanied Pope to Tangier, where the captain rendered him invaluable service in obtaining reliable servants and in fitting out his little caravan. He had given him no end of detailed advice and information, all of which Pope had carefully noted down. To the last I had some little hope of dissuading my friend from making the rash attempt to reach Djebel Reh, even insisting that he was in honor bound to spend the summer with me as he had promised, but he seemed to have no patience with such remarks. So, on

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April 13th, I watched his little train as it wound finally out of sight way down the sandy beach, on the way to Tetuan, and then returned to my hotel with a heavy and lonesome heart. Would I ever see my old friend again? And I contrasted the actual situation with the delightful anticipations I had had of this summer's travels and companionship.

That night I had but short and troubled sleep, haunted by visions of Pope with an unbalanced mind travelling on to his sure destruction. This old idea came back to me with increasing force, and I arose with the sudden determination to open his packet and, unless its contents gave some plausible and sufficient reason for Pope's rashness, to immediately follow him and in some way to force him to return. Breeze had left, and there was no one with whom I could consult, but it seemed very plainly my duty to act in this way, and I wondered that I had not sooner thought of it.

I dressed hastily, and sitting at a table near an open window opened the envelope and unfolded a number of closely written sheets of thin paper. The top one was a diagram or map, carefully executed, but before I could more than glance at it a knocking called me to my door. As I opened it a gust of wind blew in, and I heard the rustling of scattering papers behind me. When I returned and collected Pope's papers, three sheets were missing. They were not in the room, and, looking out of the window, I saw one caught in the railing of a balcony below me. That one—which was the beginning of Pope's story—I recovered; but of the other two—the invaluable map and the page which must have given the instructions about publishing his story—I never found any trace. I searched in every possible place, but with no real hope, for it soon became plain to me that the two priceless papers had blown out to sea. The hotel is on a precipitous high ground and almost overhangs the water, and a sharp breeze was blowing seaward.

I will not undertake to record my sensations when I finally read Pope's amazing and lucid statement, and realized that he was as sane a man as I, and that in losing the map I had perhaps nullified a more important single discovery than history records.

The reader who peruses Pope's story to the end—not that anyone is likely to abandon it when he has once commenced—will not hold that I have exaggerated its moment.

Of my own subsequent movements I need say nothing. It only remains to here copy—with a couple of unimportant foot-notes which I have added—Pope's strange narrative.

THEODORE POPE'S STATEMENT.

Early in my Egyptian researches I came across an entirely unusual and irregular combination, or cartouche, which at once attracted my attention, though M. Maspero and Mr. Thurber considered it of little consequence. It was this figure: with which you are already familiar. Now the curious thing about it was this: The forms had no meaning in the hieroglyphic alphabet, and the cartouche form almost invariably contained the name of a king or queen, sometimes of a god. By good fortune and diligent research I found the monogram three times. The first one was cut in a stone in a confused heap among the endless ruins of Karnak. There was nothing else upon the stone, and, though it was impossible to be sure, I found another stone that seemed likely to have come next to it, bearing an inscription the translation of which would seem to be: "The Mantle of Osiris." But even if these stones did belong together, this reading explained nothing to me.

I saw the mark a second time on the walls of the tomb of Seti I. It seemed to be an inscription on a box or casket that was being conveyed from a ship. Did the monogram represent some object that was carried in a casket and was brought from somewhere in a ship? And was this object called the "Mantle of Osiris"? It might be so, and possibly the object was some religious talisman or relic.

The third recurrence of the puzzling sign was with more elaborate context, but again with little real elucidation.

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Mr. Thurber, who knew the great interest I took in the matter, pointed it out to me in a roll of papyrus found in the mummy-case of a priest—one Nebseni—who lived in the time of Amenophis I. The inscription was a long one; made reference to Nebseni as Custodian of the Sacred and in another place I noted a record of his great journey to the "Land of the Narrow Water."

I cannot tell you how many hours I studied over these things. Now, however, I come to the account of the strange experience which befell me.

On January 27, 1889, I was wandering over the desolate, sandy hills of the great Necropolis of Sakkarah.* It was early in the day. I had left my donkey and boy in a sheltered place, and with umbrella and haversack was off for a day of roaming about. Being well known by the natives of that section, I could safely go about alone. After an hour or so of indefinite wandering and musing—sometimes stopping to pick up a bit of pottery or to observe, in the far distance, a long train of Cook tourists on donkeys crossing to the tomb of Thi—I came to a hillock, on which I had at other times noticed the remains of a small pyramid. The *débris* had fallen mostly on one side, where the hillock sloped away, and the stones had slid down and made a confused heap at the bottom of the slope.

I remembered the place well, but as I approached it saw that there had been some recent disturbance of the pile of stones. Probably the late high winds had taken some new course and had blown away the underlying sand, so that the stones had tumbled lower down in the little valley. Some of the stones were quite large—as much as six feet cube—and as I climbed upon one, I was surprised to see a low, square aperture in the masonry behind it. My heart gave a thump of excitement as I realized that I probably saw before me the entrance to a hitherto undiscovered tomb. I dodged quickly behind the large stone, and glanced hastily around the desert, in the sudden fear that I might be observed, and be obliged to share my discovery. Reassured, I searched with trembling fingers in my bag for a candle, which—there being so many subterranean places to explore—I always carried, and was delighted to find three of good length.

There was a low passage-way encumbered only by some sand. It continued for some twenty feet on a level, then descended at a sharp angle for another dozen feet, and finally I found myself in a large, square room excavated in the solid rock of the hill.

The form and character of all this was familiar enough—there are many such tombs—but a glance at its contents revealed an entirely novel state of things. In the centre was a large stone sarcophagus, so large that I at once concluded that it must contain the mummy of a sacred Apis bull. About it was a chaos of timbers, ropes, and various tools. A platform or scaffolding, evidently for workmen to stand upon, still stood on two sides of the sarcophagus, and above it, besides the ruins of three others, was one solid-appearing framework, straddling the great stone box.

The situation instantly explained itself to me; the work of setting the cover on the sarcophagus had, in some way, been interrupted. Here, indeed, was a valuable and unique discovery—a chance to see, perhaps, the methods of these old giant-builders. I moved slowly around the chamber, stepping over the *débris* of timber and tools. Many of the latter were of entirely strange character; but I will not go into details now about them.

Coming to one corner of the room I observed a round object in the midst of a small heap of rubbish and, stooping over it, found a crumbling human skull. Possibly here was an explanation of the unfinished state of the work. Had the slave workmen killed their overseer, closed the entrance of the tomb, and fled? Here was the tragedy at any rate. Perhaps they had closed the tomb without first killing their master! I gave a little shudder, and glanced furtively to where a dull ray of daylight penetrated the passage-way through which I had entered.

* This Necropolis covers an area about four and one-half miles long and a mile wide.—W. B.

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The rest of the skeleton was hardly to be made out; but I could trace the bones of an outstretched arm, and, looking at the fragments that had been a human hand, saw the glisten of some small, bright object. I picked up a gold ring and sat down upon the ground, almost breathless, as I saw that the ring carried a blue scarab which bore on its face the mysterious cartouche of the triangle, the straight line, and the circle. That ring you noticed attached to my watch-chain.

With greatest care I overturned all the little heap of dust, and soon discovered a copper *Sexem* or necklace of a high priest. There was nothing else but remnants of cloth and of a pair of sandals. In the intense stillness of that subterranean room I could almost hear the pounding of my own heart as I settled myself to the careful study of my surroundings. How I blessed those three candles which would light me, one at a time, for twice as many hours! There was nothing further to be made of the old priest's ashes, so I returned to the sarcophagus. There was the apparatus by which the cover had been lowered to its place. Bits of rope still hung from the timbers above it, and were attached to projecting points of the stone that would have been eventually chiselled off. But where were the means by which this enormous stone (it was about eight by twelve feet in dimensions, and a foot or more in thickness) had been gotten up to its place above the sarcophagus? There was nothing whatever to indicate this, for the overhanging apparatus would only have lifted it when directly above the sarcophagus. Then I observed that, underneath the cover-stone, and apparently held to it by a number of papyrus cords, were several sheets of metal, sometimes overlapping each other and projecting irregularly around the edges. I could not make out the metal. It was somewhat the color of lead, but was of a greener hue and was much harder.

On the whole, save for finding the ring, I was rather disappointed in the contents of the tomb. It amuses me now to recall my tranquil state of mind at that stage in my experiences and to contrast it with that which soon followed.

By this time I was getting hungry and thought it as well to eat my luncheon and meditate for awhile. I took my haversack and sat down upon a timber. Then it occurred to me that to sit on the top of the sarcophagus would give me better chances for observation; and, as the surrounding scaffolds made the ascent easy, I clambered up.

I never ate that luncheon!—my donkey-boy afterward enjoyed it—but for the rest of that afternoon I had no further thought of hunger. I tossed my haversack on top of the cover-stone; it scarcely seemed to strike at all, but slid lightly across and dropped to the platform on the other side. This was curious, and I wondered if my nerves were so upset that I had not realized how violently I had thrown the bag. I tried to sit upon the edge of the stone, but immediately slid off, my legs seeming to pull me off by their weight. What had possessed me? I would take a drink of wine to steady my nerves. Taking the flask and cup from the bag, I set the cup down carefully, uncorked the flask, and commenced to pour out the wine. Instead of the limpid claret, a thick, tar-like substance slowly ran out of the bottle, stood—almost like a stick—for a moment, for an instant piled itself up in a little mound in the cup, then gradually levelled down. I lifted the cup with a quick, nervous motion; the wine shot straight out of it, struck the ceiling of the vault, spread itself out, and remained there. With a dazed notion that my wits were leaving me, I took my traps and hastily descended to the floor. In doing so I leaned suddenly against the cover of the sarcophagus. It seemed to tremble. Could that possibly be, when the stone weighed many tons? I climbed up again and gave it a push. It certainly moved. I put all my strength against it and pushed again. It slid quickly over a foot or so, the side nearest me flew up, and with a fearful crash and jar the great stone fell bottom upward against the farther wall of the room, broken in twain. The blow seemed to stun me; my candle was toppled over and extinguished. The next moment

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there came another thunder-like noise of a falling body, apparently at the outer end of the passageway, and the streak of light that had penetrated to the tomb was suddenly blotted out. With a sickening sensation I at once realized what had happened; the loose stones at the entrance had been dislodged by the shaking of the earth when the cover-stone had fallen over, and had tumbled into, and perhaps entirely blocked the opening. I lighted a candle and made my way to the end of the passage; a great stone entirely blocked it.

I was entombed!

The desperateness of my position drove all consideration of the bewildering and inexplicable occurrence out of my mind. The chance of anyone wandering near enough to this spot to hear any outcry I could make was exceedingly small. But I forced myself to dismiss this thought from my mind and to try and contrive some means of escape. I will not tell you of all the things I thought of and of all the futile attempts I made to pry away or upset the stone that imprisoned me. I could not stir it.

After awhile, to rest myself in body and mind so as to be able to make further efforts, I wandered to the back of the chamber and tried to think of the things I saw there. My eyes rested on the ashes of the priest, and, I will confess, an uncanny feeling commenced to creep over me. Was his spirit here and bent on destroying me for having so ruthlessly disturbed his dust? Was I henceforth to keep him company after his lonely vigil of perhaps three thousand years? I shook these ideas from me, for it was too easy to believe that I was surrounded by the supernatural. Then I looked at the great cover-stone, broken and lying against the wall. How could I have moved and pushed over that ponderous mass? It was futile to puzzle over it.

Tumbled about, and torn from the cords that had held it to the under side of the stone, were the sheets of metal that I had already observed. I stepped upon one of these sheets in order to look at another which seemed to be inscribed. What a strange sensation suddenly came over me! There was a qualm of dizziness and sickness, as if one were on a tossing ship. I lost my equilibrium and fell forward off of the piece of metal. The sickness immediately left me. I accidentally stepped onto the metal again with the same result. But the process of getting on the sheet and off it again was most peculiar. It was difficult to drag one's self upon it, and each time in getting off it I fell forward upon my outstretched hands. Candle in hand, I stooped over a large sheet of the metal, and on close scrutiny deciphered upon it a long, hieroglyphic inscription: "Lord of Abydos," "President of the Gods," "Head of the Corridor of the Tomb," "Mover of Pyramids and Mountains," etc. Before seeing the "throne and eye" that represent him, I recognized all these as titles of the god Osiris.

In looking back, I fail to recall the sequence of thought which, ere very long, with some slight experiments, brought me to the amazing solution of all these mysteries. It is difficult to comprehend how anything so utterly preposterous ever occurred to me. The evidence is conclusive enough when looked back upon, but evidence is only elucidating when applied to a preconceived theory.

When one looks at distant objects through an unfocussed telescope, there are seen but unrecognizable spots of blurred color and light; a turn of the tube, back or forth, and suddenly the whole view is revealed in clear and comprehensible exactness and detail. Thus, my own perceptions suddenly focussed.

I forgot my own extreme peril in the excitement of that sudden conviction.

I had found the Mantle of Osiris.

The sheets of metal spread out before me were of a substance—unknown and undreamt of by modern civilization—through which the power which draws everything toward the earth could but slightly penetrate.

As glass, rubber, and some other substances are almost impervious to magnetic attraction or repulsion, so this new metal nearly annihilated the attraction of gravitation, and thus—above it—the heaviest substance became practically weightless.

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It was with this aid that the ancient builders moved and lifted the monstrous stones.

That thought was quickly followed by another of far greater moment to me: Could I not with this powerful help move the stone that imprisoned me?

The sheets were so large that I found much difficulty in getting one to the mouth of the passageway. There I found that the big stone was held up at one side by some small object, so that there was a clear space below it. I slid the metal under it, gave the great block a push. It readily yielded and toppled over, leaving ample room for me to climb out above it.

I rushed wildly out into the glorious light of day. My discovery had saved my life!

The sun was fast approaching the Libyan Hills, and I realized that I must hasten back to my boat and friends, so as not to alarm them by an absence already much longer than was my wont. But what to do about the tomb and its priceless contents? I re-entered it and tried to obtain a piece of the precious metal. The sheets were all too heavy for me to carry away, and I could neither break nor cut off a fragment. I brought my own traps and a sort of crow-bar out of the tomb, climbed up above the entrance, and succeeded in tumbling a large stone down in front of it. A mass of smaller stones and an avalanche of sand followed, and I saw, to my satisfaction, that nothing was visible to disclose the secret of that little mound. I hid the crow-bar in the sand and was soon galloping along on my four miles ride to the river. Long before reaching my dahabiyeh, however, I had very firmly decided to say nothing, for the present, of my day's experience. I wanted time to think what was to be done. The importance of what I had found impressed me each moment with more and more force, and my state of mind, by the time I had reached the boat, was almost chaotic. That night I found in my pocket the high priest's ring, and that served to convince me, when I woke next day, that my recollections were not of a dream.

Probably you will now explain for yourself without difficulty the various strange things that occurred, but I have since given the subject such a great amount of study, that—as I am sure some of my deductions will not occur to you—I will briefly state them all.

In lifting a heavy object, the only difficulty would be to raise it sufficiently to introduce the "Mantle of Osiris" between it and the earth, and finally to be able to remove the metal. In the tomb the situation was evident enough; protected by the sheet of—as I will now name it—*Osiris*, tied under its whole surface, the cover of the sarcophagus was easily lifted to its place. The framework erected above it was to lift it sufficiently to remove the sheets of osiris and then to lower the stone to its destination. Before this was accomplished the work had in some way been interrupted.

How the entrance to the tomb had been covered up, and why it was never reopened until accident had revealed it to me, is a matter only for conjecture, and in fact is not important.

The occurrences while I was in the tomb are easy to understand—since we have the wonderful key. I could not sit on the stone, above the osiris, for my body there had not weight enough to counterbalance my legs that were below. The wine, when poured out, had so little weight that it would scarcely leave the flask; and when I raised the cup—with a motion accelerated by its unexpected lightness—the wine continued its upward movement, struck the ceiling, spread itself out there, and adhered by capillary attraction, there being no power of gravitation sufficient to make it fall.

When I had pushed the cover-stone, it had easily moved until a part of it extending beyond the protecting metal which was no longer secured in its place by the cords, and regaining its normal weight, had overbalanced the protected portion, and the whole mass toppling over, had fallen, bottom up, the osiris then being above it and powerless. The sickening sensation I experienced when standing on the metal was like sea-sickness, caused by the or-

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gans in the body not bearing firmly down as they normally do.*

But, what was the significance of the mysterious cartouche that I had for the fourth time found on the priest's ring? Why was it "The Mantle of Osiris?" It was many months before I deciphered it. It is ideographic, not hieroglyphic. The triangle represented a pyramid; the straight line under it was the "mantle" itself; but why the circle below? The conviction that I finally and firmly arrived at about this necessitated a most extraordinary premise; the circle was the earth above which the pyramid was lifted up by the sacred metal; but in that case, one must assume that the Egyptians at a very remote period knew that this earth was a sphere!

History records the Greek Thales, who lived about 640 B.C., as the first to suggest the sphericity of the earth.

I have come to no conclusion as to the antiquity of the use of osiris by the Egyptians.

For various reasons I am inclined to fix the time of the construction of the lost tomb in the nineteenth dynasty, about 1500 B.C.

One thing further regarding the triangle, the line, and the circle. I am convinced that their existence in the emblems of modern Freemasonry originated in their use by the great builders of Egypt as the insignia of their all-powerful ally.

All these things, however, were of little moment compared to the one great question which soon entirely engrossed my attention. Where was osiris to be found? Why had it not been discovered by later civilizations? When I had time to consider the matter carefully, I realized that the few pieces of the metal hidden in the tomb, though of enormous scientific interest, were quite inadequate to any material service to mankind. This was the problem I set myself to solve, and I decided that so long as I could feel that there was the slightest chance of my accomplishing this, I would not disclose the secret of the tomb. I went again to look at the enchanted mound, and realized, with some dismay, that though there was practically no chance of anyone else discovering the entrance to the tomb, I had so fully covered it that it would require a gang of men to clear away the *débris*, and that consequently, I could never again enter it alone or secretly.

I think I almost drove myself insane with constant study of the probable origin of the sacred metal. In fact, at one period, I had to force myself to think of something else, as I had reached such a condition that I could scarcely eat or sleep. I worked myself to almost a skeleton in continued overhauling of all available Egyptian writings. I visited all the museums of Europe, and finally only put aside the subject from sheer exhaustion of body and mind.

I never met with the sought-for monogram save in the three instances, besides the priest's ring, to which I have alluded, and from them could gather but two possible facts of moment — that the sacred metal was brought from somewhere in a ship, and that Nebseni, its custodian, may have brought it from "the Land of the Narrow Water." This naturally suggested the upper Nile—in fact, I never considered anything else. But a journey up the river as far as was possible in the disturbed state of affairs in the Soudan revealed nothing. I had about concluded that, until the remote and unknown regions of the upper Nile were made entirely accessible, any further search on my part was useless.

In this state of mind I came to Gibraltar, and you can easily understand the effect that was produced upon me when Captain Breeze disclosed the fact that the all-significant cartouche was cut in a cliff of the "Haunted Mountain of the Wind."

All became clear at once. All the strange tales of the Djebel Reh—except that of the alleged mouth of hell being

* In reading this over, I note the omission of two facts that I demonstrated while in the tomb; osiris did not of course *entirely* do away with the weight of an object. If it had done so, the centrifrugal force of the earth's revolution would have sent any such object flying off into space. I found that a stone, held over the metal, seemed to weigh about half as much as the same sized piece of cork ordinarily would. Another curious thing; a substance held over two layers of osiris was not rendered any lighter than over one sheet of it! The ancients apparently had found just what thickness was requisite. A bottle made of glass sufficiently thick to retain water, does not hold it any more effectively if made twice as thick. [T. P.]

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on top of it—could be easily accounted for if the mountain contained a quantity of osiris; and the fact that the Moors avoided the place, and that foreigners never penetrated to it, showed why the metal had remained undiscovered.

Nothing is more certain, in my opinion, than that the Riff Mountains contain osiris in great quantity. That I wish to complete my discovery alone and reap the reward in the fame that will result, you can easily understand. It is worth the risk.

But, whether I live to see it or not, I look a few years ahead and try to realize what great changes the "Mantle of Osiris" will produce. I can almost imagine that Osiris himself will be worshipped for the sudden progress man will make by the aid of his "Sacred Mantle."

I see ships sailing in the air as easily as they now sail in the sea. The aërial ship, with inherent strength and motive-power that do not overcome its buoyancy, at once becomes practicable.

I see ships sailing over the water instead of through it; their load does not increase their draft; and engines and fuel being no burden, steamships can make almost unlimited speed.

I see war-ships carrying their armor and monstrous guns—all weightless.*

I see a lightening of half of the labors of man and of his beasts of burden. Every load of a car, a wagon, or even a hod becomes but a fraction of what it was.

I see the whole world richer because man with infinitely less labor controls the materials and forces of nature.

Even with my very limited inventiveness in such things, I see two new powers which will mark an era in mechanical development compared to which all former ones sink into insignificance.

The first is this: A stream of water running down a short distance in an ordinary pipe would push the water up many times as far in a continuation of the same pipe, made of osiris—like a siphon reversed. Practically, then, water would run up hill.

Finally, and as far as I can now see, the most valuable of all uses of osiris is that by a simple application it creates a constant and practically unlimited moving power. A wheel hung vertically, with a weighted periphery and with half its diameter excluded from the attraction of gravitation by means of a sheet of osiris extending under one side of it as far as its axis, would constantly revolve, with a power only limited by the weight of its periphery. Like an "over-shot" water-wheel, one side would be always descending heavy and the other ascending light. I leave you to imagine the revolution that will be produced when steam and other powers are almost entirely superseded by this new force which will perpetually do man's work with absolutely no cost to him.

In the bewildering intricacy of Nature's phenomena there are few laws to which there are no variations or apparent contradictions. Though Keppler found the great fact of the elliptical track of each planet around the sun, Leverrier discovered aberrations in the motion of Uranus, and thence deduced the presence of the planet Neptune. Sir Isaac Newton, the giant among philosophers, promulgated the great law of gravitation. Even to this, a slight variation—like that in the apparently unswervable courses of the mighty planets—existed, unknown to him. Peace be to his ashes! I do not intend by the introduction here of these world-famed names to seem to class myself with them. Their conclusions were the result of intellectual research; my discovery was but an accident.

THEODORE POPE.

TANGIERS, April 10, 1891.

* Pope forgets that the weight of a gun is necessary to absorb the recoil of its discharge.—W. B.

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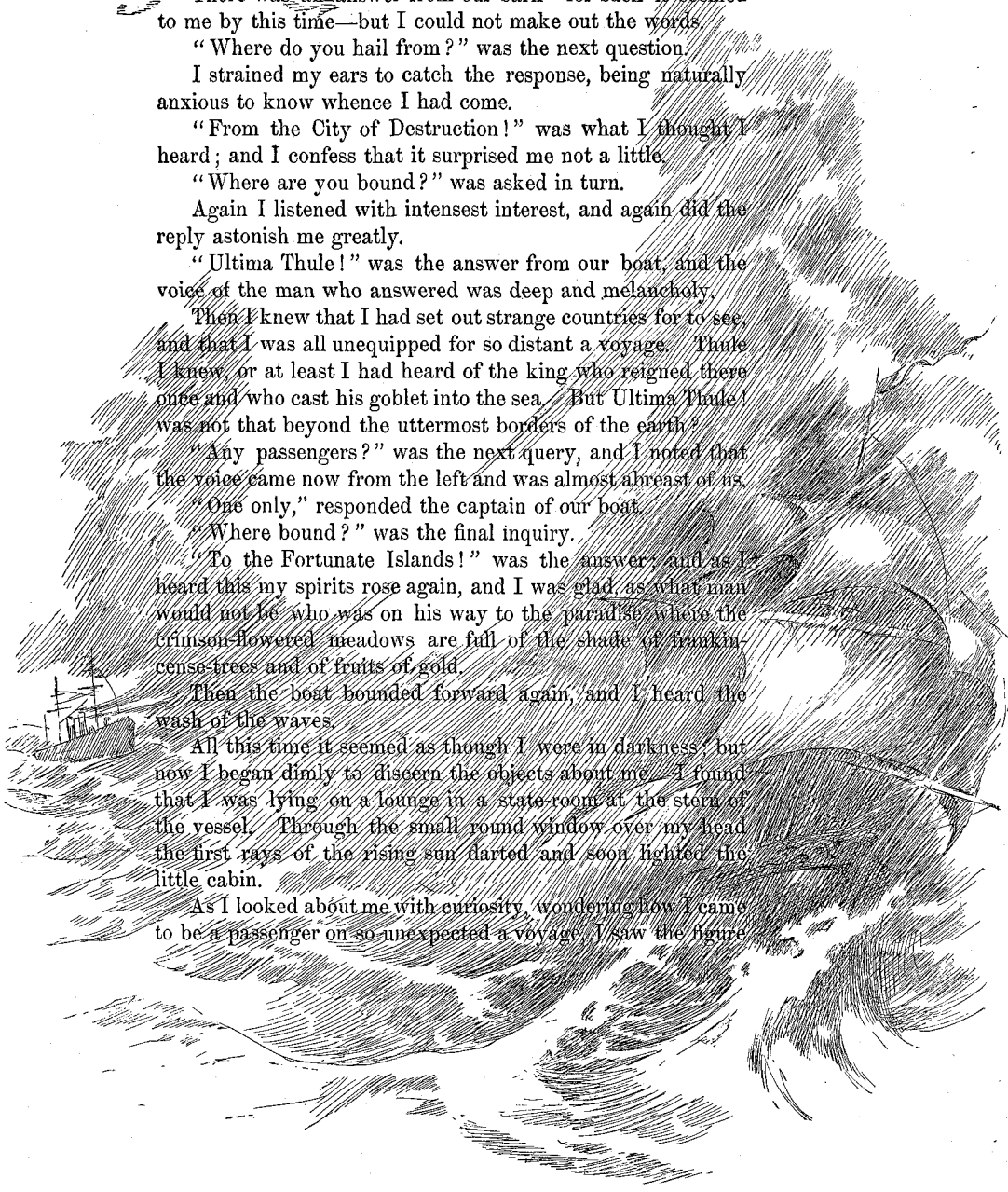
A Primer of Imaginary Geography

by Brander Matthews



"Ship ahoy!"

There was an answer from our bark—for such it seemed to me by this time—but I could not make out the words.

"Where do you hail from?" was the next question.

I strained my ears to catch the response, being naturally anxious to know whence I had come.

"From the City of Destruction!" was what I thought I heard; and I confess that it surprised me not a little.

"Where are you bound?" was asked in turn.

Again I listened with intensest interest, and again did the reply astonish me greatly.

"Ultima Thule!" was the answer from our boat, and the voice of the man who answered was deep and melancholy.

Then I knew that I had set out strange countries for to see, and that I was all unequipped for so distant a voyage. Thule I knew, or at least I had heard of the king who reigned there once and who cast his goblet into the sea. But Ultima Thule! was not that beyond the uttermost borders of the earth?

"Any passengers?" was the next query, and I noted that the voice came now from the left and was almost abreast of us.

"One only," responded the captain of our boat.

"Where bound?" was the final inquiry.

"To the Fortunate Islands!" was the answer; and as I heard this my spirits rose again, and I was glad, as what man would not be who was on his way to the paradise where the crimson-flowered meadows are full of the shade of frankincense-trees and of fruits of gold.

Then the boat bounded forward again, and I heard the wash of the waves.

All this time it seemed as though I were in darkness; but now I began dimly to discern the objects about me. I found that I was lying on a lounge in a state-room at the stern of the vessel. Through the small round window over my head the first rays of the rising sun darted and soon lighted the little cabin.

As I looked about me with curiosity, wondering how I came to be a passenger on so unexpected a voyage, I saw the figure

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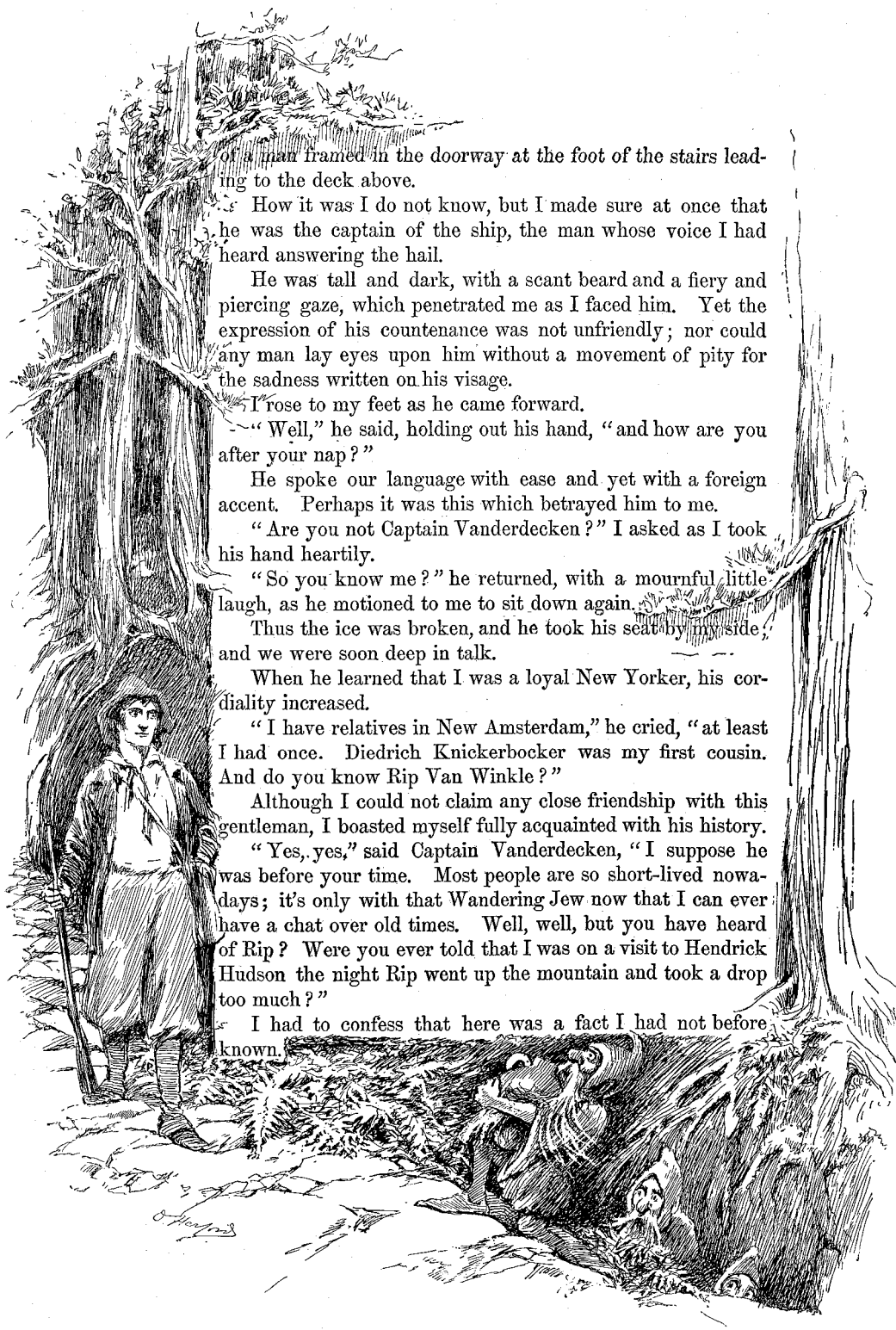

of a man framed in the doorway at the foot of the stairs leading to the deck above.

How it was I do not know, but I made sure at once that he was the captain of the ship, the man whose voice I had heard answering the hail.

He was tall and dark, with a scant beard and a fiery and piercing gaze, which penetrated me as I faced him. Yet the expression of his countenance was not unfriendly; nor could any man lay eyes upon him without a movement of pity for the sadness written on his visage.

I rose to my feet as he came forward.

"Well," he said, holding out his hand, "and how are you after your nap?"

He spoke our language with ease and yet with a foreign accent. Perhaps it was this which betrayed him to me.

"Are you not Captain Vanderdecken?" I asked as I took his hand heartily.

"So you know me?" he returned, with a mournful little laugh, as he motioned to me to sit down again.

Thus the ice was broken, and he took his seat by my side, and we were soon deep in talk.

When he learned that I was a loyal New Yorker, his cordiality increased.

"I have relatives in New Amsterdam," he cried, "at least I had once. Diedrich Knickerbocker was my first cousin. And do you know Rip Van Winkle?"

Although I could not claim any close friendship with this gentleman, I boasted myself fully acquainted with his history.

"Yes, yes," said Captain Vanderdecken, "I suppose he was before your time. Most people are so short-lived nowadays; it's only with that Wandering Jew now that I can ever have a chat over old times. Well, well, but you have heard of Rip? Were you ever told that I was on a visit to Hendrick Hudson the night Rip went up the mountain and took a drop too much?"

I had to confess that here was a fact I had not before known.

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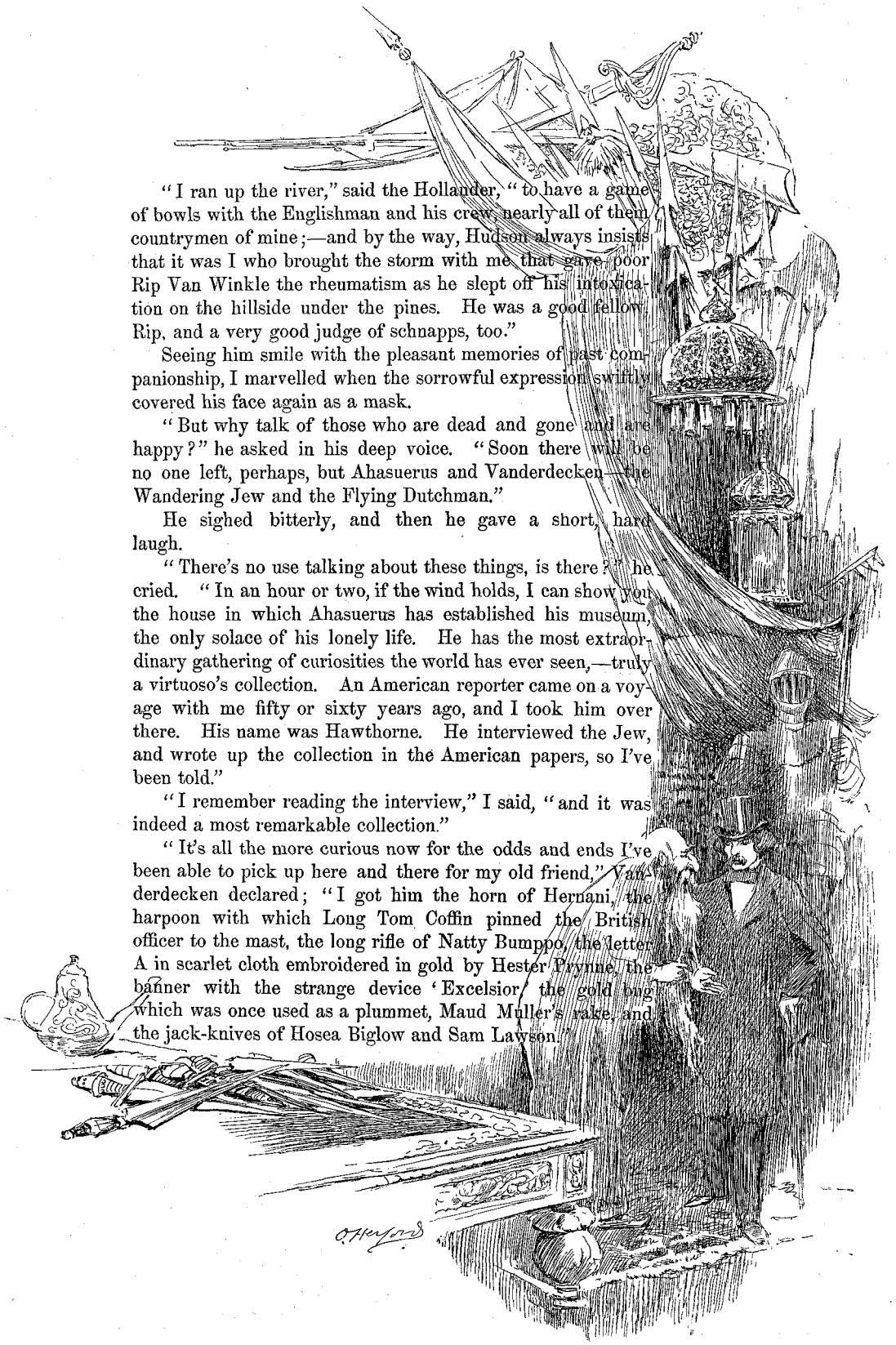

"I ran up the river," said the Hollander, "to have a game of bowls with the Englishman and his crew, nearly all of them countrymen of mine;—and by the way, Hudson always insists that it was I who brought the storm with me that gave poor Rip Van Winkle the rheumatism as he slept off his intoxication on the hillside under the pines. He was a good fellow, Rip, and a very good judge of schnapps, too."

Seeing him smile with the pleasant memories of past companionship, I marvelled when the sorrowful expression swiftly covered his face again as a mask.

"But why talk of those who are dead and gone and are happy?" he asked in his deep voice. "Soon there will be no one left, perhaps, but Ahasuerus and Vanderdecken—the Wandering Jew and the Flying Dutchman."

He sighed bitterly, and then he gave a short, hard laugh.

"There's no use talking about these things, is there?" he cried. "In an hour or two, if the wind holds, I can show you the house in which Ahasuerus has established his museum, the only solace of his lonely life. He has the most extraordinary gathering of curiosities the world has ever seen,—truly a virtuoso's collection. An American reporter came on a voyage with me fifty or sixty years ago, and I took him over there. His name was Hawthorne. He interviewed the Jew, and wrote up the collection in the American papers, so I've been told."

"I remember reading the interview," I said, "and it was indeed a most remarkable collection."

"It's all the more curious now for the odds and ends I've been able to pick up here and there for my old friend," Vanderdecken declared; "I got him the horn of Hernani, the harpoon with which Long Tom Coffin pinned the British officer to the mast, the long rifle of Natty Bumppo, the letter A in scarlet cloth embroidered in gold by Hester Prynne, the banner with the strange device 'Excelsior,' the gold bug which was once used as a plummet, Maud Muller's rake, and the jack-knives of Hosea Biglow and Sam Lawson."

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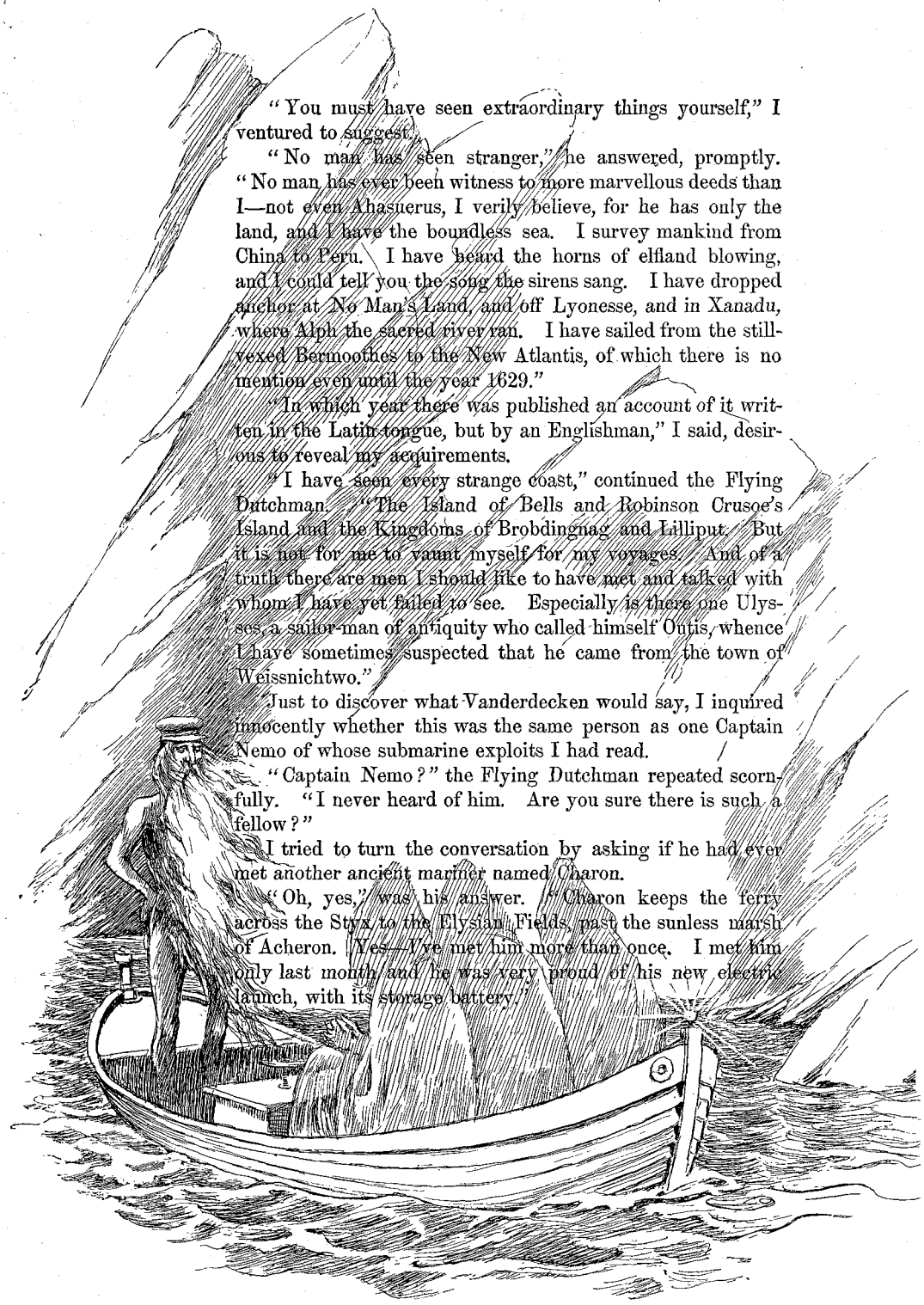

"You must have seen extraordinary things yourself," I ventured to suggest.

"No man has seen stranger," he answered, promptly. "No man has ever been witness to more marvellous deeds than I—not even Ahasuerus, I verily believe, for he has only the land, and I have the boundless sea. I survey mankind from China to Peru. I have heard the horns of elfland blowing, and I could tell you the song the sirens sang. I have dropped anchor at No Man's Land, and off Lyonesse, and in Xanadu, where Alph the sacred river ran. I have sailed from the still-vexed Bermoothes to the New Atlantis, of which there is no mention even until the year 1629."

"In which year there was published an account of it written in the Latin tongue, but by an Englishman," I said, desirous to reveal my acquirements.

"I have seen every strange coast," continued the Flying Dutchman. "The Island of Bells and Robinson Crusoe's Island and the Kingdoms of Brobdingnag and Lilliput. But it is not for me to vaunt myself for my voyages. And of a truth there are men I should like to have met and talked with whom I have yet failed to see. Especially is there one Ulysses, a sailor-man of antiquity who called himself Outis, whence I have sometimes suspected that he came from the town of Weissnichtwo."

Just to discover what Vanderdecken would say, I inquired innocently whether this was the same person as one Captain Nemo of whose submarine exploits I had read.

"Captain Nemo?" the Flying Dutchman repeated scornfully. "I never heard of him. Are you sure there is such a fellow?"

I tried to turn the conversation by asking if he had ever met another ancient mariner named Charon.

"Oh, yes," was his answer. "Charon keeps the ferry across the Styx to the Elysian Fields, past the sunless marsh of Acheron. Yes—I've met him more than once. I met him only last month, and he was very proud of his new electric launch, with its storage battery."

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When I expressed my surprise at this, he asked me if I did not know that the under-world was now lighted by electricity, and that Pluto had put in all the modern improvements. Before I had time to answer, he rose from his seat and slapped me on the shoulder.

"Come up with me!—if you want to behold things for yourself," he cried. "So far, it seems to me, you have never seen the sights!"

I followed him on deck. The sun was now two hours high, and I could just make out a faint line of land on the horizon.

"That rugged coast is Bohemia, which is really a desert country by the sea, although ignorant and bigoted pedants have dared to deny it," and the scorn of my companion as he said this was wonderful to see. "Its borders touch Alsatia, of which the chief town is a city of refuge. Not far inland, but a little to the south, is the beautiful forest of Arden, where men and maids dwell together in amity, and where clowns wander, making love to shepherdesses. Some of these same pestilent pedants have pretended to believe that this forest of Arden was situated in France, which is absurd, as there are no serpents and no lions in France, while we have the best of evidence as to the existence of both in Arden—you know that, don't you?"

I admitted that a green and gilded snake and a lioness with udders all drawn dry were known to have been seen there both on the same day. I ventured to suggest further that possibly this Forest of Arden was the Wandering Wood where Una met her lion.

"Of course," was the curt response; "everybody knows that Arden is a most beautiful region: even the toads there have precious jewels in their heads. And if you range the forest freely you may chance to find also the White Doe of Rylstone and the goat with the gilded horns that told fortunes in Paris long ago by tapping with his hoof on a tambourine."

"These then are the Happy Hunting Grounds?" I suggested with a light laugh.

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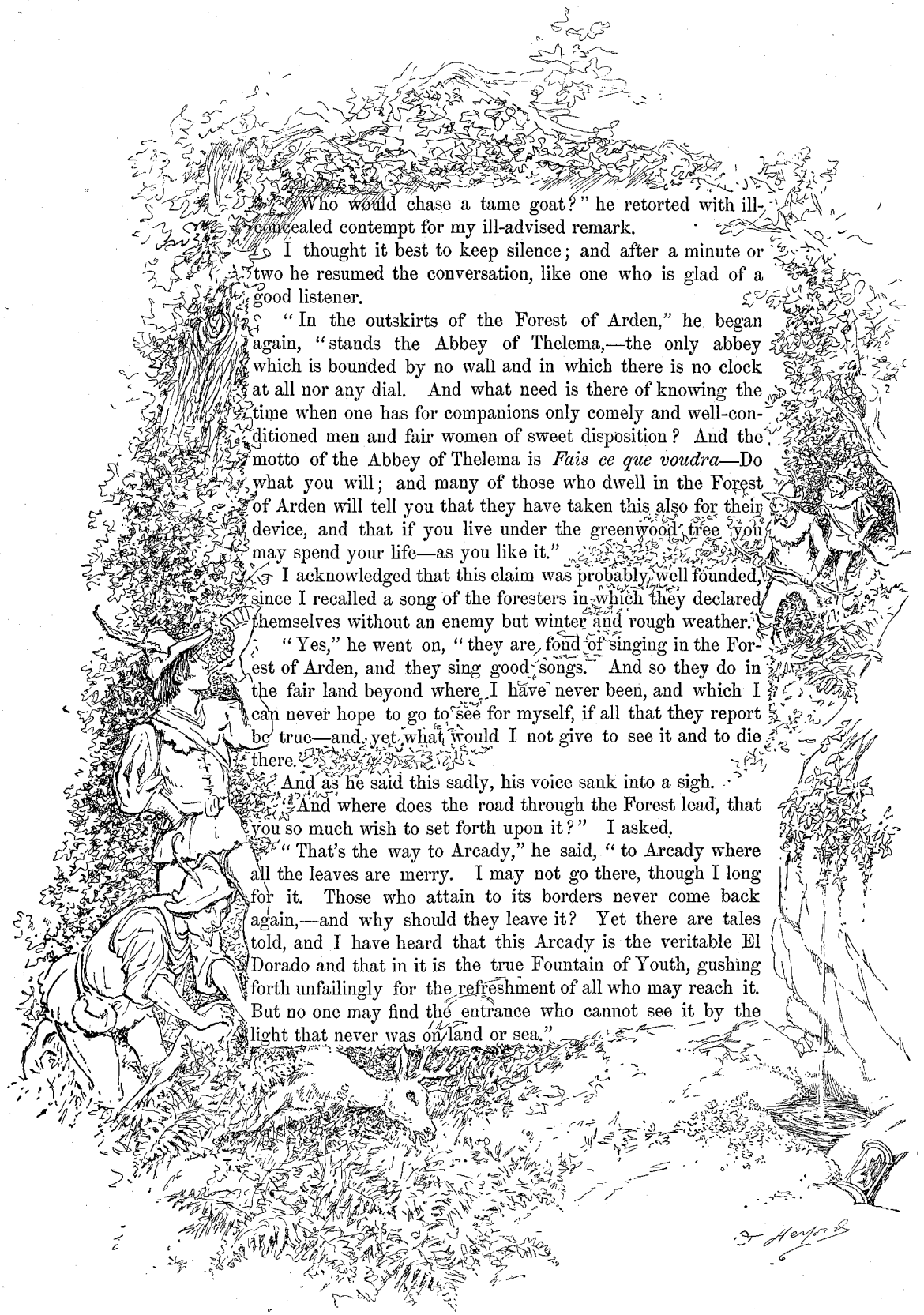

"Who would chase a tame goat?" he retorted with ill-concealed contempt for my ill-advised remark.

I thought it best to keep silence; and after a minute or two he resumed the conversation, like one who is glad of a good listener.

"In the outskirts of the Forest of Arden," he began again, "stands the Abbey of Thelema,—the only abbey which is bounded by no wall and in which there is no clock at all nor any dial. And what need is there of knowing the time when one has for companions only comely and well-conditioned men and fair women of sweet disposition? And the motto of the Abbey of Thelema is *Fais ce que voudra*—Do what you will; and many of those who dwell in the Forest of Arden will tell you that they have taken this also for their device, and that if you live under the greenwood tree you may spend your life—as you like it."

I acknowledged that this claim was probably well founded, since I recalled a song of the foresters in which they declared themselves without an enemy but winter and rough weather.

"Yes," he went on, "they are fond of singing in the Forest of Arden, and they sing good songs. And so they do in the fair land beyond where I have never been, and which I can never hope to go to see for myself, if all that they report be true—and, yet what would I not give to see it and to die there."

And as he said this sadly, his voice sank into a sigh.

"And where does the road through the Forest lead, that you so much wish to set forth upon it?" I asked.

"That's the way to Arcady," he said, "to Arcady where all the leaves are merry. I may not go there, though I long for it. Those who attain to its borders never come back again,—and why should they leave it? Yet there are tales told, and I have heard that this Arcady is the veritable El Dorado and that in it is the true Fountain of Youth, gushing forth unfailingly for the refreshment of all who may reach it. But no one may find the entrance who cannot see it by the light that never was on land or sea."

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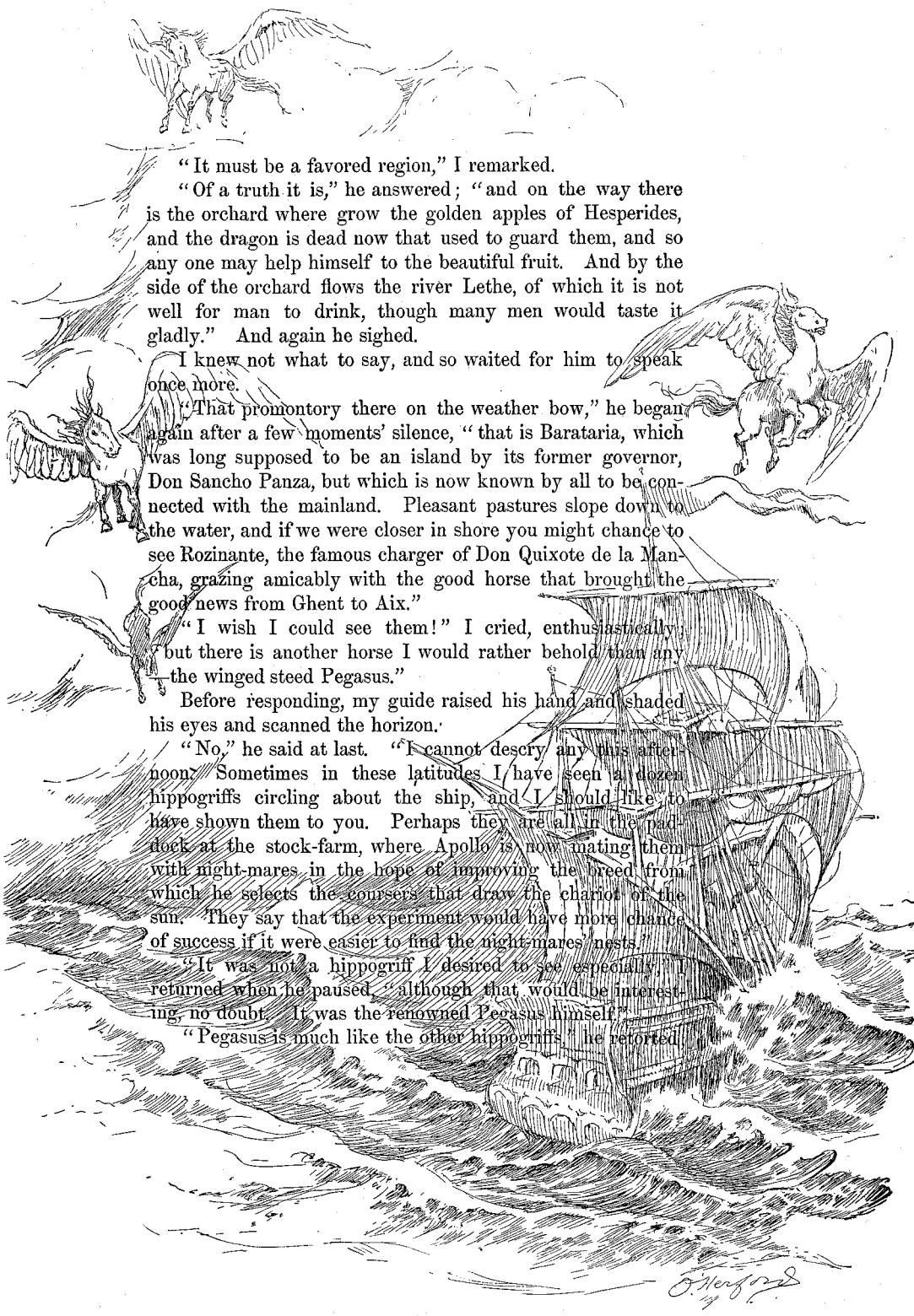

"It must be a favored region," I remarked.

"Of a truth it is," he answered; "and on the way there is the orchard where grow the golden apples of Hesperides, and the dragon is dead now that used to guard them, and so any one may help himself to the beautiful fruit. And by the side of the orchard flows the river Lethe, of which it is not well for man to drink, though many men would taste it gladly." And again he sighed.

I knew not what to say, and so waited for him to speak once more.

"That promontory there on the weather bow," he began again after a few moments' silence, "that is Barataria, which was long supposed to be an island by its former governor, Don Sancho Panza, but which is now known by all to be connected with the mainland. Pleasant pastures slope down to the water, and if we were closer in shore you might chance to see Rozinante, the famous charger of Don Quixote de la Mancha, grazing amicably with the good horse that brought the good news from Ghent to Aix."

"I wish I could see them!" I cried, enthusiastically; "but there is another horse I would rather behold than any, the winged steed Pegasus."

Before responding, my guide raised his hand and shaded his eyes and scanned the horizon.

"No," he said at last. "I cannot descry any this afternoon. Sometimes in these latitudes I have seen a dozen hippogriffs circling about the ship, and I should like to have shown them to you. Perhaps they are all in the paddock at the stock-farm, where Apollo is now mating them with night-mares in the hope of improving the breed from which he selects the coursers that draw the chariot of the sun. They say that the experiment would have more chance of success if it were easier to find the night-mares' nests."

"It was not a hippogriff I desired to see especially," I returned when he paused, "although that would be interesting, no doubt. It was the renowned Pegasus himself."

"Pegasus is much like the other hippogriffs," he retorted,

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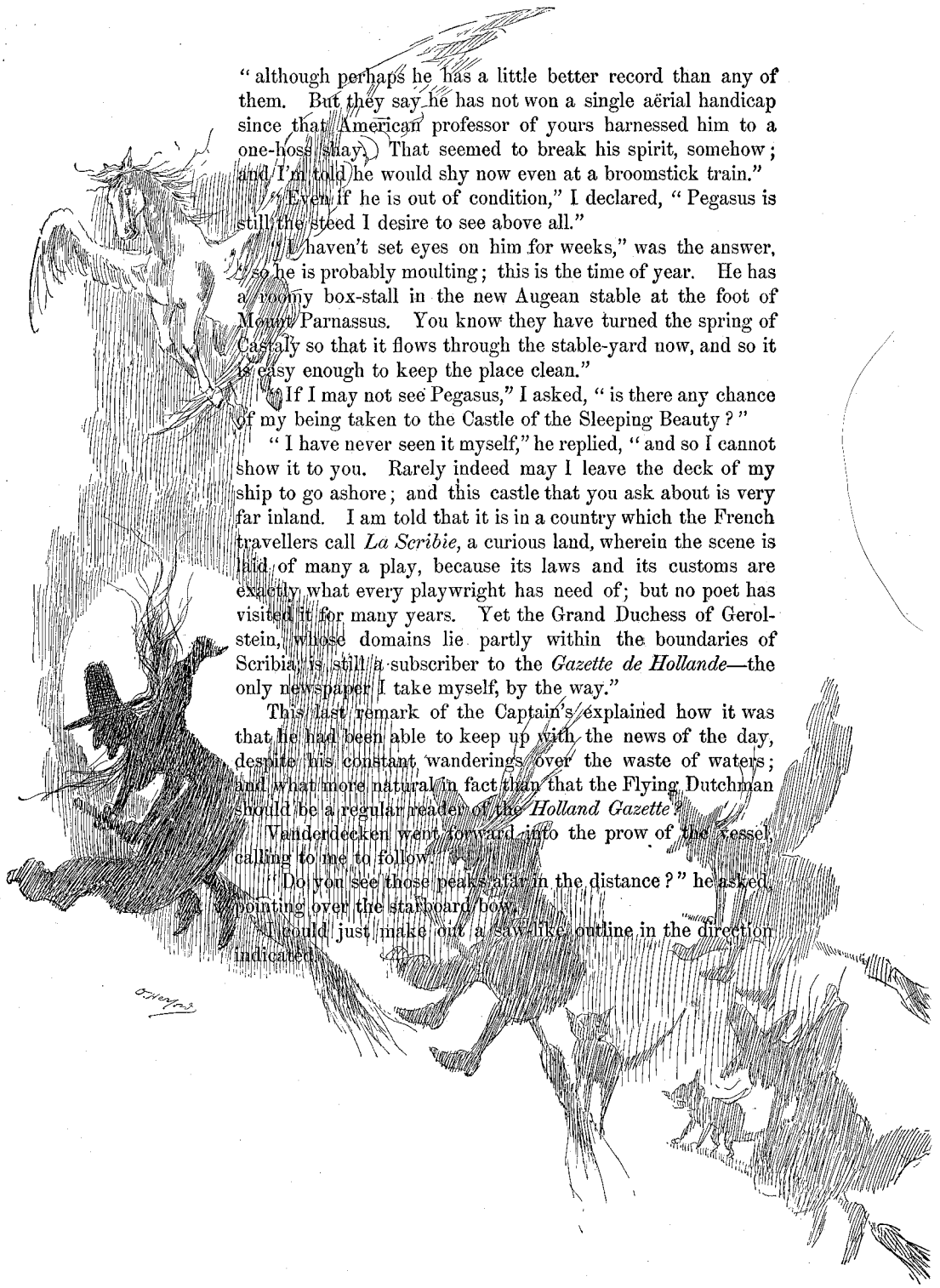

"although perhaps he has a little better record than any of them. But they say he has not won a single aërial handicap since that American professor of yours harnessed him to a one-hoss shay. That seemed to break his spirit, somehow; and I'm told he would shy now even at a broomstick train."

"Even if he is out of condition," I declared, "Pegasus is still the steed I desire to see above all."

"I haven't set eyes on him for weeks," was the answer, "so he is probably moulting; this is the time of year. He has a roomy box-stall in the new Augean stable at the foot of Mount Parnassus. You know they have turned the spring of Castaly so that it flows through the stable-yard now, and so it is easy enough to keep the place clean."

"If I may not see Pegasus," I asked, "is there any chance of my being taken to the Castle of the Sleeping Beauty?"

"I have never seen it myself," he replied, "and so I cannot show it to you. Rarely indeed may I leave the deck of my ship to go ashore; and this castle that you ask about is very far inland. I am told that it is in a country which the French travellers call *La Scribie*, a curious land, wherein the scene is laid of many a play, because its laws and its customs are exactly what every playwright has need of; but no poet has visited it for many years. Yet the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, whose domains lie partly within the boundaries of Scribia, is still a subscriber to the *Gazette de Hollande*—the only newspaper I take myself, by the way."

This last remark of the Captain's explained how it was that he had been able to keep up with the news of the day, despite his constant wanderings over the waste of waters; and what more natural in fact than that the Flying Dutchman should be a regular reader of the *Holland Gazette*?

Vanderdecken went forward into the prow of the vessel, calling to me to follow.

"Do you see those peaks afar in the distance?" he asked, pointing over the starboard bow.

I could just make out a saw-like outline in the direction indicated.

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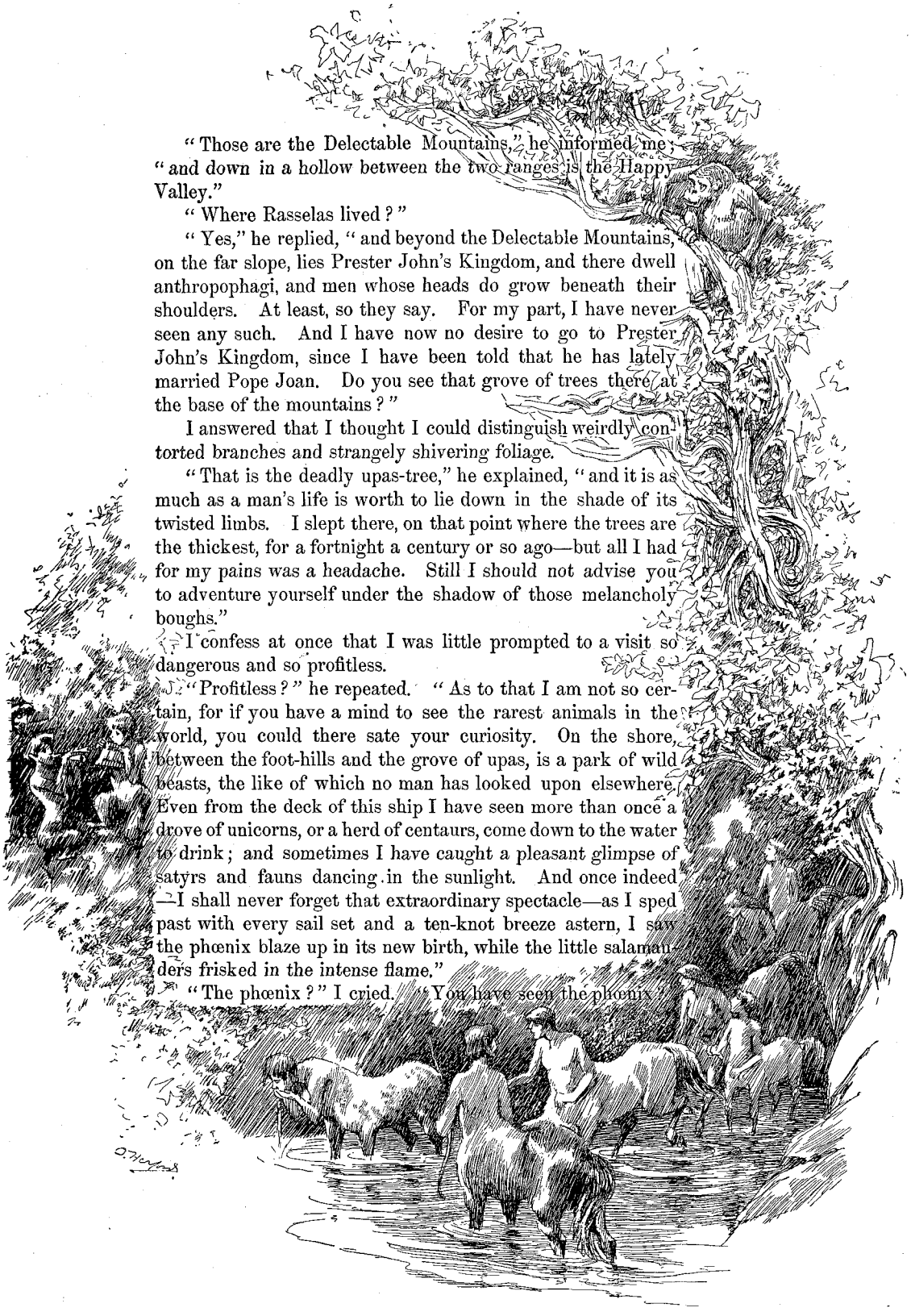

"Those are the Delectable Mountains," he informed me; "and down in a hollow between the two ranges is the Happy Valley."

"Where Rasselas lived?"

"Yes," he replied, "and beyond the Delectable Mountains, on the far slope, lies Prester John's Kingdom, and there dwell anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. At least, so they say. For my part, I have never seen any such. And I have now no desire to go to Prester John's Kingdom, since I have been told that he has lately married Pope Joan. Do you see that grove of trees there at the base of the mountains?"

I answered that I thought I could distinguish weirdly contorted branches and strangely shivering foliage.

"That is the deadly upas-tree," he explained, "and it is as much as a man's life is worth to lie down in the shade of its twisted limbs. I slept there, on that point where the trees are the thickest, for a fortnight a century or so ago—but all I had for my pains was a headache. Still I should not advise you to adventure yourself under the shadow of those melancholy boughs."

I confess at once that I was little prompted to a visit so dangerous and so profitless.

"Profitless?" he repeated. "As to that I am not so certain, for if you have a mind to see the rarest animals in the world, you could there sate your curiosity. On the shore, between the foot-hills and the grove of upas, is a park of wild beasts, the like of which no man has looked upon elsewhere. Even from the deck of this ship I have seen more than once a drove of unicorns, or a herd of centaurs, come down to the water to drink; and sometimes I have caught a pleasant glimpse of satyrs and fauns dancing in the sunlight. And once indeed—I shall never forget that extraordinary spectacle—as I sped past with every sail set and a ten-knot breeze astern, I saw the phœnix blaze up in its new birth, while the little salamanders frisked in the intense flame."

"The phœnix?" I cried. "You have seen the phœnix?"

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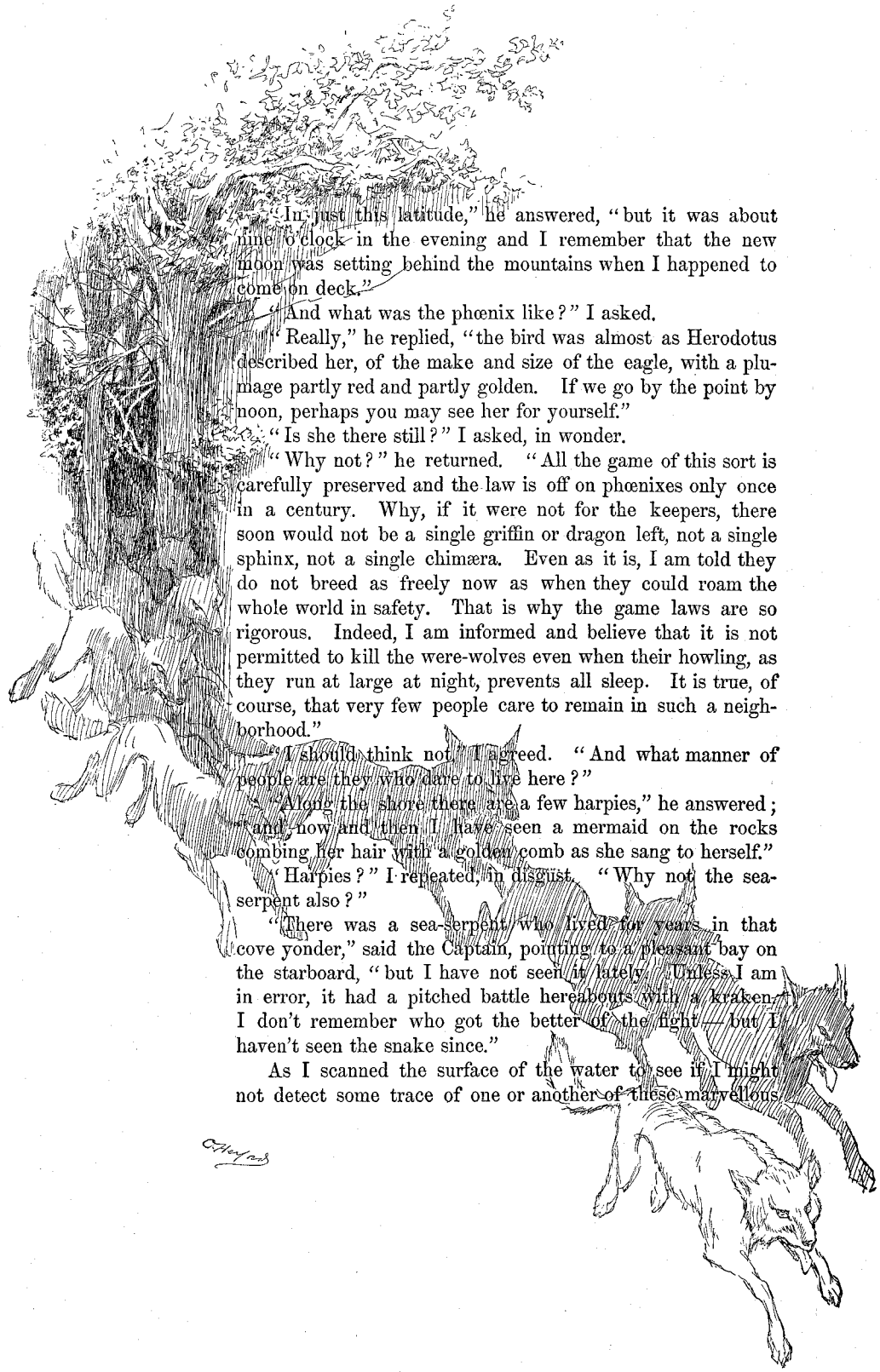

"In just this latitude," he answered, "but it was about nine o'clock in the evening and I remember that the new moon was setting behind the mountains when I happened to come on deck."

"And what was the phœnix like?" I asked.

"Really," he replied, "the bird was almost as Herodotus described her, of the make and size of the eagle, with a plumage partly red and partly golden. If we go by the point by noon, perhaps you may see her for yourself."

"Is she there still?" I asked, in wonder.

"Why not?" he returned. "All the game of this sort is carefully preserved and the law is off on phœnixes only once in a century. Why, if it were not for the keepers, there soon would not be a single griffin or dragon left, not a single sphinx, not a single chimæra. Even as it is, I am told they do not breed as freely now as when they could roam the whole world in safety. That is why the game laws are so rigorous. Indeed, I am informed and believe that it is not permitted to kill the were-wolves even when their howling, as they run at large at night, prevents all sleep. It is true, of course, that very few people care to remain in such a neighborhood."

"I should think not," I agreed. "And what manner of people are they who dare to live here?"

"Along the shore there are a few harpies," he answered; "and now and then I have seen a mermaid on the rocks combing her hair with a golden comb as she sang to herself."

"Harpies?" I repeated, in disgust. "Why not the sea-serpent also?"

"There was a sea-serpent who lived for years in that cove yonder," said the Captain, pointing to a pleasant bay on the starboard, "but I have not seen it lately. Unless I am in error, it had a pitched battle hereabouts with a kraken. I don't remember who got the better of the fight — but I haven't seen the snake since."

As I scanned the surface of the water to see if I might not detect some trace of one or another of these marvellous

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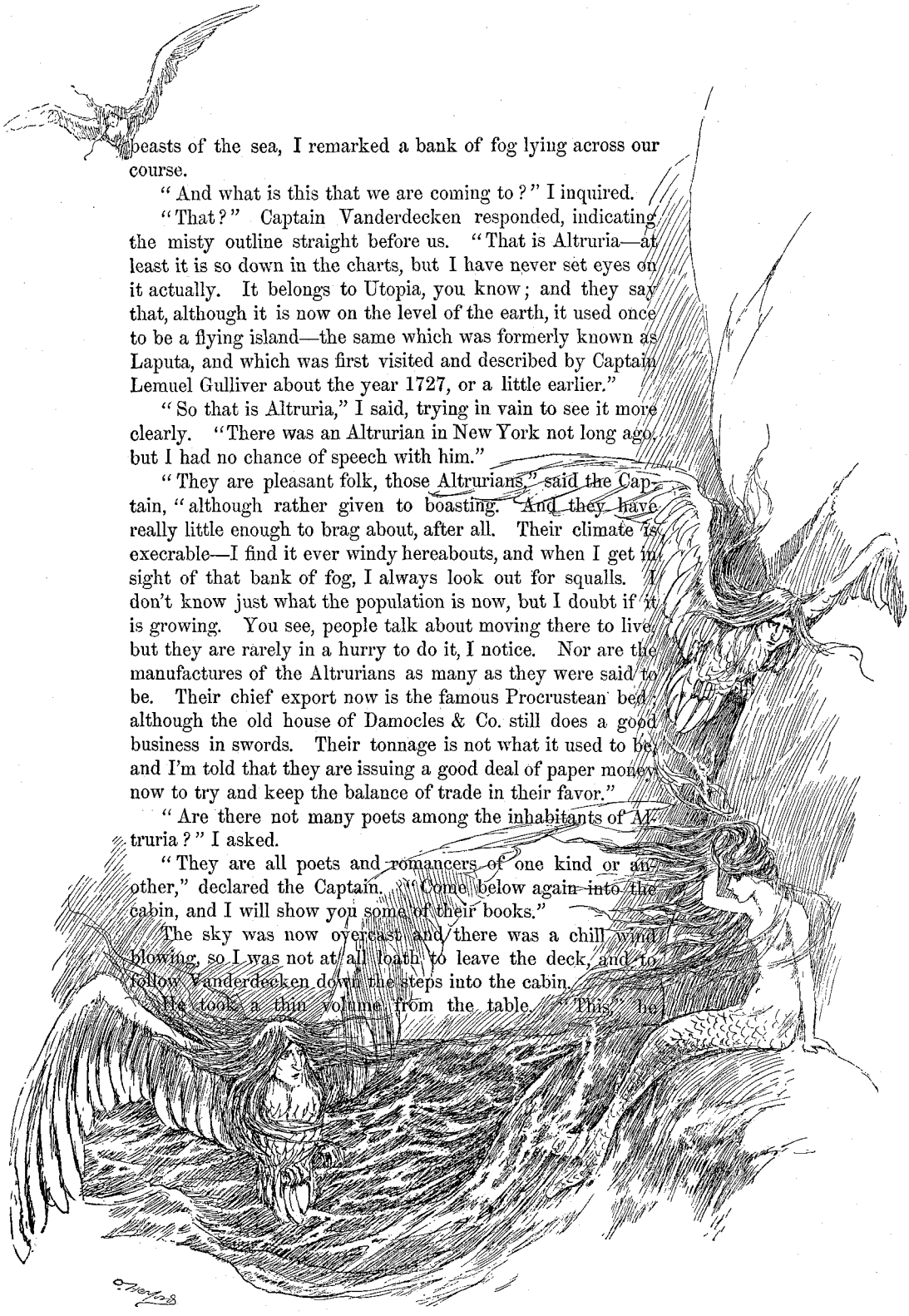

beasts of the sea, I remarked a bank of fog lying across our course.

"And what is this that we are coming to?" I inquired.

"That?" Captain Vanderdecken responded, indicating the misty outline straight before us. "That is Altruria—at least it is so down in the charts, but I have never set eyes on it actually. It belongs to Utopia, you know; and they say that, although it is now on the level of the earth, it used once to be a flying island—the same which was formerly known as Laputa, and which was first visited and described by Captain Lemuel Gulliver about the year 1727, or a little earlier."

"So that is Altruria," I said, trying in vain to see it more clearly. "There was an Altrurian in New York not long ago, but I had no chance of speech with him."

"They are pleasant folk, those Altrurians," said the Captain, "although rather given to boasting. And they have really little enough to brag about, after all. Their climate is execrable—I find it ever windy hereabouts, and when I get in sight of that bank of fog, I always look out for squalls. I don't know just what the population is now, but I doubt if it is growing. You see, people talk about moving there to live, but they are rarely in a hurry to do it, I notice. Nor are the manufactures of the Altrurians as many as they were said to be. Their chief export now is the famous Procrustean bed, although the old house of Damocles & Co. still does a good business in swords. Their tonnage is not what it used to be, and I'm told that they are issuing a good deal of paper money now to try and keep the balance of trade in their favor."

"Are there not many poets among the inhabitants of Altruria?" I asked.

"They are all poets and romancers of one kind or another," declared the Captain. "Come below again into the cabin, and I will show you some of their books."

The sky was now overcast and there was a chill wind blowing, so I was not at all loath to leave the deck, and to follow Vanderdecken down the steps into the cabin.

He took a thin volume from the table. "This," he

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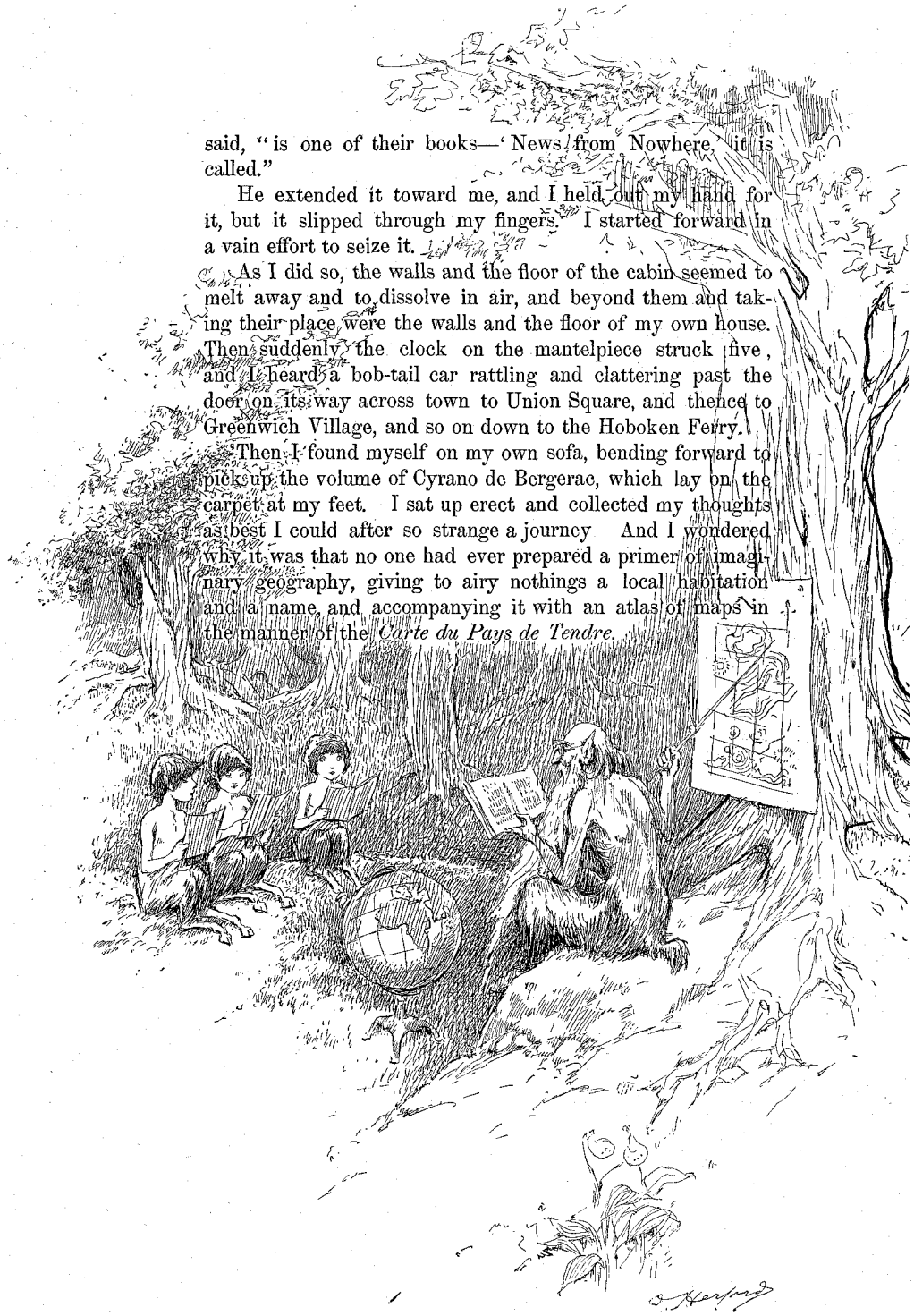

said, "is one of their books—'News from Nowhere,' it is called."

He extended it toward me, and I held out my hand for it, but it slipped through my fingers. I started forward in a vain effort to seize it.

As I did so, the walls and the floor of the cabin seemed to melt away and to dissolve in air, and beyond them and taking their place were the walls and the floor of my own house. Then suddenly the clock on the mantelpiece struck five, and I heard a bob-tail car rattling and clattering past the door on its way across town to Union Square, and thence to Greenwich Village, and so on down to the Hoboken Ferry.

Then I found myself on my own sofa, bending forward to pick up the volume of Cyrano de Bergerac, which lay on the carpet at my feet. I sat up erect and collected my thoughts as best I could after so strange a journey. And I wondered why it was that no one had ever prepared a primer of imaginary geography, giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name, and accompanying it with an atlas of maps in the manner of the *Carte du Pays de Tendre*.

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THE WOODCUTTER'S HUT

By Archibald Lampman

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK FRENCH

FAR up in the wild and wintery hills in the heart of the cliff-broken woods,
Where the mounded drifts lie soft and deep in the noiseless solitudes,
The hut of the lonely woodcutter stands, a few rough beams that show,
A blunted peak and a low black line, from the glittering waste of snow.
In the frost-still dawn from his roof goes up in the windless, motionless air,
The thin, pink curl of leisurely smoke; through the forest white and bare
The woodcutter follows his narrow trail and the morning rings and cracks
With the rhythmic jet of his sharp-blown breath and the echoing shout of his axe.
Only the waft of the wind besides, or the stir of some hardy bird—
The call of the friendly chickadee, or the pat of the nut-hatch—is heard;
Or a rustle comes from a dusky clump, where the busy siskins feed,
And scatter the dimpled sheet of the snow with the shells of the cedar-seed.
Day after day the woodcutter toils untiring with axe and wedge,
Till the jingling teams come up from the road that runs by the valley's edge,
With plunging of horses, and hurling of snow, and many a shouted word,
And carry away the keen-scented fruit of his cutting, cord upon cord.
Not the sound of a living foot comes else, not a moving visitant there,
Save the delicate step of some halting doe, or the sniff of a prowling bear.
And only the stars are above him at night, and the trees that creak and groan,
And the frozen, hard-swept mountain-crests with their silent fronts of stone,
As he watches the sinking glow of his fire and the wavering flames upcaught,
Cleaning his rifle or mending his moccasins, sleepy and slow of thought.
Or when the fierce snow comes, with the rising wind, from the gray north-east,
He lies through the leaguering hours in his bunk like a winter-hidden beast,
Or sits on the hard-packed earth, and smokes by his draught-blown guttering fire,
Without thought or remembrance, hardly awake, and waits for the storm to tire.
Scarcely he hears from the rock-rimmed heights to the wild ravines below,
Near and far off, the limitless wings of the tempest hurl and go,
In roaring gusts that plunge through the cracking forest, and lull, and lift,

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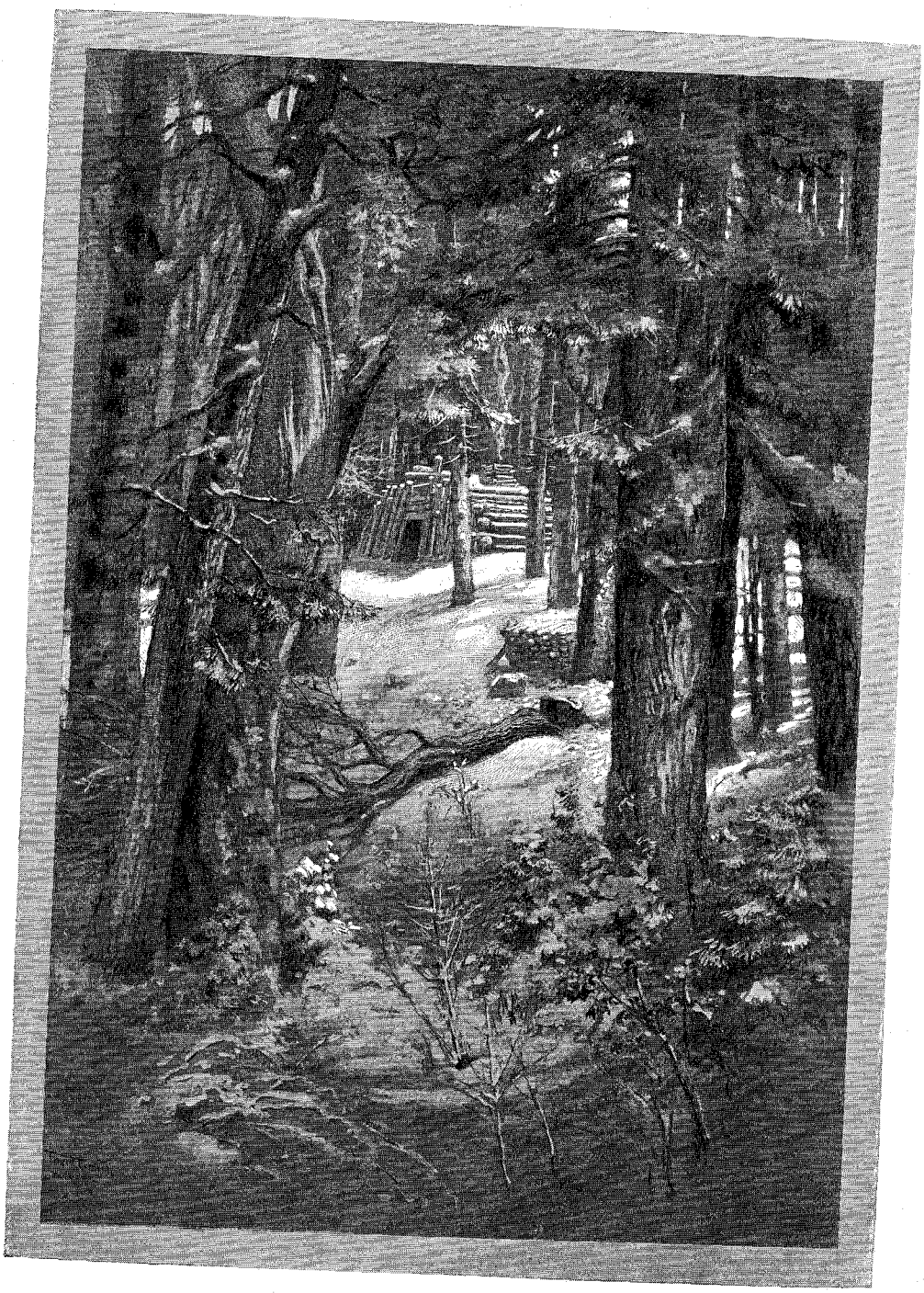

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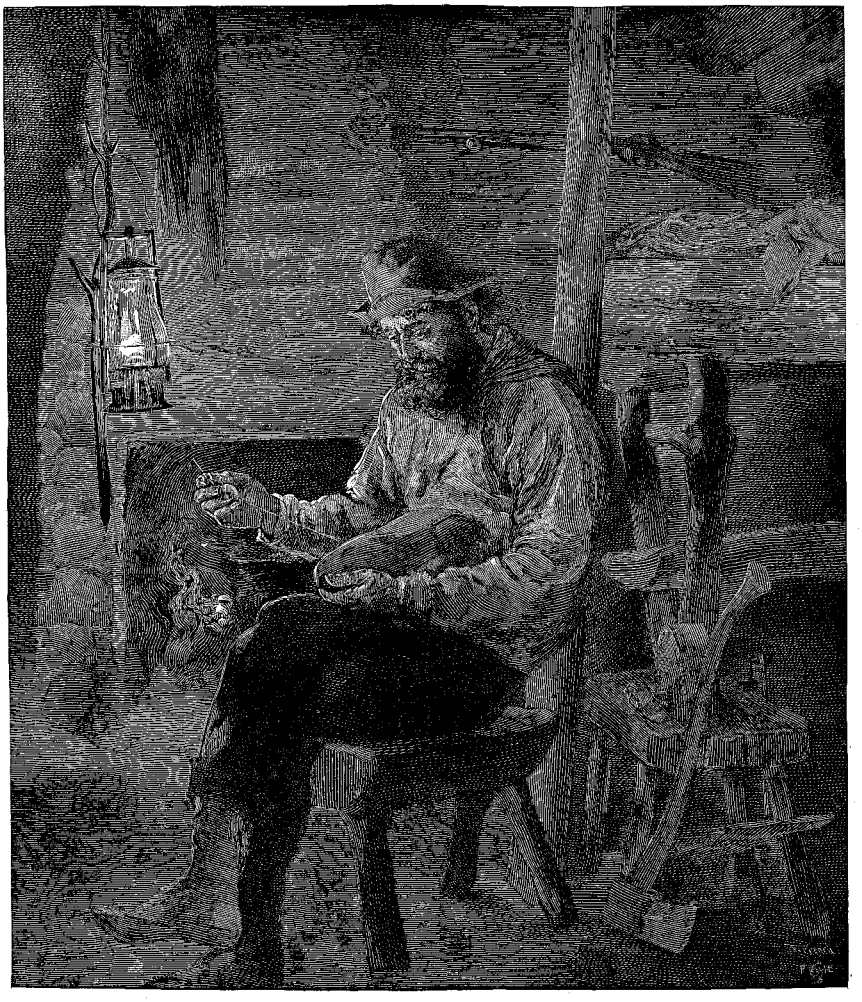

All day without stint and all night long with the sweep of the hissing drift.
But winter shall pass erelong with its hills of snow and its fettered dreams,
And the forest shall glimmer with living gold, and chime with the gushing of streams,
Millions of little points of plants shall prick through its matted floor,
And the wind-flower lift and uncurl her silken buds by the woodman's door;
The sparrow shall see and exult; but lo! as the spring draws gayly on,
The woodcutter's hut is empty and bare, and the master that made it is gone.
He is gone where the gathering of valley men another labor yields,
To handle the plough, and the harrow, and scythe, in the heat of the summer fields.
He is gone with his corded arms, and his ruddy face, and his moccasined feet,
The animal man in his warmth and vigor, sound, and hard, and complete.
And all summer long, round the lonely hut, the black earth burgeons and breeds,

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Till the spaces are filled with the tall-plumed ferns and the triumphing
forest-weeds ;
The thick wild raspberries hem its walls, and, stretching on either hand,
The red-ribbed stems and the giant-leaves of the sovereign spikenard stand.
So lonely and silent it is, so withered and warped with the sun and snow,
You would think it the fruit of some dead man's toil a hundred years ago ;
And he who finds it suddenly there, as he wanders far and alone,
Is touched with a sweet and beautiful sense of something tender and gone,
The sense of a struggling life in the waste, and the mark of a soul's command,
The going and coming of vanished feet, the touch of a human hand.

AN OLD SORROW

By Dorothea Lummis

WHERE shall I hide, my grief and I,
Until this pageant has passed by?
How can I bear the coming spring,
The tenderness in everything?

How watch the willows, pale and curled,
Grow warm and brighten all the world?
How see the sun's long lover kiss
Burn on the purple fleur de lys?

Endure the morning prophesies
And evening triumphs of the skies,
While smouldering longing and desire
Blaze with the season's subtle fire?

How live and laugh and linger here,
In this gold glowing atmosphere,
When thou who so loved it and me
Art mute in death's blind mystery.

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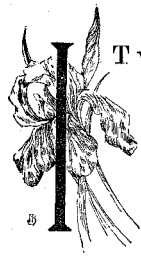
BY SPECIAL INVITATION.

By Francis Lynde.



IT was nine o'clock, and the orderly decorum of a well-regulated railway office reigned in Superintendent Elbert's quarters. The chief clerk's chair was still unoccupied, but the stenographer had been down for half an hour or more, and he had taken up the newspaper after arranging the pile of morning correspondence. The telegraph operator sat at the glass-partitioned table on the opposite side of the room, working off the last of a batch of telegrams, and the rapid clicking of the sounder snipped erratic little notches in the silence. When the message was sent, the operator hung it on the hook with the others and closed his key.

"Is Charlie coming down this morning?" he asked, turning to the stenographer.

"Of course he is," replied the other; "you don't suppose a little thing like a wedding would keep him away from the office, do you?"

"Didn't know but it might, as long as it's his own wedding."

"That doesn't cut any figure with him; he'll be here, and what's more, he'll time himself so as to just get to the church on the minute."

Roy laughed. "Charlie does stick pretty close to business," he replied, turning back to the table to answer his office call.

For a few minutes his flying pen kept pace with the tapping of the instrument, and then he swung around again with the message in his hand. "Here's a wire from President Mayhugh, Beard," he said; "he wants his car Argyle taken on number seven to-night to Mountain Junction, and an engine to take him special over the new line. He's going to inspect things right, this time, ain't he?"

"It looks like it, but then I suppose he can afford to when he doesn't come out here but once a year."

"Pretty tough country, where he's going to-morrow; there isn't a place on the whole two hundred miles where they can get a square meal."

"What of that?—the Argyle's got a cook and a kitchen."

"That's a fact. I tell you what, Beard, that's the way to travel; when I take my wedding trip, it'll be in a private car."

Beard laughed derisively. "Perhaps if you'd time it right the President would take you with him. Just imagine him asking Charlie!"

The operator seemed to be trying to imagine it, and then he asked: "Why not?—there's plenty of good people in this world that are strangers to one another just because they don't happen to be acquainted."

"There are enough good reasons why he shouldn't; it would be absurd and out of place, and Burwell would be the last man to expect such a thing."

"Think Burwell wouldn't accept the invitation if Mr. Mayhugh gave it?"

"Hardly that—he'd almost have to if it came from the President—but he wouldn't enjoy himself much if he did."

"Why not?"

"You never saw Mr. Mayhugh, did you?"

"No."

"Well, I have—just once. I think he has dyspepsia, or the gout, or something of that sort. He came in here one morning to ask why an engine wasn't ready to take him out to the shops, and I thought he would bite my head off before I could explain anything."

"Sort of a man-eater, eh?—I wish I'd been here," remarked Roy, meditatively.

"You'd ought to be glad you wasn't; you'd lose your job in about a minute if you tried any of your monkey-business on him."

"Think so?—perhaps I would, and then again—" the clicking instrument called him, and before the conversation

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could be resumed Burwell came in. He nodded pleasantly to Beard, and, removing his coat and cuffs, sat down to his desk as calmly as if there were nothing of greater importance in life than the immediate reduction of the pile of letters and telegrams handed him by the stenographer.

He was a clean-cut young fellow of the alert type, smooth-shaven and well-groomed, with a certain air of precise energy about him. While he was rapidly sorting the mail and dictating to Beard, an elderly ranchman entered the office and lounged against the railing which fenced off a small space for the public on the side nearest the door. Burwell broke off in the middle of a letter and turned to the visitor with the abrupt question, "Well, what is it?"

"I thort I'd drop up to see what'd been done 'bout that cow you fellers killed for me," replied the farmer, trying to assume an easy attitude by the help of his elbows and the railing.

"What name?" asked Burwell, curtly.

"Hackthorn — Jabez Hackthorn; thort ye knowed me."

Burwell took a bundle of papers from a pigeonhole and ran hastily over the indorsements.

"Your claim's gone to head-quarters for investigation, Mr. Hackthorn; come in in about a week, and we may have it."

"I just thort I'd drop up an' ask," said the man, shifting uneasily from one elbow to the other, and evidently trying to devise some method of getting away without being quite able to compass it. The sight of the water-cooler at the farther end of the railing gave him an inspiration.

"I s'pose this here's drinkin'-water?" he queried, moving toward the tank.

"Yes, help yourself," replied Burwell, going back to his dictating.

The ranchman took up the cup and examined the stout brass chain by which it was attached to the tank. "Looks like ye was afeard somebody'd run off with yer tin-cup," he said; and no one venturing a reply, he experimented patiently with the spring faucet while Roy looked on with keen appreciation. When the farmer raised the cup to his lips the operator inserted the point of his pen between two bits of copper wire fastened upon the table; a tiny spark snapped across the pen-point, the old man started, spilled the cup of water, and sank back against the railing, gasping.

"Oh, Lordy, Lordy, but I'm sick!" he panted. "Somebody run for a doctor; I'm struck with death, sure as daylight!"

Roy and Beard were both helpless, and Burwell went to the rescue. When he had reassured the victim of the practical joke and sent him away comforted, the chief clerk rebuked Roy sharply. "I don't object so much to your bit of fun," he said, incisively, "but you ought to be ashamed to play tricks on an old man like that. If you've got to do it, take someone who can get back at you."

"Thank you; I'll think about it," Roy said.

The chief clerk worked rapidly that morning, but the hands of the clock pointed to fifteen minutes past eleven when he finished dictating the last letter and took up the President's telegram. He glanced at his watch and called to Roy.

"Fred, slip down and get me a cab, will you?—I'm running a little short on time. John, take a letter to the train-despatcher:—

"You will please arrange to have special Pullman car Argyle, with President Mayhugh and party, now at Ute Springs, taken up by train number 7, this date, and set out at Mountain Junction. Also have an engine at Mountain Junction in readiness to proceed with car Argyle on Grand River Extension, subject to President Mayhugh's wire order."

"Now, a telegram to President Mayhugh:

"Your wire to-day. Have arranged for movement of car Argyle as instructed. Train 7 reaches Mountain Junction at 2 A.M. Is it your desire to proceed at once on the Grand River Extension?"

"When you get the answer to that, take it to the despatcher and tell him to arrange accordingly. I believe that's all," he added, closing his desk as Roy came back. "You can catch me any time this afternoon on 7. So long."

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When he was gone, Roy executed a grotesque war-dance before the closed desk.

"What's the matter, Fred?" asked Beard, looking up from the typewriter.

"Oh, nothing much—I just thought of something. Give me those messages and I'll send them."

Train Number 7, headed westward, had been made up for half an hour when the gay wedding-party trooped through the waiting-room and gathered in a lively group around the platform of the rear sleeper. The newly minted husband handed the bride up the steps of the Pullman, excusing himself immediately to hurry up to the office for a final word with Beard.

Left to her own devices, the young wife awaited his return, her girlish face lighted by laughing brown eyes, and her trim figure set off by its modest wedding finery, making a winsome picture as she clung to the hand-rails and added her voice to the rippling tide of small-talk rising and falling in disjointed questions and answers, congratulations and hilarious nothings.

—"do hope you'll have a sweet time, Min."

—"and don't you really know where you're going?"

—"hear from you—"

—"bride the sun shines on—"

—"Charlie 'll get left if he doesn't look out, and then what *would* you do?"

The bride caught at the flying phrases and tossed back fragmentary replies. "Thank you, ever so much, Archie, the sun *does* shine good and hot—No, Charlie won't tell me yet where we're going—Yes, I'll drop you a postal, Jessie—What in the world *can* be keeping Charlie so long?"—and more of like import and less importance. Minnie Gaylord had been the pet of her class in the High School, and the guests were for the most part her classmates and school friends.

In the meanwhile Burwell was giving hurried instructions to Beard. "No, I haven't made up my mind yet whether we'll go beyond Ogden or not—I'm sorry Mr. Elbert had to go to New York, but you must do the best you can till he gets back—yes, I'll keep you posted so you can reach me. Did you hear from the President?"

"Yes; he wants his car taken up the extension as soon as it reaches Mountain Junction."

"All right, fix it with the despatcher, and for heaven's sake don't fall down on it; Mr. Mayhugh isn't a patient man."

A brakeman opened the door and thrust his face into the office. "Time's up, Mr. Burwell," he said.

"All right—be down in a second"—and while he did not make his promise literally good, he did manage to reach the platform in time to swing up to the steps of the rear Pullman as Number 7 rolled out of the station.

Fred Roy stood at the window and watched the train sweep out of the yard; then he sat down at his table, thinking aloud:

"I hope the Argyle carries plenty of dishes, Charlie, my boy, and that you'll have a good appetite for breakfast—though perhaps that's asking too much."

"What did you say?" asked Beard.

"I say I hope Burwell 'll have a good appetite for his breakfast to-morrow morning."

"Why shouldn't he?"

"How should I know?" said Roy, absently, taking up the official time-table and following the course of train number 7 down the pages with the end of his pen. "Seven gets supper at Grand Butte, doesn't she?"

"Um-hm; six o'clock."

Business was dull in the superintendent's office that afternoon, and Roy spent much of his leisure experimenting with the telegraph switch-board on the wall, moving the split brass plugs about like the pieces in a curious game. The long line of telegraph poles which stakes out the pathway of the Colorado and Grand River Railway carries seven wires. Two of these, reserved for the transmission of the railway company's business, connect with every office on the line, as does at least one of the other five, which are used for the commercial business of the telegraph com-

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pany. All of these wires were cut into the superintendent's office, and any one of them could be switched through the instruments on Roy's table by a proper setting of the plugs in the switch-board. Roy knew that one of the Western Union wires ran into the railway office at Ute Springs, and he was trying to ascertain which it was. When he found it, he spent half an hour trying to raise Ute Springs, writing "U" "U" "U" "U" in endless monotony, and signing the call with any fictitious signature that happened to occur to him. Receiving no reply, he cut in one of the railway wires and tried again, getting an answer immediately. This proved two things: that the operator at Ute Springs was in his office; and that, like most railway telegraphers, he was paying no attention whatever to his Western Union wire.

"That's about what I figured on," mused Roy. "Now, if I can raise that plug operator at Grand Butte over the commercial wire, I'm safe—they can't find out in a hundred years who did it."

He hastily switched the Western Union connection in again and called Grand Butte, signing the call "U," and pausing a moment after each effort to see if "U" office would challenge its own signature. There was no break, but the operator at the supper station seemed equally indifferent to Western Union business, and it was nearly six o'clock before Roy succeeded in raising him.

When the dilatory young man at Grand Butte finally concluded to see what was wanted over the commercial wire, he was shaken rudely out of his normal condition of indifference by the pertinent inquiry which came clicking through the instrument: "How long do you propose to keep President Mayhugh's business waiting?"

Knowing that Mr. Mayhugh's car was at Ute Springs, and having, as a matter of course, no suspicion that a call signed "U" came from the superintendent's office one hundred and thirty miles away in the opposite direction, the operator thought he was in for it and began to apologize. His explanation was cut short by a break: "Never mind excuses; take this:

"*To Conductor Train Number Seven—Grand Butte.*

"Mr. Mayhugh understands that you have Mr. Burwell, of Superintendent Elbert's office, on your train. Say to him that the President invites him and Mrs. Burwell to continue their wedding journey as members of our party in car Argyle.

"R. PENFIELD, *Private Secretary.*"

Number 7 was coming in as the operator clicked his "O. K." to this, and he ran out and met the Burwells as they were hurrying to the dining-room.

"Here's a message, Mr. Burwell," he said. "It's addressed to the conductor, but it's for you."

Burwell read it at the supper-table, and Minnie saw his look of perplexity. "What is it, Charlie?" she asked.

He handed it to her without comment, and was quite unprepared for her enthusiastic outburst of gratified approval. "Why, isn't that perfectly delightful!" she exclaimed. "And I have always wanted *so* much to take a trip in a private car! What a dear splendid old gentleman he must be!"

Burwell smiled grimly when he contrasted his wife's estimate of Mr. Mayhugh's amiability, based on the invitation, with his own, constructed upon two or three short and not altogether satisfactory business interviews with the gentleman in question. He read the telegram over again and put it in his pocket.

"I can't begin to understand it," he said. "It isn't at all like Mr. Mayhugh, as I know him. I wish the wire had fallen down before this blessed message ever got over it!"

"Why, Charlie Burwell, you are positively ungrateful! And after he sent such a nice invitation, too!"

"Yes, but don't you see, Minnie, how awkward it is? We don't know any of the party, socially, and—and I imagine that Mr. Mayhugh is quite capable of making people exceedingly uncomfortable if things don't go to suit him."

"But you've *met* him, haven't you, Charlie?"

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"Not in the way that you mean; he has been in the office two or three times, and I have made some few arrangements for him in the way of business."

"Then there's all the more reason why you should appreciate his kindness; and as for the social difficulties"—she went on, with a fine Western indifference for such trivial matters—"you know that's all nonsense; we're not in England, and it isn't as if you had made the advances."

Few matters are open for discussion in the time allotted to a railway meal, and the question was allowed to rest until they were once more back in the Pullman. Then Burwell read the telegram for the third time. "I wish I knew of some way to dodge it," he said, with an air of hopeless resignation.

"But you can't very well do that, Charlie; what would he think?"

"No, I suppose I can't."

"Where is the Argyle?"

"At Ute Springs. And there's another pleasant thing — it'll be after eleven o'clock when we get there, and of course everybody 'll be in bed."

Minnie was quite anxious to have her husband accept the invitation, but her courage paled a little at the thought of a midnight introduction.

"Can't we go on and join them in the morning?" she asked.

"No, we can't; the Argyle is to be set out at Mountain Junction at two o'clock in the morning, and there's an engine waiting there to take her right up the extension."

"Then I suppose it can't be helped. Who is there in the party?"

"I don't know even that; I know Miss Bessie Mayhugh is along, and I believe she has her aunt and two or three young lady friends with her. Then there's this man Penfold, or Penfield, or whatever his name is."

There was little comfort to be got out of discussion, and after some futile attempts at further conversation, in which every subject left them stranded before the door of the private car, Burwell found a pillow for his wife, and telling her to try to get a nap, betook himself to the smoking-room, where he passed the remainder of the uncomfortable interval of waiting. When the train pulled into Ute Springs he saw the Argyle standing on the side-track, the dim light filtering through the ground-glass deck transoms, confirming his fears that the President's party had gone to bed. While the train was standing at the station he ran up to the telegraph office.

"My name's Burwell, of Mr. Elbert's office," he said. "Did Mr. Mayhugh leave any word for me?"

"Not that I know of," replied the operator. "They've been down at the coal mines all day, and I haven't seen any of them since I came on."

"Did you send this?" asked the chief clerk, handing the invitation through the grating of the operator's window.

"No; that must have been Johnson. It was sent at 5.52, and I don't come on till seven. Wonder why he sent it Western Union?"

The train began to move, and Burwell shoved the telegram into his pocket and swung up the steps of the Pullman. A gust of wind made him catch at his hat, and he did not see the square of yellow paper escape from his pocket and flutter lightly away in the darkness. When the train steamed out with the Argyle in tow he went forward to tell his wife.

"We're in for it," he said, ruefully, gathering up the hand-baggage; "the car is as dark as a pocket, and I suppose everybody's gone to bed long ago."

An obsequious but immovable porter met them at the door of the Argyle. "Dis is a private cyah, sah," said he, barring the way.

"I know that," replied Burwell, "but we are invited guests. Mr. Mayhugh telegraphed us to join him here."

The man still hesitated. "Does you b'long to de railroad?" he inquired.

"Yes, I'm chief clerk of the First Division—Mr. Elbert's office."

"Oh, yes, sah; I 'members you puffickly—done been in yo' office many a time. Des come right in, sah—I's tek yo' baggage."

"Did—did Mr. Mayhugh leave any word for us?" asked Burwell, seeking instinctively for some prop with which to steady his wavering resolution.

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"Not to me, sah, no sah; but dat's all right—I'll des give you de little state-room an' you all can go to yo' res' widout 'sturbin' anybody. I reckon you all doesn't care p'tic'larly to see de Gen'ral to-night, does you?"

"Certainly not," replied Burwell, and they followed the man through the car to a diminutive compartment opening out of the large central space used for a dining- and sitting-room, where he left them and went back to his watch at the forward end of the car.

The morning sun was shining in at the window, and the Argyle was lurching heavily over the uneven track of the extension, when Burwell opened the state-room door and told Minnie how to reach the dressing-room. He caught a glimpse of three ladies reclining in easy-chairs in the central apartment, and held his breath when he saw his wife cannon helplessly against one of them in her efforts to reach the opposite aisle. The lady was portly and severe-looking, and Burwell saw her frown as she put up her eye-glasses and stared after the retreating figure of the offender.

"That's a cheerful beginning," he muttered, making his way back to the smoking-compartment. The small room was already occupied by a stout elderly gentleman in slippers, trousers, and undershirt, who was sluicing his face in the single basin and growling out moist imprecations at the roughness of the track.

Burwell stepped back into a corner and awaited his turn. The gentleman appeared to be in no hurry, and while Burwell glanced at him furtively, a violent lunge sent the bather against the side of the car; he straightened up with the water dripping from his bushy eyebrows and fierce-looking mustache, and glared at Burwell with one eye while he felt mechanically for the towels in the rack. The chief clerk saw that it was the President, but he was wholly unprepared for the wrathful question that was hurled at him.

"Who the devil are you?"

For a brief moment Burwell actually forgot his own name, then he stammered, "I—I'm Burwell, of Mr. Elbert's office."

"Oh, you are"—with fine irony—"and what are you doing here?"

Burwell's helpless consternation made him take things very literally, and he said: "I'm waiting to get a chance to wash my face."

The President seemed about to have a fit of apoplexy; when he got his breath he shouted: "I want to know what you're doing in this car; who told you to bring your infernal impudence here?"

The question settled it, and Burwell saw the grim cruelty of the joke; nevertheless, he attempted to explain. "I got a telegram from your private secretary last night, saying that you desired my wife and me to continue our wedding journey as your guests; I——"

"Your wife!" roared the irate official, sawing his neck with the towel as if he meant to strangle himself; "how many of you are there?—why didn't you bring your mother-in-law and your sisters and a few more of your female relatives, while you were about it? And what's this gammon about a telegram? *I* didn't send any telegram, and I haven't any secretary. I don't believe a word of it!"

Burwell had long since learned the lesson of respectful deference to unreasonable superiors, but he had never been quite so severely tested. "I'm sorry you don't believe me," he said, quietly. "I'll show you the telegram when you are good enough to allow me to wash my face and hands."

Mr. Mayhugh flung down the towel and left the compartment without speaking again, and Burwell made his toilet with the methodical carefulness of a man about to be hanged. When he went back to the sitting-room the scene was anything but reassuring. The severe-looking lady in the stiff black silk was looking steadfastly out of the window; the President was sitting in an easy-chair in the farther corner, surrounded by three young women who seemed to be expostulating with him; and the poor young bride of a day was cowering in the smallest possible corner of the most uncomfortable seat in the compartment. Her eyes were suspiciously bright when

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Burwell sat down beside her, and she turned to him appealingly.

"Oh, Charlie, dear, what *have* we done?" she murmured.

"Committed murder in the first degree, I should think," he said, desperately. "What did you do with that telegram last night?"

"The telegram?—I didn't have it; oh, Charlie, *don't* say you have lost it!"

"I'm afraid I have," he said, remorsefully, going through his pockets for the twentieth time. "I showed it to the operator at Ute Springs last night, and I haven't seen it since."

"Oh, oh," she said, wringing her hands pathetically, "isn't this perfectly dreadful! I'd faint if it would do any good!"

"Don't do that, whatever you do; the thing's got to be faced out some way or other, and I'm going to begin it right now."

He rose and went toward the group in the corner, but before he had taken two steps she was at his side with her arm linked in his. "I'll help you," she whispered.

The three young women saw the movement and met them half-way; one of them, whom Burwell recognized as Bessie Mayhugh, slipped her arm about Minnie's waist. "We know all about it," she said, "and you're to have nothing whatever to do with it; you are *our* guest," and the trio surrounded the young wife and hurried her out of the compartment. Burwell gave a sigh of relief, and registered a mental vow of fealty to all Boston womankind for the sake of the kindly diversion; then he turned to Mr. Mayhugh and tried to assume a dignified attitude which was promptly made ridiculous and impossible by the plunging of the car.

"Sit down," said the President, abruptly, indicating a chair in front of him. "Now, what was it about that telegram?"

Burwell gave the facts in the case as clearly and tersely as possible.

"Where is the message?"

"I don't know; I showed it to the operator at Ute Springs last night, and asked him if you had left any word for me. While I was talking to him the train pulled out and I had to run to catch it; I suppose I must have lost the telegram then, for I haven't been able to find it since."

The President frowned and looked at his watch as the porter came in to lay the cloth for breakfast. "Tell the cook we don't want to wait all day for something to eat," he said, irritably—and then to Burwell—"You say the message was sent by my secretary; what was the name?"

"R. Penfield or Penfold, I couldn't make out which."

"That ought to have shown you that it was a hoax; my secretary's name is Harrington, and he went home sick two days ago."

"It would have done so, doubtless, had I known either of the facts you mention."

Mr. Mayhugh stared gloomily out of the window for a few minutes and then asked: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm afraid we're entirely at your mercy, Mr. Mayhugh. As you are aware, there are no trains running on the extension, but it is your privilege to put us off at the first station, if you please. I presume we can make our way back to civilization in time."

The President smiled grimly. "That would be a romantic ending to your wedding journey, wouldn't it? Who the devil hates you badly enough to play such a trick on you?"

Burwell thought of Roy at once, but he was much too generous to implicate the operator. "I can't say," he replied, "but my own stupidity is mainly answerable; I ought to have known better than to pay any attention to such a message."

While he was speaking breakfast was announced, and the three girls came in with Minnie. Miss Mayhugh looked inquiringly at her father and Burwell.

"I hope you gentlemen have arranged your differences so that we may eat in peace," she said, pleasantly. "Father—Auntie, this is Mrs. Charles Burwell; Mrs. Burwell, my father, and my aunt, Mrs. Prendergast."

Minnie rose bravely to the emergency and presented her husband, first to Miss

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Mayhugh and to the two Misses Brandon, and then, with some embarrassment, to the stately lady in the black silk, and they all sat down to breakfast.

After the meal, which, despite the hospitable efforts of Miss Mayhugh and her two young guests, was not too cheerful, the President shoved one of the easy-chairs into a corner and lighted a dubious-looking cigar, throwing it away with an execration after two or three whiffs. Burwell noticed the incident and extended a handful of his own cigars. The President examined them with the air of a connoisseur and lighted one.

"What business have you got with such good cigars as these?" he asked.

Burwell smiled. "The box was one of my wedding gifts; do you like them?"

"Very fair cigar. Now, if it wasn't for that cursed correspondence, I could be comfortable."

Burwell saw the handle of another opportunity passing him and he grasped at it without hesitation.

"Have you some letters to write?" he asked.

"Yes, a hundred or two."

"I don't wish to be officious, but I am a stenographer, and if I can be of any service to you——"

"The devil you are! Why didn't you say so at first? Come along into the state-room."

A few minutes later Mr. Mayhugh was seated at his desk with a huge accumulation of letters before him, and Burwell's pencil was flying rapidly over the blank pages of his predecessor's note-book. When he had taken two or three of the replies at top speed, the gratified President handed him one of his own cigars. "Better light up," he said. "You beat Harrington two to one; can you run a typewriter?"

"I can."

After that the work went on steadily, and Burwell fancied he could see the index of Mr. Mayhugh's mental barometer travel slowly around from "Stormy" to "Set Fair" as the pile of letters diminished. In addition to being a rapid and accurate amanuensis, the chief clerk had all the details of the railway company's business at his fingers' ends, and the President was quick to discover and to utilize this opportune fund of information.

When the last letter was written it was nearly noon, and the Argyle was approaching the end of the uncompleted extension. Dropping the letter into the mail-box, Burwell excused himself and took his wife to the rear platform to show her the view of the distant Uintah Mountains. The scene was grand and awe-inspiring, but Minnie deliberately turned her back on it to say, feverishly: "Tell me all about it, quick, Charlie! What did he say to you?—what have you been doing all morning?—how in the world did you ever explain things?"

Burwell smiled at her eagerness. "It's all right now, I guess; he wanted a shorthand man and we've been writing letters all the forenoon. How have you been getting along?"

"Oh, I've just been having a splendid time! The girls have fairly tried themselves to make me feel at home, and Kate Brandon wants us to visit them in Boston when we go East. Even Mrs. Prendergast thawed out after a while, and she laughed till she cried when I told her how we'd been victimized."

A shrill whistle from the engine announced their arrival at the engineer's camp, and a bearded colossus in rough tweeds and slouch hat, and answering to the name of Kirkpatrick, climbed to the rear platform and asked for Mr. Mayhugh. Burwell had speech with the new-comer while showing him to the private state-room; and a little later, when the two men came back to the sitting-room, the chief clerk spoke to the President while the engineer was spreading his maps upon the large table.

"I can get your messages off through Mr. Kirkpatrick's office," he said; "have you any others to send?"

"Not now."

Burwell hesitated a moment and then looked up frankly. "Mr. Mayhugh, you know how sorry I am that this thing happened, and I believe you understand that we didn't mean to be intruders. The material-train goes down to Mountain Junction this afternoon, and we can go back on that. I hope you will——"

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The President interrupted him with a genial laugh. "No, you don't, my boy," he said; "I know a good thing when I see it. Get your note-book and take another telegram."

When Burwell was ready Mr. Mayhugh dictated:

"*To Superintendent Elbert:*

"I have your chief clerk with me in car Argyle and intend to keep him through the entire inspection. Make your arrangements accordingly."

"Just sign my name to that and send it with the others."

When Burwell handed the bunch of telegrams to Mr. Kirkpatrick's operator he had added still another to which he had signed his own name. It read:

"*To Fred Roy:— Superintendent's office.*

"Much obliged for your thoughtfulness. We are having a royal time. Until further notice, you can reach me care car Argyle."

THE STORY OF A PATH

By H. C. Bunner

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

IN one of his engaging essays Mr. John Burroughs tells of meeting an English lady in Holyoke, Mass., who complained to him that there were no foot-paths for her to walk on, whereupon the poet-naturalist was moved to an eloquent expression of his grief over America's inferiority in the foot-path line to the "mellow England" which in one brief month had won him for her own. Now I know very little of Holyoke, Mass., of my own knowledge. As a lecture-town I can say of it that its people are polite, but extremely undemonstrative, and that the lecturer is expected to furnish the refreshments. It is quite likely that the English lady was right, and that there are no foot-paths there.

I wish to say, however, that I know the English lady. I know her—many, many of her—and I have met her a-many times. I know the enchanted fairyland in which her wistful memory loves to linger. Often and often have I watched her father's wardian-case grow into "papa's hot-houses;" the plain brick house that he leases, out Notting Hill way, swell into "our family mansion," and the cottage that her family once occupied at Stoke Wigglesworth change itself into "the country place that papa had to give up because it took so much of his time to see that it was properly kept up." And long experience in this direction enables me to take that little remark

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about the foot-paths, and to derive from it a large amount of knowledge about Holyoke and its surroundings that I should not have had of my own getting, for I have never seen Holyoke except by night, nor am I like to see it again.

From that brief remark I know these things about Holyoke: It is surrounded by a beautiful country, with rolling hills and a generally diversified landscape. There are beautiful green fields, I am sure. There is a fine river somewhere about, and I think there must be waterfalls and a pretty little creek. The timber must be very fine, and probably there are some superb New England elms. The roads must be good, uncommonly good; and there must be unusual facilities for getting around and picnicking and finding charming views and all that sort of thing.

Nor does it require much art to learn all this from that pathetic plaint about the foot-paths. For the game of the Briton in a foreign land is ever the same. It changes not from generation unto generation. Bid him to the feast and set before him all your wealth of cellar and garner. Spread before him the meat, heap up for him the fruits of the season. Weigh down the board with every vegetable that the gardener's art can bring to perfection in or out of its time—white-potatoes, sweet-potatoes, lima-beans, string-beans, fresh peas, sweet-corn, lettuce, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, tomatoes, musk-melons and water-melons—all you will—no word will you hear from him till he has looked over the whole assortment and discovered that you have not the vegetable marrow, and that you do not raise it. Then will he break forth and cry out for his vegetable marrow. All these things are as naught to him if he cannot have his vegetable marrow, and he will tell you about the exceeding goodness and rarity of the vegetable marrow, until you will figure it in your mind like unto the famous mangosteen fruit of the Malay Peninsula, he who once eats whereof tastes never again any other fruit of the earth, finding them all as dust and ashes by the side of the mangosteen.

That is to say, this will happen unless you have eaten of the vegetable marrow, and have the presence of mind to recall

to the Briton's memory the fact that it is nothing but a second choice summer squash; after which the meal will proceed in silence. Just so might Mr. Burroughs have brought about a sudden change in the topic of conversation by telling the English lady that where the American treads out a path he builds a road by the side of it.

To tell the truth, I think that the English foot-path is something pathetic beyond description. The better it is, the older, the better worn, the more it speaks with a sad significance of the long established inequalities of old-world society. It means too often the one poor, pitiful right of a poor man, the man who must walk all his life, to go hither and thither through the rich man's country. The lady may walk it for pleasure if she likes, but the man who walks it because he must, turns up a little by-path leading from it to a cottage that no industry or thrift will make his own; and for him to aspire to a roadway to his front-door would be a gross piece of impertinence in a man of his station. It is the remembrance of just such right-of-way foot-paths as the English lady's sad heart yearned after that reconciles me to a

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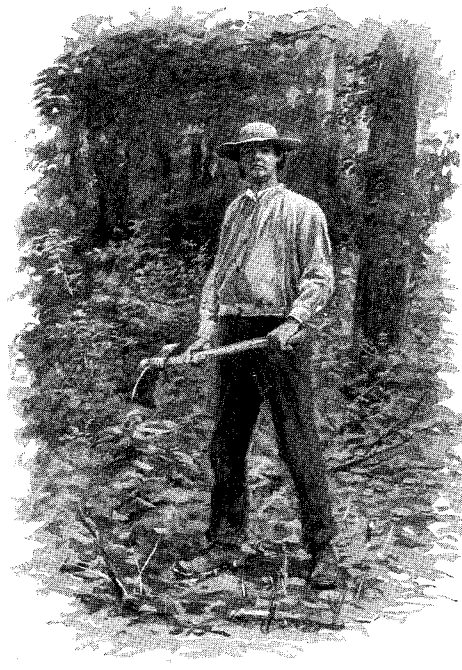
great many hundreds of houses that have recently been built in the State of New Jersey after designs out of books that cost all the way from twenty-five cents to a dollar. Architecturally these are very much inferior to the English cottager's home, and they occasionally waken thoughts of incendiarism. But the people who live in them are people who insist on having roads right to their front-doors, and I have heard them do some mighty interesting talking in town-meeting about the way those roads shall be laid and who shall do the laying.

As I have before remarked, I am quite willing to believe that Holyoke is a pathless wilderness, in the English lady's sense. But when Mr. Burroughs makes the generalization that there are no foot-paths in this country, it seems to me he must be letting his boyhood get too far away from him.

For there are foot-paths enough, certainly. Of course an old foot-path in this country always serves to mark the line of a new road when the people who had worn it take to keeping horses. But there are thousands of miles of paths criss-crossing the country-side in all of our older States that will never see the dirt-cart or the stone-crusher in the lifetime of any man alive to-day.

Mr. Burroughs —especially when he is published in the dainty little Douglas duodecimos — is one of the authors whose books a busy man reserves for a pocket-luxury of travel. So it was that, a belated reader, I came across his lament over our pathlessness, some years after my having had a hand — or a foot, as you might say—in the making of a certain cross-lots footway which led me to study the windings and turnings of the longer country-side walks until I got the idea of writing "The Story of a Path." I am sorry to contradict Mr. Burroughs, but, if there are no foot-paths in America, what becomes of the many good golden hours that I have spent in well-tracked woodland ways and in narrow foot-lanes through the wind-swept meadow grass? I cannot give these up: I can only wish that Mr. Burroughs had been my companion in them.



A foot-path is the most human thing in inanimate nature. Even as the print of his thumb reveals the old of-

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fender to the detectives, so the path tells you the sort of feet that wore it. Like the human nature that created it, it starts out to go straight when strength and determination shape its course, and it goes crooked when weakness lays it out. Until you begin to study them you can have no notion of the differences of character that exist among footpaths. One line of trodden earth seems to you the same as another. But look! Is the path you are walking on fairly straight from point to point, yet deflected to avoid short rises and falls, *and is it worn to grade?* That is, does it plough a deep way through little humps and hillocks something as a street is cut down to grade? If you see this path before you, you may be sure that it is made by the heavy shuffle of workingmen's feet. A path that wavers from side to side, especially if the turns be from one bush to another, and that is only a light trail making an even line of wear over the inequalities of the ground—that is a path that children make. The path made by the business man — the man who is anxious to get to his work at one end of the day, and anxious to get to his home at the other—is generally a good piece of engineering. This type of man makes more paths in this country than he does in any other. He carries his intelligence and his energy into every act of life, and even in the half-unconscious business of making his own private trail he generally manages to find the line of least resistance in getting from one given point to another.

This is the story of a path:

It is called Reub Levi's Path, because Reuben Levi Dodd is supposed to have made it, some time in 1830 or thereabout, when he built his house on the hill. But it is much older than Reuben Levi. He probably thought he was telling the truth when, forty years ago, he swore to having broken the path himself twenty years before, through the Jacobus woods, down the hill and across the flat lands that then belonged to the Onderdoncks, and again through the Ogden woods to the county road; but he forgot that on the bright June day when he first started to find a convenient way through the woods and over the broad lowland fields from his own front-door to that of his father-in-law, Evert Ogden, and then through Mr. Ogden's patch of woods to the little town on the bank of the Passaic—he forgot that for a little part of the way he had had the help of a man whose feet had long before done with walking the paths of earth.

The forest, for it was a forest then, was full of heavy underwood and brush, and he had no choice but to dodge his way between the clumps. But when he got out to the broad open space on the brow of the hill, where no trees had ever grown, he found an almost tropical growth of wild grass and azalea, with bull-brier twining over everything in every direction. He found it worse than the dense woods.

"Drat the pesky stuff," he said to himself, "ain't there no way through it?"

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Then as he looked about he spied a line no broader than his hand at the bottom, that opened clean through the bull-brier and the bushes across the open to where the trees began again on the down-slope of the hill. Grass was growing in it, but he knew it for an old trail.

"'Twas Pelatiah Jinks made that, I'll bet a shilling," he said to himself, remembering the lonely old trapper who had dwelt on that mountain in his father's time. He had once seen old man Jinks's powder-horn, with its elaborate carving, done in the long solitary hours when the old man sat weather-bound in his lofty hermitage.

"Jest like the old critter to make a bee-line track like that. But what in thunder did he want to go that way across the clearing for? I'm much obleeged to him for his trail, but it ain't headed right for town."

No, it was not. But young Dodd did not remember that the trees whose tops he saw just peeping over the hill were young things of forty years' growth that had taken the place of a line of ninety-year old chestnuts that had died down from the top and been broken down by the wind shortly after old Pelatiah died. The line that the old man had made for himself took him straight to the one little hillock where he could look over this tall screen and get his bearings afresh by the glint of the Passaic's water in the woody valley below, for at no other spot along that ridge was the Passaic visible.

Now in this one act of Reuben Levi Dodd you can see the human nature that lies at the bottom of all path-making. He turned aside from his straight course to walk in the easy way made by another man, and then fetched a compass, as they used to say in the Apostle Paul's time, to get back to his straight bearings. Old Pelatiah had a good reason for deviating from his straight line to the town; young Dodd had none, except that it was easier to go two yards around than to go one yard straight through the bull-brier. Young Dodd had a powder-horn slung from his shoulder that morning, and the powder-horn had some carving on it, but it was not like the carving on old Pelatiah's horn. There was a letter R, cut with many flourishes, a letter L cut but want-

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ing most of its flourishes, and a letter D half finished, and crooked at that, and without the first trace of a flourish. That was the way his powder-horn looked that day, for that was the way it looked when he died, and his son sold it to a dealer in antiquities.

Young Dodd and his wife found it lonely living up there on the hill-top. They were the first who had pushed so far back from the river and the town. Mrs. Dodd, who had an active and ambitious spirit in her, often reproached her husband for his neglect to make their home more accessible to her old friends in the distant town.

"If you'd take a bill-hook," she would say, "and clean up that snake-fence path of yours a little, may be folks would climb up here to see us once in a blue moon. It's all well enough for you with your breeches, but how are women-folks to trail their frocks through that brush?"

Reub Levi would promise and promise, and once he did take his hook and chop out a hundred yards or so. But things did not mend until Big Bill Turnbull, known all over the county as the Hard Job Man, married a widow with five children, bought a little patch of five or six acres next to Dodd's big farm, built a log-cabin for himself and his family, and settled down there.

Now Turnbull's log-cabin was so situated that the line of old Pelatiah's path through the bull-brier, extended about an eighth of a mile, would just reach the front-door. Turnbull saw this, and it was at that point that he tapped Reub Levi's foot-path to the town. But he did his tapping after his own fashion. He took his wife's red flannel petticoat and tied it to a sapling on the top of the mound that the old hunter used to climb, and then with bill-hook and axe he cut a straight swath through the woods. He even cut down through the roots and took out the larger stones.

"That's what you'd ought to have

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done long ago, Reuben Levi Dodd," said his wife, as she watched this manifestation of energy.

"Guess I didn't lose much by waiting," Reub Levi answered, with a smile that did not look as self-satisfied as he tried to make it. "I'd a-had to do it myself, and now the other fellow's done it for me."

And thereafter he took Bill Turnbull's path just where it touched the corner of his own cleared land. But Malvina Dodd, to the day of her death, never once walked that way, but, going and coming, took the winding track that her husband had laid out for her when their home was built.

The next maker of the path was a boy not ten years old. His name was Philip Wessler, and he was a charity boy of German parentage, who had been adopted by an eccentric old man in the town, an herb doctor. This calling was in more repute in those days than it is now. Old Dr. Van Wagener was growing feeble, and he relied on the boy, who was grateful and faithful, to search for his stock of simples. When the weather was favorable they would go together through the Ogden woods, and across the meadows to where the other woods began at the bottom of the hill. Here the old man would sit down and wait, while the boy climbed the steep hill-side, and ranged hither and thither in his search for sassafras and liverwort, and a hundred and one plants, flowers, and herbs, in which the doctor found virtue. When he had collected his bundle he came running down the path to where the doctor sat, and left them for the old man to pick and choose from, while he darted off after another load.

He did a boy's work with the path. Steep grades were only a delight to him, and so in the course of a year or two he trod out, or jumped out, a series of break-neck short-cuts. William Turnbull — people called him William now, since he had built a clapboard house, and was using the log-cabin for a barn—William Turnbull, observing these short cuts, approved of their purpose, but not of their method. He went through the woods once or twice on odd days after his hay was in, and did a little grading with a mattock. Here and there he made steps out of flat stones. He told his wife he thought it would be some handier for her, and she told him —they were both from Connecticut— that it was quite some handier, and that it was real thoughtful of him; and that she didn't want to speak no ill of the dead, but if her first man had been that considerate he wouldn't never have got himself drowned going pickerel fishing in March, when the ice

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was so soft you'd suppose rational folks would keep off of it.

This path was a path of slow formation. It was a path that was never destined to become a road. It is only in mathematics that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. The grade through the Jacobus woods was so steep that no wagon could have been hauled up it over the mud roads of that day and generation. Lumber, groceries, and all heavy truck were taken around by the road, that made a clean sweep around the hill, and was connected with the Dodd and Turnbull farms by a steep but short lane which the workmen had made when they built the Dodd house. The road was six miles to the path's three, but the drive was shorter than the walk.

There was a time when it looked as though the path might really develop into a road. That was the time when the township, having outgrown the county roads, began to build roads for itself. But, curiously enough, two subjects of Great Britain settled the fate of that New Jersey path. The controversy between Telford and Macadam was settled so long ago in Macadam's favor, that few remember the point of difference between those two noted engineers. Briefly stated, it was this: Mr. Telford said it *was*, and Mr. Macadam said it was *not*, necessary to put a foundation of large flat stones, set on end, under a broken-stone road. Reuben Levi's township, like many other New Jersey townships, sided with Mr. Telford, and made a mistake that cost thousands of dollars directly, and millions indirectly. To-day New Jersey can show the way to all her sister States in road-building and road-keeping. But the money she wasted on costly Telford pavements is only just beginning to come back to her, as she spreads out mile after mile of the economical Macadam. Reuben Levi's township squandered money on a few miles of Telford, raised the tax-rate higher than it had ever been before, and opened not one inch of new road for fifteen years thereafter. And within that fifteen years the canal came up on one side, opening a way to the great manufacturing town, ten miles down the river; and then the town at the end of the path was no longer the sole base of supplies. Then the railroad came around on the other side of the hill, and put a flag-station just at the bottom of what had come to be known as Dodd's Lane. And thus by the magic of nineteenth-century science New York and Newark were brought nearer to the hill-side farm than the town three miles away.

But year by year new feet trod the path. The laborers who cut the canal found it and took it when they left their shanty camp to go to town for Saturday-night frolics. Then William Turnbull, who had enlarged his own farm as far as he found it paid, took to buying land and building houses in the valley beyond. Reub Levi laughed at him, but he prospered after a way he had, and built up a thriving little settlement just over the canal. The people of this little settlement soon made a path that connected with Reuben Levi's, by way of William Turnbull's, and whenever business or old association took them to town they helped to make the path longer and broader.

By and by the regular wayfarers found it out—the pedlers, the colporteurs, the wandering portrait-painters, the tinkers and clock-menders, the runaway apprentices, and all the rest of the old-time gentry of the road. And they carried the path on still farther—down the river to Newark.

It is not wholly to be told, "The Story of the Path." So many people had to do with its making in so many ways that no chronicle could tell all the meanings of its twists and turns and straight lines. There is one little jog in its course to-day, where it went around a tree, the stump of which rotted down into the ground a quarter of a century ago. Why do we walk around that useless bend to-day? Because it is a path, and because we walk in the way of human nature.

The life of a tree may be a hundred years or two hundred years and yet be long life. But the days of the age of a man are threescore and ten, and though some be so strong that they come to fourscore, yet the strong man may be stricken down in the flower

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of his strength, if it be the will of the Lord.

When William Turnbull came to die he was but twoscore years and five, but for all he was so young the people of the township gathered from far and near, for he had been a helpful man all his days, and those whom he had helped remembered that he would help them no more. Four men and four women sat up with the dead, twice as many as the old custom called for. One of the men was a Judge, two had been Chosen Freeholders, and the fourth was his hired man. There was no cemetery in the township, and his tomb had been built at the bottom of the hill, looking out on the meadows which he had just made his own—the last purchase of his life.

There were two other pall-bearers to carry him on their shoulders to the place beyond which no man goes. These two, when they left the house on the night before the funeral, walked slowly and thoughtfully down the path together. They looked over every step of the way with to-morrow's slow and toilsome march in their minds. When they came to the turn by Pelatiah's mound they paused.

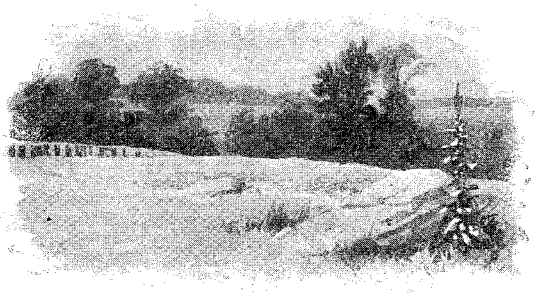
"We can't never get him round that bend," said one. "That ain't no way to start down the hill. Best is I come here first thing in the morning and cut a way through this bull-brier straight across the angle, then we can see ahead where we're going. Put them two light men behind, and you and me at the head, and we can manage it. My! what a man *he* was, though! Why, I seen him take the head of a coffin all by himself once."

This man was a near neighbor of the Turnbulls, for now they had a number of neighbors; Reuben Levi Dodd had been selling small farms off his big farm—somehow he had never made the big farm a success. There are many services of men to man that country neighbors make little of, though to the dwellers in great cities they might seem strange burdens. At five o'clock the next morning Warren Freeman, the pall-bearer, went out and mowed and hacked a path through the tangled field from midway of old Pelatiah's trail down to a short-cut made by the doctor's charity-boy, who was to-day a Judge. This Judge came out of the silent house, released by the waking hour, from his vigil with the dead. He watched his fellow pall-bearer at work.

"I used to go down that path on the dead run twenty years ago," said he, "when I was working for Dr. Van Wagener and he used to send me up here gathering herbs."

"You'll go down it on the dead walk to-morrow, Jedge," said the other, pausing in his work, "and you want to step mighty careful, or one fun'l will breed another."

Life, death, wedlock, the lingering of lovers, the waywardness of childish feet, the tread of weary toil, the slow, swaying walk of the mother, with her babe in her arms, the measured steps of the bearer of the dead, the light march of youth and strength and health—all, all have helped to beat out the strange, wandering line of the old path; and to me, who love to find and to tread its turns, the current of their human life flows still along its course, in the dim spaces under the trees, or out where the sunshine and the wind are at play upon the broad, bright meadows.



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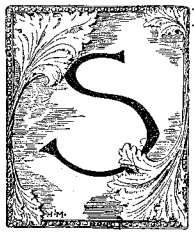
MINNEHAHA

By Eva Wilder McGlasson



HE came out on the porch of the small, trim-looking house, and stood restlessly fumbling with the broad gold band on her fore-finger. Her middle-aged face exhibited a sort of stolid distress. The lips were purple and puckered. The wide, pale cheeks were streaked with dull red. In her cold blue eyes, as they took acrimonious stock of the medium's poor, weather-beaten house over the way, a perturbed spark flickered.

"I guess they won't hev much of a crowd to-night," she muttered; "it looks like rain was blowing up." Then she turned about and, lifting her voice, said, "Jane! aw Jane! you ain't thinking of going across the way to-night, are you? I wouldn't feel safe about you if a storm came."

There was a step in the small, neat hallway. Another woman, tall and lean, with a sallow, nervous face, appeared in the doorway. She wore a black alpaca gown with a deep fall of crocheted lace about the neck. Her hair was screwed back in a grayish knob. It was amazingly sleek, but the crop of tiny curls, which displayed their lace foundation over the woman's shining, yellowish forehead, was strangely crinkled, like gray moss.

"The paper never spoke of rain," she demurred, glancing critically out.

It was almost dark, and from every street-corner long strands of natural gas were already flaming high. Sometimes the sweeping redness flaunted low, turbanning the iron standard heads in silky vermilion. Again the fiery masses were spun out in long threads which twisted about the heavy rod like gay ribbons about a May-pole. Mill-stacks and the skeleton outworks of several gas-wells lifted blackly upon the horizon. Everywhere were little dwellings, new, insufficient of build, mere shells hastily put together for the occupancy of those whom the gas had so suddenly drawn to the old Indiana town.

The house of the Werner girls was the only house on the square which had a look of respectable age and use. Lilac bushes made rich flecks of verdancy in the front yard. An apple-tree bent a gnarled hand of blessing over the porch end. Through the open door a precise, small parlor revealed itself, with fading Brussels carpeting, hair-cloth chairs of an antique fashion of frame, marble centre-table, and a corner what-not.

"You can't always go by them weather reports," declared the elder Miss Werner, surveying her sister. "I say there's a storm coming. You best stay right home, Jane." She gave the younger woman an anxious glance. Jane's lips drew together.

"I'm thinking of looking in at Mrs. Furber's," she said, simply.

Her sister drew a gasping breath.

"You're killing me," she broke forth; "that's what you're doing, Jane Werner! Only us two and our family always as much looked up to as any in town! I'm glad that mother ain't alive to witness your doin's—you that was sent to Sunday-school before you could talk plain! Oh, my goodness me!"

Jane wheeled round, with an air of impatience.

"Liza," she said, "you better be reasonable. I'm old enough to know what I'm doing. There's no harm in my going to Mrs. Furber's of Tuesday nights. I ain't a believer; I'm only investigatin'."

"They all say that!" moaned Liza; "they're all investigatin'!" Her voice rang out with a hysterical note. Some people passing looked over the fence. Little throngs of twos and threes were coming up the badly paved street, under the lurid pulsing of the numerous gas-jets. They slackened pace at the

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gate of the rickety cottage of the medium. As they mounted the single door-step the inner light disclosed them generally as elderly persons in common attire.

A slight, childish figure in a frock of some light color stood in the embrasure of the door. The folk who entered seemed to touch lightly the slim-wristed hand this little figure held motionlessly toward them. In the variance of the streaming gas a silver coin, slipping into the palm of the girl on the threshold, caught a transient flash of white. She seemed to be taking an admission fee. The Werners could see her small, pale face, her spare ankles, her serious expression, the fluff of light hair on her forehead.

Then the door was shut rather suddenly. A man's arm, reaching from the window, drew the shutters close. Presently a quavering voice lifted up the rhythm of a familiar hymn. A stranger passing might have thought that the slant roof of the medium's house sheltered a meeting of devout souls at prayer and praise.

With a checked shawl about her shoulders, the younger Miss Werner reappeared in the doorway. Her sister, huddling on the step, lifted a face of interdiction.

"All I hope is that lightnin' won't strike that house yonder," she said. "Though I ain't sure but I as lief see you laid out in your grave fixin's as sitting alive onder Mrs. Furber's hoodooin'. Don't tell me! She hain't no more power to summon dead folks to talk through a trumpet than I hev, so she ain't. Pore Mr. Furber! I d'know but I pity him more than anyone. He's the worst deceived of the hull lot—thinks his wife's got a gift from heaven—pore old soul! Well, he'll soon find out what a evil creature he's been trusting, for he's not long for this world. He's pointedly dying day by day—got the rale old style consumption, if ever I see it. Oh, law me! and the only sister I got in the world a-payin' out money to mix in with folks that lets theirselves be befooled and bewheedled!"

Jane's face wore a look of resigned exasperation. Across the street they had begun the second stanza of the hymn. She lifted her skirts and went resolutely down the steps.

The knob of the medium's door turned easily in her hand, disclosing a poor room, spectrally lighted by a lamp with a green shade. Numbers of men and women, with knees rigidly squared, sat in a circle, in the centre of which a woman stood arranging on a small table a bowl of red geraniums and a tall tin trumpet.

She was thin and worn, with lightish hair twisting back from her high cheek-bones. Her lips were set close, but her gray eyes had a furtive sort of uneasiness as she glanced round the room. Her eyes lingered an instant on a well-dressed young man hard by.

"You are a stranger?" she asked, with a certain suspicious accent. The man nodded.

"Yes'm. I paid same as the rest," he remarked, with a sharp note in his voice. The medium regarded him with cold dignity. Then her gaze ranged again about the gathering, resting for an instant on that part of the circle where her daughter sat, holding the hand of an old man whose face, even in the dim light, wore a look of eager expectancy. He was tall, with a bent frame, the joints of which were sadly evident in the threadbare clothes he had on. His long silvery beard shelved alertly over his narrow breast. Locks of gray hair bestrung his ears and fringed over a wide, benevolent brow, in which, from deep hollows, shone a pair of great, credulous, enthusiastic eyes.

"I kind of look for good success tonight," he broke out, catching his wife's eye. "Somehow I feel like the conditions were about right. It's just a mite cool this evening. Minnehaha always does best on cool evenings. Haven't you noticed it, Emma?"

The medium bent over the bowl of flowers.

"Yes," she murmured, a little heavily. "Yes, Henry, I believe so."

She sat down beside the table, closing her eyes. A sharp rap sounded somewhere near her. She started and twitched.

"She's going under control," whis-

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pered Miss Werner, in an explanatory tone, to the strange man by whom she sat. Someone rose and blew out the light. A stifling sort of darkness fell upon the place. The lack of air, the absolute gloom, perhaps some physical force transmitted through the clasped hands of those who sat about—these conditions always gave Miss Jane a strangeness of feeling which made her credulous of occult forces, and more than at other times inclined to put confidence in the wan woman sitting so silently in the centre of the room.

Miss Jane was not sure as to the veracity of the manifestations which Mrs. Furber evoked. The queerness, however, fascinated the younger Miss Werner, and she assured herself that, even if she were being deceived, she was acting a worthy part in contributing to the support of the Furber family. For though Mrs. Furber might be a woman of iniquitous devices, there was no doubt that she was a good wife and mother. Everyone knew how hard she had worked to support the feeble old husband and delicate little daughter. Everyone knew, also, that her health had failed under the stress of doing tailor's work on a heavy machine. It was along in winter that she herself realized definitely her inability to go on. It was winter and bleak. Things went hard in the Furber house. One morning a neighbor woman observed an odd feature in the landscape opposite her window. From the chimney of the Werner house a half-scared-looking thread of smoke rose, veining the sky with tremulous blue. Not another chimney in sight but was breathless in indication of gas used for fuel.

"They're burning wood," said the woman. "I reckon the town's cut off their gas. Things must be at a low ebb with the Furbers."

This judgment had scarcely been detailed in the neighborhood when it was ousted by a more thrilling bit of intelligence. It was whispered that Mrs. Furber had a gift for "foreseein'." The wives of the workmen in the various factories about began to go to her for what they called "settings." These trysts with the esoteric took place in a dark corner of Mrs. Furber's front room. The awed searcher for fate-withheld knowledge, sitting in the shadows of the improvised cabinet, would observe the face of the medium convulsed in the initiatory stages of "going off." The trance condition following these alarming spasms was presided over by an entity speaking from Mrs. Furber's lips in a dialect that was of German suggestiveness, interlarded with such idioms as a half-breed Indian might be supposed to use.

"The pale-faced squaw" would be greeted to the wigwam of Minnehaha, the Indian maiden who was Mrs. Furber's control. Any questions the pale-faced squaw might ask would be cheerfully, if not definitely, answered, for Minnehaha was as obliging as she was incoherent. Her replies were absolutely Delphic in their ambiguity, and however the questioner's affairs turned out, it could never be said that Minnehaha had prophesied falsely.

In addition to private "settings," Minnehaha engagingly exhibited her powers in what Mrs. Furber's *clientèle* called dark circles. These were held once a week and excited deep interest from "believers," amiable curiosity from "investigators," and scoffing ridicule from those who were neither. The frequenters of the mysterious rites which Mrs. Furber celebrated were not given to criticism. They had not even an elementary belief in the biological law that no human being can possibly possess any quality different in nature from those which belong to the race in general. They went blind in a mist of credulity, grasping at the dark skirts of any vision which seemed to float above the common, wholesome facts of life.

By these simple folk Mrs. Furber came to be regarded with veneration. She held converse with their lost Willy and Maria, could see these blessed children amusing themselves with celestial toys on the steps of the temple, and even bring badly constructed messages of good-will from their angelic lips.

But of all those who believed Mrs. Furber miraculously endowed, none regarded her with a confidence so implicit as her husband felt. All the simple faith of his nature concentrated itself

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upon this late revelation of her sublime endowment. She had always been the one woman of his heart. But now she had become, as it were, the reed through which the spiritual world breathed its inspired utterances to the dull ear of mortality, and old Furber felt for her that superstitious veneration one feels for river water which a priest has blest in the font.

As darkness settled in the low room, he gave a sigh of ecstasy. Everything was intensely still. Suddenly a succession of sharp raps sounded, stirring the heavy gloom with echoes to make the most prosaic blood leap.

"It's Minnehaha!" said someone. Then a guttural voice came in an odd gurgle of laughter from the midst of the room.

"Me here again," it said; "me bring word from little angel—yellow scalp—blue eyes, name Bobby." A thin cry rang out.

"Oh, it's from my baby! my Bobby! Ah, thank you, Minnehaha! Is he here in the room?"

Minnehaha freely scattered messages around the circle.

Sometimes other spirits seemed anxious for the relaxation of brief talk with their mortal acquaintances. These spoke through the trumpet in husky whispers. Then the voices ceased. There was a deep breath from the medium. Someone lighted the lamp, thus revealing her pale, dazed face.

"Was — Minnehaha here?" she asked.

"Yes, Emma! yes, dear!" cried her husband. "Such a bounteous evening! The air was full of moving wings. I am sure, quite sure, that I felt a hand on my forehead—a cold, soft hand." His tone was tremulous with emotion. A sort of easy sympathy mirrored itself in the faces about. Suddenly a sharp laugh rang out. The strange man sitting by Miss Jane was shaking with mirth.

"Say!" he exclaimed, "you folks ain't all taken in by this business, are you? I've been around considerable—I'm a travelling man — and I've seen these things before. I've seen pretty poor outfits, but I never see anything quite so bad as this *séance* to-night. That Choctaw girl must have learned to talk in Prussia! And by the hot breath that came in my face out of the trumpet, I should say some of these spirits have pretty good lungs. I'm not complaining. I've had my money's worth of fun watching you folks taken in so easy! If I'd wanted to make a row — which I didn't — I could have showed you the angel that's been walking round this circle whispering messages through a tin horn!"

He paused, laughing. There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Furber crouched in her chair, white, gasping for breath, with a piteously wandering look in her eyes as if she sought some escape from the glances bent upon her. Furber himself sat staring at the stranger with an air of dull bewilderment, as of one who has been smitten mortally. Suddenly a flash leaped to his face. He sprang to his feet and dashed forward. Someone laid restraining fingers upon him, and thus held he lifted a shaking hand toward the man who had spoken.

"Go," he cried, hoarsely, "go from this house. Dog!—you have slandered—you have slandered——" he faltered and sank back upon the shoulder of the stalwart fellow who had laid hold of him. They carried him upstairs to the small bed-chamber under the eaves. The stranger departed, and the rest remained to assure Mrs. Furber of their unbroken belief in her.

The story travelled round such parts of the town as had any interest in the spiritual pretensions of Mrs. Furber. It was generally conceded that his outburst of indignation had not done Furber himself any good. He had never risen, though several weeks passed on, from the bed where they laid him on the night of the strange man's half-jocular denunciation. The circles went on as usual, but though Mrs. Furber's adherents had declared their belief in her, it was noticeable that the Tuesday night gatherings were pervaded with a new spirit. People were constantly asking Minnehaha for "tests." They seemed less sure of the Indian girl's veracity, and even went so far as to ask her to explain her somewhat nebulous statements. In these trying times Minnehaha displayed great sweetness

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of disposition. She deplored the fact of her inability to speak, as her earth friends spoke, the beautiful language of the pale-faces. She could only stammer out the tidings given her by spirits in every way superior to her, except that, unlike her, they possessed no medium of communication with the visible universe.

Minnehaha was amiable, but unhappily she seemed more and more liable to merely mortal errors. She made many mistakes. She spoke of a house as a house instead of a wigwam. She confused the dates of the deaths of Mrs. James Gray's two children, and committed various other sins which her friends found hard to pardon.

As to the medium herself, it was noted that Minnehaha's lapses or her husband's illness seemed to be wearing upon her. She looked white and broken-spirited, and there was in her eyes a look of apprehension and pain. After a peculiarly unsuccessful circle Miss Jane Werner lingered for a word with her hostess.

"You're looking poorly," she said. "Can I do anything for you?" Mrs. Furber looked quickly into the kind, old-maidish face. Some subtle understanding seemed to pass between them as they stood in the festival brilliancy of the over-lighted street.

Mrs. Furber moaned. Then she buried her face in her hands.

"No one can help me," she said. Miss Jane's nervous, shining brows knotted themselves and her lips shook.

"No matter what anyone says, I'm your friend!" she cried.

The other lifted a scared face.

"What—do they say?" she panted.

"Well, there's been some dissatisfaction lately—in the circle," admitted Miss Jane, guiltily.

On the following Tuesday night, however, there was a good gathering in the medium's carpetless front room. The medium came downstairs looking herself more like a disquiet shade than a woman. She took her place, made the usual contortions, and went "under control." Minnehaha's voice gurgled forth; but those who listened were aware of a change in it. Now the Indian jargon rang out briskly; again it was Mrs. Furber herself stumbling through some incoherency of statement. Presently the voice faltered and broke.

"Will someone light the lamp?" said Mrs. Furber, in her usual tone. And when this was done the people saw her sitting before them with a look of deathly illness upon her.

"There will be no manifestations to-night," she said. "I find I am too tired. I—haven't the strength." She rose precipitately and stumbled up the staircase.

It was almost dark in the upper room where old Furber lay in bed, looking out at the pale sprinkling of stars in the purple sky. Street gas-lamps loomed along the cross-street like a range of low red moons. The old man's face was wasted to a pure aspect of modelling. The slightest vesture of flesh covered his long hands. He turned at his wife's step.

"You haven't left our good friends, Emma?" he asked, in a thin, rattling voice.

She fell on her knees beside him.

"I want to be with you!" she sobbed. "I want to be with you!"

He touched her hair tenderly.

"I am not lonely," he said. "I can spare you, dear. Remember how many hearts wait to be comforted by you. You belong to two worlds. Your gift is divine. Oh, my wife! I must not keep you from using it divinely!" He paused, disturbed by a tumult of voices in the room below.

"I guess that travelling man was about right," someone was saying loudly. "We've all let ourselves be fooled. Minnehaha! I guess her and Mrs. Furber are one and the same! None of us has ever seen Minnehaha, hev we?—good reason why. Well, I let it pass. I want my money back; that's all."

A clamor of approval rose upon this outbreak. "Tell her to give us back our money! we've been deceived just as long as we mean to. Our money!"

There was a hasty step on the stairs. Miss Jane Werner's head rose above the rail. She looked excitedly about the upper room, at the kneeling figure by the bed, and at the wasted face on the pillow.

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"Mrs. Furber," she said, "may I speak to you just a second? I—" she paused, startled by the strangeness of the two faces on which she looked.

The old man had lifted himself on one elbow and was gazing into the appalled eyes of the woman beside him.

"Emma," he said, "do not heed them. Do not heed them." There was a peculiar light stealing over his countenance, a light so strange that his wife, regarding it, gave a cry.

"Henry!" she gasped. "Oh, he is dying! Henry, listen to me! listen! I can't let you die, believing—Henry, do you hear me? I—I am all that man said. Those spirits—they were false. There is no Minnehaha! I did it—I did it all myself—because we were starving!" She dropped her shaken face on his breast, as if not daring to meet the anger in his dying vision.

On the stair Miss Jane stood rooted with amazement and awe. The old man's eyes took her in in their strangely rolling glance. He laid one arm across his wife's prostrate form, still gazing fixedly at the scared figure on the staircase.

"My wife is not well," he said, with difficult utterance. "She does not know what she is saying. Her husband is dying. Miss Jane, Miss Jane, will you tell those people below that they're wrong, all wrong?"

He shot out a sudden, pointing finger. "Tell them," he cried, in a voice which flagged low on the last word; "tell them that I saw her!—that just as I passed over, I saw—Minnehaha."

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER

By George W. Cable

LXXIX

COMPLETE COLLAPSE OF A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING

THE door closed and Barbara noiselessly mounted the stairs. At its top an elm-shaded window allowed a view of some fifty yards or more down the street, and as she reached it now the pleasantness of the outer day furnished impulse enough, if there had been no other, for her to glance out. She stopped sharply, with her eyes fixed where they had fallen. For there stood John March and Henry Fair in the first bright elation of their encounter busily exchanging their manly acknowledgments and explanations. Lost to herself she stayed, an arm bent high and a knuckle at her parted teeth, comparing the two men and noting the matchless bearing of her Southerner. In it she read again for the hundredth time all the energy and intrepidity which in her knowledge it stood for; his boyish openness and simplicity, his tender belief in his mother, his high-hearted devotion to the fulfilment of his father's aspirations, and the impetuous force and native skill with which at mortal risks and in so short a time he had ranked himself among the masters of public fortune. She recalled, as she was prone to do, what Charlie Champion had once meditatively said to her on seeing him approach: "Here comes the only man in Dixie Jeff-Jack Ravenel's afraid of."

After an instant the manner of the two young men became more serious, and March showed a yellow paper—"a telegram," thought their on-looker. "He's coming here, no doubt; possibly to tell me its news; more likely just to say good-by again; but certainly with nothing—nothing—O nothing! to ask." For a moment her hand pressed hard against her lips, and then her maiden self-regard quietly, but strenuously, definitely, rebelled.

The telegram seemed to bring its readers grave disappointment. March made indignant gestures in obvious allusion to distant absentees. Now they

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began to move apart; Fair stepped farther away, March drew nearer the house, still making gestures as if he might be saying—Barbara resentfully guessed—

"You might walk slow; I sha'n't stop more than a minute!"

She left the window with silent speed, saying, in her heart, "You needn't! You sha'n't!"

As March, with clouded brow, was lifting his hand toward a tortuous brass knocker the door opened and Barbara, carrying a book and pencil in one hand, while the other held down her hat-brim, tripped across the doorstep.

The cloud vanished. "Miss Barb—good-morning!"

"O!—Mr.—March." Her manner so lacked both surprise and pleasure that he colored. He had counted on a sweet Southern hand-shake, but she kept hold of the hat-brim, let her dry smile of inquiry fade into a formal deference, and took comfort in his disconcertion.

"I was just coming," he said, "I—thought you'd let me come back just to say good-by—but I see you're on your way to a recitation—I—" Her smile was cruel.

"Why, my recitations are not so serious as that," she drawled. "Just to say good-by ought not to con-sti-tute any se-ri-ous de-ten-tion."

John's heart sank like a stone. Scarcely could he believe his senses. Yet this was she; that new queen of his ambitions whose heavenly friendship had lifted first love—boy love—from its grave, and clad it in the shining white of humility and abnegation to worship her sweet dignity, purity, and tenderness, asking for nothing, not even for hope, in return. This was she who at every new encounter had opened to him a higher revelation of woman's worth and loveliness than the world had ever shown him; she to whom he had been writing letters half last night and all this morning, tearing each to bits before he had finished it because he could see no life ahead which an unselfish love could ask her to live, and as he rent the result of each fresh effort hearing the voice of his father saying to him as in childhood days, "I'd be proud faw you to have the kitt'n, son, but, you know, she wouldn't suit yo' dear motheh's high-strung natu'e. You couldn't ever be happy with anything that was a constant tawment to her, could you?"

These thoughts filled but a moment, and before the lovely presence confronting him could fully note the depth of his quick distress a wave of self-condemnation brought what seemed to him the answer of the riddle: that this was *rightly* she, the same angelic incarnation of wisdom and rectitude, as of gentleness and beauty, to whom in yesterday's sunset hour of surprise and ecstatic yearning he had implied things so contrary to their "perfect understanding,' and who now, not for herself selfishly, but in the name and defence of all blameless womanhood, was punishing him for his wild presumption. O but if she would only accuse him—here—this instant, so that contrition might try its value! But under the shade of her hat her eyes merely waited with a beautiful sort of patient urgency for his parting word. The moment's silence seemed an hour, but no word did he find. One after another almost came, but failed, and at last, just as he took in his breath to say he knew not what—anything so it were something—he saw her smile melt with sudden kindness, while her lips parted for speech, and to his immeasurable confusion and terror heard himself ask her, with cheerful cordiality, "Won't you walk in?"

It would have been hard to tell which of the two turned the redder.

"Why, Mr. March, you in-ti-ma-ted that you had no ti-i-ime!"

They stood still. "Time and bad news are about the only things I have got, Miss Barb. Wrapped up in your father's interests as you are, I reckon I ought to show you this." He handed her the telegram doubled small. "Let me hold your book."

Barbara unfolded and read the despatch. It was from Springfield, repeated at New York, and notified Mr. John March that owing to a failure of Gamble to come to terms with certain much larger railroad owners for the reception of his road into their "system," intelligence of which had just reached them, it would be "useless for him," March, "to come up," as there was "nothing more to say or hear." She read it twice.

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Her notions of its consequences were dim, but she saw it was a door politely closed in his face; and yet she lingered over it. There was a bliss in these business confidences, which each one thought was her or his own exclusive and unsuspected theft, and which was all the sweeter for the confidences' practical worthlessness. As she looked up she uttered a troubled "O!" to find him smiling unconsciously into her book where she had written, "I stole this book from Barbara Garnet." It seemed as if fate were always showing her very worst sides to him at the very worst times! She took the volume with hurried thanks and returned the telegram.

"It would have been better on every account if you hadn't come up at all, wouldn't it?" she asked, bent on self-cruelty; but he accepted the cruelty as meant for him.

"Yes," he meekly replied. "I—I reckon it would." Then more bravely: "We've got to give up here and try the West. Your father's advised it strongly these last three weeks."

"Has he?" she pensively asked. Here was a new vexation. Obviously March, in writing him, had mentioned the rapid and happy growth of their acquaintance!

"Yes," he replied, betraying fresh pain under an effort to speak lightly. "It may be a right smart while before I see you again, Miss Barb. I take the next express to Chicago, and next month I sail for Europe to——"

"Why, Mr. March!" said Barbara with a nervous laugh.

"Yes," responded John once more, thinking that if she was going to treat the thing as a joke he had better do the same, "immigrants for Widewood have got to be got, and they're not to be got on this side the big water."

"Why, Mr. March!"—her laugh grew—"How long shall you stay?"

"Stay! Gracious knows! I must just stay till I get them!—as your father says."

"Why, Mr. March! When did—" the questioner's eyes dropped sedately to the ground—"when did you decide to go? Since—since—yesterday?"

"Yes, it was!" The answer came as though it were a whole heart-load.

The maiden's color rose, but she lifted her quiet, characteristic gaze to his and said, "You're glad you're going, are you not?"

"O—I—why, yes! If I'm not I know I ought to be! To see Europe and all that is great, of course. It's beyond my dreams. And yet I know it really isn't as much what I'm going to as what I'm going from that I ought to – to be g-glad of! I hope I'll come back with a little more sense. I'm going to try. I promise you, Miss Barb. It's only right I *should* promise—*you!*"

"Why, Mr. Mar—" Her voice was low, but her color increased.

"Miss Barb—O Miss Barb, I didn't come just to say good-by. I hope I know what I owe you better than that. I—Miss Barb, I came to acknowledge that I said too much yesterday!—and to—ask your pardon."

Barbara was crimson. "Mr. March!" she said, half choking, "as long as I was simple enough to let it pass unrebuked you might at least have spared me your apologies! No, I can't stay! No, not one instant! Those girls are coming to speak to me—that man"—it was the drummer—"wants to speak to you. Good-by."

Their intruders were upon them. John could only give a heart-broken look as she faltered an instant in the open door. For reply she called back, in poor mockery of a sprightly tone:

"I hope you'll have ever so pleasant a voyage!" and shut the door.

So it goes with all of us through all the ungraceful, inartistic realisms of our lives; the high poetry is ever there, the kingdom of romance is at hand; the only trouble is to find the rhymes—O! if we could only find the rhymes!

LXXX

A YEAR'S VICISSITUDES

It was during the year spent by John March in Europe that Suez first began to be so widely famous. It was then, too, that the Suez *Courier* emerged into universal notice. The average newspaper reader, from Maine to Oregon, spoke familiarly of Colonel Ravenel as

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the writer of its much-quoted leaders, a fact which gave no little disgust to Garnet, their author.

Ravenel never let his paper theorize on the causes of Suez's renown or the *Courier's* vogue.

"It's the luck of the times," he said, and pleasantly smiled to see the nation's eyes turned on Dixie and her near sisters, hardly in faith, yet with a certain highly commercial hope and charity. The lighting of every new coke furnace, the setting fire to any local rubbish-heap of dead traditions, seemed just then to Northern longings the blush of a new economic and political dawn over the whole South.

"You say you're going South? Well, now if you want to see a very small but most encouraging example of the changes going on down there, just stop over a day in Suez!" Such remarks were common—in the clubs—in the cars.

"Now, for instance, Suez! I know something of Suez myself." So said a certain railway passenger one day when this fame had entered its second year and the more knowing journals had begun to neglect it. "I was an officer in the Union army and was left down there on duty after the surrender a short while; then I went out West and fought Indians. But Suez—I pledge you my word I wouldn't 'a' given a horseshoe-nail for the whole layout! Now!—well, you'd e'en a'most think you was in a Western town! The way they're a slappin' money, b' Jinks, into improvements and enterprises—quarries, roads, bridges, schools, mills—'t would make a Western town's head swim!"

"What kind of mills?" asked his listener, a young man, but careworn.

"O, eh, saw-mills—tanbark mills—to start with. Was you ever there?"

"Yes, I—before the changes you speak of I——"

"Before! Hoh! then you've never seen Lover's Leap coal mine, or Bridal Veil coal mine, or Sleeping Giant iron mine, or Devil's Garden coke furnaces! They're putting up smelting works right opposite the steamboat landing! You say you're going South—just stop over a day in Suez. It'll pay you! You could write it up!—call it 'What a man just back f'm Europe saw in Dixie'—only, you don't want to wave the Bloody Shirt, and don't forget we're dead tired hearing about the 'illiterate South.' *I* say, let us have peace; my son's in love with a Southern girl! Why, at Suez you'll see school-houses only five miles apart, from Wildcat Ridge—where the niggers and mountaineers had that skirmish last fall—clean down to Leggettstown! School-houses, why,"—the speaker chuckled at what was coming—"one of 'em stands on the very spot where in '65 I found a little freckled boy trying to poke a rabbit out of a log with an old bayon——"

"No!" exclaimed the careworn listener, in one smile from his hat to his handsome boots.

He would have said more, but the story-teller lifted a finger to intimate that the bayonet was not the main point—there was better laughing ahead. "Handsome little chap he was—brave eyes—sweet mouth. Thinks I right there, 'This's going to be somebody some day.' He reminded me of my own son at home. Well, he clum up behind my saddle and rode with me to the edge of Suez, where we met his father with a team of mules and a wagon of provisions. Talk about the Old South, I'll say this: I *never* see so fine a gentleman look so *techingly* poor. Hold up, let me—now, let me—just wait till I tell you. That little rat—if it hadn't been for that little barefooted rat with his scalp-lock a-stickin' up through a tear in his hat, most likely you'd never so much as heard—of Suez! For that little chap was John March!"

The speaker clapped his hands upon his knees, opened his mouth, and waited for his hearer's laughter and wonder; but the hearer merely smiled, and with a queer look of frolic in the depths of his handsome eyes, asked,

"How lately were you in Suez?"

"Me? O—not since '65; but my son's a commercial tourist—rattling smart fellow—you've probably met him—I never see anybody that hadn't—last year he was in New England—this year he's tryin' Dixie. He sells this celebrated 'Hoptonica' for the great Cincinnati house of Pretzels & Bier. Funny thing—he's been mistaken for

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John March. A young lady—Southern girl—up in New England about a year ago—it was just for an instant—O of course — Must you go? Well, look here! Try to stop over a day in Suez —That's right; it'll pay you!"

The two travellers parted. The Union veteran went on westward, while the other — March by name — John March — was ticketed, of course, for Suez.

Some ten days before, in London, having just ended a four weeks circuit through a region of the Continent where news of Suez was even scarcer than emigrants for Widewood, he had, to his astonishment, met Proudfit. The colonel had just arrived across. He was tipsy, as usual, and a sad wreck, but bound for Carlsbad, bright in the faith that when he had stayed there two months he would go home cured for life of his "only bad habit." March was troubled, and did not become less so when Proudfit explained that his presence was due to the "kind pressu' of Garnet and othe's." He knew that Garnet, months before, had swapped his Land Company stock to Proudfit for the Colonel's much better stock in the Construction Company, and succeeded him as president of the latter concern.

"As a matteh of fawm—tempora'ily—du'ing my ill-health," said the Carlsbad pilgrim, adding, in an unfragrant stage whisper, that there was a secret off-setting sale of both stocks back again, the papers of which were in Mrs. Proudfit's custody. Mrs. Proudfit was not with her husband; she was at home, in Blackland.

John knew also how nearly down to nothing the price of his own company's first-mortgage bonds had declined; but the Colonel's tidings of a later fate fell upon him like a thunderbolt. He stood before his informant in the populous street, now too sick at heart for speech, and now throbbing with too resolute a resentment for outward show, but drawn up rigidly with a scowl of indignant attention under his locks that made him the observed of every quick eye. The matter — not to follow Proudfit too closely—was this:

The Construction Company, paid in advance, and in the Land Company's second-mortgage bonds, for its many expensive and recklessly immature works, had promptly sold those bonds to a multitude of ready takers near and far, but principally far. When the promised inpour of millers and miners, manufacturers and operatives, so nearly failed that the Land Company could not pay, nor half pay, the interest on its first-mortgage bonds and they "tumbled," these second mortgage bonds were, of course, unsalable at any figure. The smallest child will understand this—and worse to follow—at a glance; but if he doesn't he needn't. At this point Ravenel, who had kept his paper very still, "persuaded" Gamble and Bulger to buy, at the prices their holders had paid for them, all that smaller portion of these second mortgage bonds, as well as all small lots of the Land Company's stock, held in the three counties. "The *Courier*," he said, with his effectual smile, "couldn't afford to see home folks suffer," and he presently had them all well out of it, Parson Tombs among them.

"Thank God!" rumbled March. "And then what?"

Then Ravenel, as trustee for the three counties — Uncle Jimmie Rankin was the other, but shrewdly let Jeff-Jack speak and act for him—privately combined with the Construction Company, which, Proudfit pathetically reminded John, was a loser by the Land Company in the discounts at which it had sold that Company's second-mortgage bonds. They went on a still hunt after the first-mortgage bonds, "bought," said Proudfit, "the whole bilin' faw a song," foreclosed the mortgage, and at the sale of the Land Company's assets were the only bidders, except Senator Halliday and Captain Shotwell, whom they easily outbid.

"Right smart of us, suspicioned they were bidding faw you, John."

March, who was staring aside in fierce abstraction, started. "I reckon not," he said, and stared in the other direction. "So, then, Widewood and all its costly improvements, belong half to the three counties and half to Garnet's construc——"

"John"—the Colonel lifted his pal-

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lid hand with an air of amiable greatness—"*my* construc', seel view play! Not Garnet's. *I*—Proudfit—am still the invisible head of that comp'ny. Garnet acknowledges it privately to me. He and I have what you may call a per perfect und-und unde'standing!"

"Perfect und'—O me!" interrupted March, with a broken laugh and a frown. Proudfit liked his air and tried to reproduce it, but got his features tangled, rubbed his mouth, and closed his eyes. March stared into vacancy again.

The tippler interposed with moist emotion. "John, we're landless! My plantation b'longs t' my wife. I can sympathize with you, John. As old song says, 'we're landless! landless!' *We* are landless, John. But you have price—priceless 'dvant'ge over me in one thing, Vice-president; you've still got yo' motheh!"

"O!" groaned March, blazing up and starting away; but Proudfit clung.

"My dea' boy! let me tell you, that tendeh little motheh's been a perfect hero! When I told her—in—in t-tears—how sorry I—and Garnet—and all of us—was,—'O Curl Prou'fit,' says she—with that ca'm, sweet, dizda-ainful smile of hers, you know—'it's no supprise to me; it's what I've expected from the beginning.'"

LXXXI

AGAINST OVERWHELMING NUMBERS

During the boom Tom Hersey's Swanee Hotel—repaired, enlarged, repainted—had become Hotel Swanee. At the corner of the two streets on which it fronted he had added a square tower or "observatory." But neither guests nor "resi*dent*ers" had made use of it as he had designed. Its low top was too high to be reached with that Southern ease which Northern sojourners like, and, besides, you couldn't see more than half the earth anyhow when you got up there.

Early, therefore, it had been turned into an airy bedchamber for Bulger. He, however, was gone. He had left Suez for good and all on the same day on which John March arrived from abroad, being so advised to do by Captains Champion and Shotwell, who loved a good joke with a good fat coward to saddle it on, and who had got enough of Bulger on the day of the skirmish mentioned a page or two back. The tower room he left came to be looked upon as specially adapted for the sick, and here, some eleven or twelve months after the wreck of the Three Counties Land and Improvement Company, Limited, John March lay on his bed by night and sat on it by day, wasted, bright-eyed, and pale, with a corded frown forever between his brows save in the best moments of his unquiet sleep.

On the hither side of one of the two streets close under him, his office—the old, first one, reopened on his return—stood closed, the sign renovated and tacked up once more, and the early addendum, *Gentleman*, still asserting itself, firmly though modestly, beneath the new surface of repair. In and from that office he had, for these many months, waged a bloodless but aggressive and indomitable war on the men who, he felt, had robbed, not merely him, but his mother, and the grave of his father, under the forms and cover of commerce and law; yet from whom he had not been able to take their outermost entrenchment—the slothful connivance of a community which had let itself be made a passive sharer of their spoils. Now, in that office his desk was covered with ten days' dust. "If you don't shut this thing up straight off and go, say to Chalybeate Springs," the doctor had one day exclaimed, "you'll not last half through the summer." March had answered with jesting obduracy, and two nights later had fainted on the stairs of Tom Hersey's hotel. For twenty-four hours afterward he had been "not expected to live." During which time Suez had entirely reconsidered him—conduct, character, capacity—and had given him, at the expense of his adversaries, a higher value and regard than ever, and a wholly new affection. It would have been worth all the apothecary's arsenic and iron for someone just to have told him so.

A Suez physician once said to me—I was struck with the originality of the remark—that one man's cure is another's poison. Not even to himself would March confess that this room, so speci-

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ally adapted for the average sick man, was for him the worst that could have been picked out. It showed him, constantly, all Suez. Poor little sweating and fanning Suez, grown fat, and already getting lean again, on the carcass of one man's unsalable estate!

"Come here," said Fannie Ravenel behind the blinds of her highest window, to one who loved her still, but rarely had time to visit her now, "look. That's John March's room. O sweet, how's he ever again to match himself to our littleness and sterility without shrivelling down to it himself? And yet that, and not the catching of scamps or recovery of lands, is going to be his big task. For I don't think he'll ever go 'way from here; he's just the kind that 'll always feel too many obligations to stay; and I think his sickness will be a blessing straight from God, to him and to all of us who love him, if it will only give him time to see what his true work is—God bless him!" The two stood in loose embrace looking opposite ways, until the speaker asked, "Don't you believe it?"

"I don't know," said the other, gently drawing her away from the window.

Fannie yielded a step or two and then as gently resisted. "Sweetheart," she cried, with a melting gaze, "you don't suppose—just because I choose to remember what he is and what he is suffering—you can't imagine—O if *you* mistake me I shall simply perish!"

"I know you too well, dear," caressingly murmured the guest, and they talked of other things—"gusset and band and seam"—for it was Saturday and there was to be a small occasion on the morrow. But that same night, long after the house's last light was out, the guest said her prayers at that window.

The windows of March's chamber, albeit his bed's head was against the one to the east, opened four ways. The one on the west looked down over the courthouse square and up the verdant avenue which became the pike. Here on the right stood the *Courier* building! There was Captain Champion going by it; honest ex-treasurer of the defunct Land Company. His modest yet sturdy self-regard would not even yet let him see that he had been only a cover for the underground doublings of shrewder men. Yonder was the tree from which Enos had been shot by his own brother—who was dead himself now, killed, with many others, in that "skirmish" which John could never cease thinking that he, had he but been here, might have averted. Over there were the two churches, and one window of Ravenel's house. March had not been in that house a fourth as many times as he had been prettily upbraided for not coming.

"Fannie's grea-atly cha-anged!" Parson Tombs said, with solemn triumph.

John had dreamily assented. The change he had noticed most was that the old zest of living was gone from her still beautiful black eyes, and that her freckles had augmented. He had met her oftenest in church. She had the Suez Sunday-school's primary class, and more than filled the wide vacancy caused by Miss Mary Salter's marriage to the other pastor. These two wives had grown to be close friends. On the Sunday to which we have alluded they had their infants baptized together. Fannie's was a girl and did not cry. Johanna, in the gallery, did, when Father Tombs, with dripping hand, said,

"Rose, I baptize thee."

Tears had started also in the eyes of at least one other; Fannie's guest, as we say, whose presence was unusual and had not escaped remark. "The wonder is," Miss Martha had said, "that she has time, or any strength left, to ever come in to town-church at all, with that whole overgrown Rosemont on her hands the way it is! If I had a sister no older than she is—with that look in her face every time she falls into a study"—she stopped; then, sharply—"I tell you, that man Garnet"—and stopped again.

From the town's south window there was a wide view up and down the Swanee and across the bridge, into Blackland. But March never looked that way but he found himself staring at those unfinished smelting works. Smart saplings were growing inside the roofless walls, and you could buy the whole plant for the cost of its brick and stone.

The north window view hurt still worse. The middle distance was dotted with half a dozen "follies" "for sale," each with its small bunch of workmen's

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cottages, some empty, some full, alas! and all treeless and grassless under the blazing sun. Far beyond to the right, shading away from green to blue, rose the hills of Widewood—lost Widewood!—hiding other "tied-up capital" and more stranded labor. For scattered through those lovely forests were scores, hundreds, of peasants from across seas, to every separate one of whom the scowling patient in this room, with fierce tears perpetually in his throat, believed he owed explanation and restitution.

Garnet!—owned half of Widewood! March's confinement here dated from the night when he had at length unearthed the well-hid truth of how the stately Major had acquired it. No sooner had Ravenel and Garnet got the Land Company into its living grave, than Gamble and Bulger, with Leggett looming mysteriously in their large shadows, forced the Construction Company into liquidation by a kind demand upon Mattox, Crickwater, and Pettigrew for certain call loans of two years standing, accepted in settlement their shares of the Widewood lands wrested from the Land Company, and then somehow privately induced Garnet to take those cumbersome assets off their hands at a round cash price. That was the day before March had got home and Bulger had cleared out. Gamble had departed much more leisurely. Whenever money was at stake Gamble had the courage of a bear with whelps. Whenever he said, "I can't afford to stay here," it meant that his milk-pail was full and the cow empty. This time it meant he had, as Shotwell put it, "broken the record of the three counties—pulled the wool over Jeff-Jack's eyes;" for he had sold his railroad to a system hostile to the fortunes of Suez.

The other half of Widewood was public domain.

"Thank Heaven for that!" said March, lying dressed on his bed.

"Suez thanks Mr. Ravenel," melodiously responded his mother. Parson Tombs had brought her up here and slipped out again on creaking tiptoe.

"Why, mother, it was I made it so in my original plan!"

"O my beloved boy, it was in Mr. Ravenel's original plan when he lent your poor father the money to send you to school. I have it on good authority."

The son gave a vexed laugh. "O, as to that, why, Cornelius Leggett suggested it when——"

"John! forbear!" Mrs. March was not prejudiced. She could admit the name of a colored person in a discussion; but *that* miscreant had lured her trusted Jane to the altar and writ ten back that she was one of the best wives he had had for years.

John forbore. He was profoundly distressed, but tried to speak more lightly. "Law! mother, one reason urged by Major Garnet for our privately reserving that trifling scrap of sixty acres on the west side of the creek was so's to make each half of the company's tract an even fifty thousand acres, one for the three counties and the other—O! there's another thing. I never thought to tell you because it was hardly worth remembering. On Major Garnet's suggestion, and so's to never get it mixed up with the Company's lands—you know how carelessly our county records are kept—I made a relinquishment to you of my half of your and my joint interest in those sixty acres. I never supposed I was going to make it one day the only piece of Widewood left you."

"Ah!" sighed the hearer, "half as many dollars would be far better for a helpless widow."

John was scowling in another direction and did not see her pretty blush. His voice deepened with indignation. "I'll give you double—right here—now—cash!"

"Will you write the receipt for me to sign?" she sweetly asked.

He started up, wrote, paid, and smiled as he shut his empty purse. His mother sighed in amiable pensiveness, saying, "This is a mystery to me, my son."

"No more than it is to me," dryly responded John, angered by this new sting from his old knowledge of her ways. It was her policy always to mystify those who had the best right to understand her. "I shall try to solve it," he added.

"I should rather not have you speak of it at once," she replied, almost hur-

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riedly. "You'll know why in a few days." Her blush came again. This time John saw it and marvelled anew. He tossed himself back on his bed, feverish with irritation.

"Mother"—he fiercely shifted his pillows and looked at the ceiling—"the chief mystery to me is that you seem to care so little for the loss of our lands!"

"I thought you told me that Major Garnet considered those sixty acres as almost worthless."

"I believe he does."

Her voice became faint. "I would gladly explain, son, if you were only well enough to hear me—patiently."

He lay rigidly still, with every nerve aching. His hands, locked under his head, grew tight as he heard her rise and draw near. He shut his eyes hard as she laid on his wrinkling forehead a cold kiss moistened with a tear and melted from the room.

"Mother!" he called, appeasingly, as the door was closing; but it clicked to; she floated down the stairs. He turned his face into the pillow and clenched his hands. By and by he turned again and exclaimed, as from some long train of thought, "'Better off without the land than with it,' am I? On my soul! I begin to believe it. But if you can see that so clearly, O! my poor little unsuspicious mother, why can't you even now understand that they were thieves and robbed us? Who—who—*what*—can have so blinded you? If"—a name came to his lips, but he kept it back.

He left the bed and moved to his most frequent seat, the north window. Thence, in the western half of the view, he could see the three counties' "mother of learning and useful arts," fair, large-grown Rosemont, glistening on her green hills in each day's setting sun, a lovely frontispiece to the ever pleasant story of her master's redundant prosperity. Her June fledglings were but just gone and she was in the earliest days of her summer rest. "Enlarged and superbly equipped and embellished," the newspapers said of her in laudatory headlines, and it was true that "no expense had been spared." Not any other institution in Dixie spread such royal feasts of reason and information for her children, at lavish cost to herself, low price to them, and queenly remuneration to the numerous members of the State Legislature who came to discourse on Agriculture, Mining, Banking, Trade, Journalism, Jurisprudence, Taxation, and Government.

How envied was Garnet! Gamble and Bulger were thrifty and successful, but Gamble and Bulger had fled and envy follows not the fleeing. Halliday had attained his ambition; was in the United States Senate; but the boom had sent him there "regardless of politics," to plead for a deeper channel in the Swanee, a move that was only part of one of Ravenel's amusing "deals," whereby he had procured at last the political extinction of Cornelius Leggett. Moreover, for all the old General's activities he had kept himself poor; almost as poor as he was incorruptible; who could envy him? And Ravenel; Ravenel was still the arbiter of political fortune, but it was part of his unostentatious wisdom never to let himself be envied. But Garnet, amid all this business depression upon which March looked down from his sick-room, wore envy on his broad breast like a decoration. There were spots of tarnish on his heavy gilding; not merely the elder Miss Kinsington, but Martha Salter as well, had refused to say good-by to Mademoiselle Eglantine on the eve of her final return to France; Fanny Ravenel had, with cutting playfulness asked Mrs. Proudfit, as that sister was extolling the Major's vast public value, if she did not know perfectly well that Rosemont was a political "barrel." And yet it was Garnet who stood popularly as the incarnation of praiseworthy success.

John March begrudged him none of his triumphs—at their price. Yet it was before *this* window-picture his heart sunk under the heaviest and cruellest of his aspirations. Other baffllements tormented him; here, alone, stood the visible, beautiful emblem of absolute discomfiture. For here was the silent, lifted hand which forbade him pursue his defrauders. Follow their manœuvres as he might, always somewhere short of the end of their windings he found this man's fortune and reputation

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lying square across the way like a smooth, new fortification under a neutral flag. Seven times he had halted before them disarmed and dumb, and turned away with a chagrin that burnt his brain and gnawed his very bones.

There came a footstep, a rap at the door, and Parson Tombs entered, radiant with tidings. "John!" he began, but his countenance and voice fell to an anxious tenderness; "why, Brother March, I—I didn't suspicion you was this po'ly, seh. Why, John, you hadn't ought to try to sit up until yo' betteh!"

"It rests me to get out of bed a little while off and on. How are you, these days, sir? How's Mrs. Tombs?"

"Oh, we keep a-goin', thank the Lawd. Brother March, I've got pow'ful good news."

"Is it something about my mother? She was here about an hour ago."

"Yaas, it is! The minute she got back to ow house—and O, John, it jest seems to me like her livin' with us ever since Widewood was divided up has been a plum Provi*dence!*—I says, s'I, 'Wha'd John say?' and when she said she hadn't so much as told you, 'cause you wa'n't well enough, we both of us, Mother Tombs and me, we says, s'I, 'Why, the sicker he is the mo' it'll help him! Besides, he's sho' to hear it; the ve'y wind'll carry it; which he oughtn't never to find it out in that hilta-skilta wa-ay! Sister March,' s'I, 'let *me* go tell him!' A s'she, jestingly, 'Go—if you think it's safe.' So here I am!" The old man laughed timorously.

"Well?" John kept his hands in his lap, where each was trying to wrench the fingers off the other. "What is it?"

"Why, John, the Lawd has provided! For one thing, and evm that the smallest, Sister March's Widewood lands air as good as her's again!"

"What has happened?" cried the pale youth.

"O, John, the best that ever could! What Mother Tombs and I and the Sextons and the Coffins and the Graves and sco'es o' lovin' friends and relations have been a hopin' faw all this year an' last! Sister March has engaged her hand to Brother Garnet!"

"I think I'll lie down," said John, beginning to rise. The frightened Parson clutched him awkwardly, he reeled a step or two, said, "Don't—trouble"—and fell across the bed with a slam that jarred the floor. The old man moaned a helpless compassion.

"It's nothing," said March, waiving him back. "Only my foot slipped." He dragged himself to his pillow. "Good-by, sir. I prefer—good-by!" He waived his visitor to the door. As it closed one of his hands crept under the pillow. There it seemed to find and rest on some small thing, and then a single throe wrenched his frame as of an anguish beyond all tears.

At Rosemont, as night was falling, Doctor Coffin, March's physician, the same who had attended him in boyhood when he was shot, stood up before the new Rose of Rosemont, in the greatly changed reception-room where in former years Buonaparte had tried so persistently to cross the Alps. She had left the room and returned and was speaking of Johanna, as she said, "She'll go with you. Have your seat, Doctor; she's getting ready and will be here in a few minutes."

The Doctor made a glad gesture. "I know how hard it must be for you to do without her," he said, "but if you can get along somehow for three or four days, why—you know she's away yonder the best nurse in the three counties—it'll make a world of difference to my patient."

"I hope he'll like her ways," replied the young mistress. "There's so much in that."

"Don't fear!" laughed the Doctor. "He hasn't looked so pleased since he first took sick as he did when I told him I was going to fetch her. By the by, how do you sleep since I changed yo' medicine this last time; no better? Ain't yo' appetite improved any? I still think the secret of all yo' trouble is malaria; I haven't a doubt you brought it with you from the North! I wish I could find as good an explanation of yo' father's condition.—I just declare it's an outrage on the rights of a plain old family chills-and-fever doctor, for a lot of you folks to be havin' these here sneakin' nerve and brain things that

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calomel an' quinine can't—O! here's Johanna."

On his way through town again, with the black maid beside him in his battered top buggy, he paused at the Tombs's gate, hailed by the fond old Parson. "You haven't got her? Why, so you have!—'Howdy, Johanna, you're a bless'n' here to night,' as the hymn says. Doctor, I hope an' trust an' pray Sister Proudfit's attack won't turn out serious——?"

The Doctor was surprised. "*I* ain't been called to her; didn't know she was sick."

"Well, I say!" exclaimed the Parson. "Why, it's all over town that you *wuz*, and that you found her so prostrated with relaxation of the nerves that her husband couldn't hold her still! You've heard, of co'se, that he's got back at last? Isn't it pathetic? I've been talkin' about it to Brother Garnet—you passed him just now, didn't you?—and as he says, her husband goes off, a walkin' ruin, to be gone three months, stays twelve, and arrives back totally unexpected on this mawnin's six-o'clock train, a-callin' himself *cu'ud!* Brother Coffin, *you* don't believe that, *do* you? Why, as Brother Garnet says, the drinkin' habit is as much a moral as a physical sickness, and the man that can make common talk of it in his own case to ev'y Tom, Dick, and Harry, evm down to the niggehs, ain't so much as tetched the deepest root uv his trouble, much less cu-ud! Why, Doctor, Brother Garnet see him, himself!—a-tellin' that C'nelius Leggett!—and pulled him away! Po' Brother Garnet! Johanna, I wish, betwixt the Doctor an' you, you could make him look betteh. His load of usefulness is too great. I declare, Brother Coffin, he was that tiud this evenin' that evm here, where you'd expect him to seem fresh and happy in his new joy, he looked as if, if it wa'n't faw the wrong of the thing, he'd almost be willin' to call upon the rocks and the mountains to fall on him and hide him. —But I mustn't detain you!"

The physician drove on, and by and by was leaving directions with Johanna and her protectors, Tom Hersey and his wife. "And, Tom, mind you, *no visitors*. It's his own wish. Good-night.—O!—that young Mr. Fair. March tells me he's expected him any time within the next few days, to help lay the corner-stone of this new building up at the colored college; Fair Hall, yes. Whenever he comes take him right up to see March. I promised John you would!"

LXXXII

"LINES OF LIGHT ON A SULLEN SEA"

FROM the first hour of Johanna's attendance March began to mend. Whence she came, whither she went, as she moved in and out so pleasantly, he never thought to ask, and never found out that her bed was a pallet laid on the stair-landing just at his door.

The young bloods down in the street were keenly amused. "Doctor, if he was anybody but John March, aw she anybody but Johanna"—the rest was too funny for words. "How is he to-day, anyhow? Improving rap'—well! good fo' that! Come, gentlemen, let's—Come, Shot. Doctor, won't you——" And as they went they all agreed that the dark maiden's invincible modesty was like some "subtle emana-ation," as Shotwell expressed it, which charmed all evil out of the grossest eye.

True it was, in the convalescent's case, that while Johanna's mere doings had their curative value, her simple presence had more. Yet her greatest healing was in her words; in what she told him. She only answered questions; but these he lightly plied on any and every trivial matter that promised to lead up—or around—to one subject which seemed to allure him without cessation. Yet always at her first pause after entering upon any phase of this topic, he would say, "But that's not what—hem!—I was speaking of," and, starting once more, at any distance away, would begin to steal yet another approach toward the same enticing theme.

So the brief time of her appointed service came to its end, neither the Doctor, nor the convalescent, nor even her young mistress, for one moment

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imagining what dear delight, yet withal what saintly martyrdom to Johanna this three days' task had been.

In its last hour, when she, to end all well, prepared and brought up the captive's evening meal, she found him sitting up in bed talking to Henry Fair.

"Doctor thinks I can go down to my office Monday. Yes, I knew what ailed me better than he did. I began to recover the moment I quit trying to convince the Lord that He ought to run this world in my private interest. Ah! Johanna, so this is the last, is it? I'm pow'ful sorry! Mr. Fair, you remember Johanna, don't you?"

Mr. Fair remembered, the maid courtesied, and March, a trifle unduly animated, ran on—"Johanna's the salt of the earth, Mr. Fair. Don't often see the best salt of that color, do you?" Then more seriously, dropping his tone —"O! you know, if my chief concern were still, as it was at first, to recover my fortunes, or even to vindicate my abilities, I reckon I could make out to accept defeat—almost. For, really, I'm just about the only sufferer—outwardly, at least. Of course, there's an awful shrinkage here, but all our home people have made net gains — unless it is Proudfit; I—eh—Johanna, you needn't stay in here; don't go beyond call."

The maid closed the door after her, took her accustomed rocking-chair and needle on the stair-landing, and, being quite as human as if she had been white, listened. Fair's words were very indistinct, but March's came through the thin door-panels as clean as rifle-balls. "O! yes," was one of his replies, "I know that with even nothing left but the experiences, I'm a whole world richer, in things that make a real manhood and life, than when I was land-poor with my hundred thousand acres. As far as *I* am concerned, I can afford to deny myself all the reprisals, and revenges too, that litigations could ever give me. I've got sixty acres of Widewood to begin over with—By Jo'! He let go a feverish laugh—Garnet, himself, began with less!"

"If I come to that," he added, "I've got, besides, a love of study and a talent for teaching, two things that he never had." Fair asked a question and he laughed again. "O! no, it was only a passing thought. If anybody 'busts Rosemont wide open' it'll have to be Leggett. O! no, I——" He played with his spoon.

Fair's response must have been complimentary. "Thank you," said March; "why, thank you!" Then the visitor spoke again and the convalescent replied:

"Ah! a 'diligent and vigilant patience'—yes, I don't doubt it would serve me best—provided, my dear sir, it didn't turn out to be simply a virtue of impotency; or, worse yet, what I once heard called 'the thrifty discretion of a short-winded courage!'"

When Fair responded this time March let him speak long. Johanna bent her ear anxiously. Her patient seemed to be neglecting his food; but as he began to reply she resumed her needle.

"Fair," she heard him say, "—why—why, Fair, that's a mighty handsome offer to come from such a prudent business man as you. My George! sir, men don't often put such valuable freight into a boat that's aground. Why—why, you spoil my talk; I positively don't know what—what to say!" There was a choke in his voice. Fair made some answer which March gratefully cut short.

"O! I wish I could! It hurts me all over and through to decline it. But I must; I've got to! 'Think it over' —O! I've thought it over probably before you ever thought of it at all! I know my capabilities. I'm not in such a fierce hurry for things as I used to be, but I've got what brains I ever had—and spine, too—and I know that even without your offer there's a better chance for me North than here. But—O! it's no use, Fair, I just can't go! I mustn't! Yes. Yes. O! yes, I know all that, but, my dear sir, I can't afford —You know, this Suez soil isn't something I can shake off my shoes as you might. George! I'm part of it! I'm not Quixotic—not a bit! I'm only choosing between two sorts of selfishness, one not quite so narrow as the other; but—I've got to stay here."

Fair, after a short silence, asked if that was his only reason.

"Only reason? Why — why, yes,

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that's my only reason! To be sure, there's a sense in which — why, conscience! isn't it enough? O! of course, I could *think up* other considerations, but they're not reasons — I don't allow them to bias me at all! Fact is, I was never before quite so foot-free. Why did you ask? Did you fancy I might be contemplating marriage? O, go 'long! why, my good gracious, Fair, I—it's an honest fact—I haven't even *been to see* one marriageable girl since I came back from Europe! No, the reason I give is *the* reason. It covers everything else.

"O! if you are thinking of debts, I could cancel them at least as fast if I went as if I stayed. They're not large, the money debts. O! no; it's—Fair—I spent a year in Europe coaxing men to leave their mother-country for better wages in this. Of course, that was all right. But it brought one thing to my notice: that when our value is not mere —wages, it isn't every man who's got the unqualified right to pick up and put out just whenever he gets ready. Look out that window. There's the college where for five years I got my education — at half price!—and with money borrowed here in Suez! Look out this one. Mr. Fair, right down there in those streets truth and justice are lying wounded and half-dead, and the public conscience is being drugged! We Southerners, Fair, don't believe one man's as good as another; we think one man in his right place is worth a thousand who can't fill it. My place is here!—No! let me finish; I'm not fatigued at all! How I'm to meet this issue God only knows, but who'll even try to do it if I don't? Halliday's too far off. Ravenel looks on as silent as a gallows! Proudfit—poor old Proudfit hasn't been sober since the day he got home. Father Tombs has grown timid and slow-sighted, and the whole people, Fair, the whole people! have let themselves be seduced in the purse and are this day betrayed as foully in their fortunes as in their souls!" The speaker ended in a high key. He was trembling with nervous exhaustion. In an effort to jerk higher in the pillow his knee struck the tray, the crockery slid and crashed, and Johanna found him in the middle of the room, fiercely shaking the skirt of his dressing-gown.

"O! never mind me; get the milk out of the bed!"

She saw how over-wrought he was, yet turned to obey. Fair, to aid her, snatched away the pillows. A small thing from under them fluttered out upon the carpet and lay before the three. With a despairing murmur the invalid picked it up, and the two men stood facing each other. Fair colored slightly, March slowly crimsoned. Then Fair smiled. March smiled too, but foolishly. Johanna made herself very busy with the bed, but she saw all. Fair pushed forward a rocking-chair, into which March sank. With gentle insistence Fair drew from March's hand the worn photograph—for such it was —leaned against a window and gazed on it, while March turned his brow into the cushioned back of his chair and wept as comfortably as any girl.

Johanna took out the tray and its wreck, and in a moment was back with fresh sheets. March had lain down on the bare mattress and, with his cheek on a pillow, was smiling in mild amusement at Fair's account of a brief talk had with Leggett while the train waited at Pulaski City.

"Yes," said March, moving enough to let the bed be made, "he pretends to keep a restaurant there now; but where he gets all the money he spends is more than I can make out, unless it's from men who can't afford to let him tell what he knows."

A servant of the house tapped at the door and said Major Garnet was in the office, waiting for Johanna. March rose to his elbow and gave her a hand.

"Why, I sha'n't ever know how to be sick without you any mo'!" he said, as her dark fingers slipped timidly from his friendly hold. "Johanna!—now—now, don't you go tellin' things you'd oughtn't to; will you?"

"No, seh," came from the maid slowly, yet with a suspicious readiness quite out of keeping with the limp diffidence of her attitude.

"Hold on a moment, Johanna," he called, as she turned to go. "Just wait an instant—sounds like——" He rose higher. Fair stepped to the west win-

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dow. Loud words were coming from the sidewalk under it. March started eagerly. "That's Proudfit's——" Before he could finish the bang of a pistol rang, evidently in the office door, another, farther within, roared up through the house, and a third and fourth reechoed it amid the wailings of Johanna as she flew down the stairs, crying:

"Mahs John Wesley! O Lawdy, Lawdy! Mahs John Wesley! Mahs John Wesley!"

At the same instant came Tom Hersey's voice, remote, but clear:

"Stop! Great God! Stop! don't you see he's dying?"

Fair was already on the staircase and March was whipping on his boots, when Shotwell, coming up by leaps, waived them back into the room. "It's all ova, Mr. Fair. Po' Proudy's gone, John. He fi-ud an' missed, an' got Garnet's first bullet in his heart an' the othe's close to it. Garnet's locked himself into Tom Hersey's private room an' sent for Fatheh Tombs, to——"

"Fair!" interrupted March, "go! Go tell her he's safe and will not be—interfered with! I'll make your word good; go, Fair, go!"

But Fair answered with hardly less emotion, "I cannot, March! It isn't a man's errand! It isn't a man's errand!"

"Take Mrs. Ravenel!" cried March, and read quick assent in his friend's face. "But make her go dressed as she is; you've got to outrun rumor! Captain, go tell Tom to give him Firefly, won't you? She's mine, Fair," he continued, following to the stairs; "she's the mare I cured for Bulger; perfectly gentle, only—Fair!—don't touch her with the whip!"

"If you do," drawled Shotwell to Fair, as they hurried down into the lamplight, "you'll think the devil's inside of her with the jimjams. Still, she's lovely as long as you don't. Ah me! this is no time to jest! Po' Proudfit! He leaves a spotless characteh!"

Through the unnatural bustle amid which Crickwater at the door of the closed office stood answering or ignoring questions and showing his intimates where Proudfit's wild shot had chopped out a large lock of his hair, they went to Hersey's door and so on to the stable. "Garnet's the man to pity, Mr. Fair. I couldn't say it befo' March, who's got family reasons—through his motheh—faw savin' Garnet whateveh he can of his splendid reputa-ation, but I'm mighty 'fraid they won't be a rag of it left, seh, big enough faw a gun-wad! Mr. Fair, you've got a hahd drive befo' you, seh, an' if you'll allow me to suggest it, seh, I think it would be only wise, befo' you staht, faw us to take a drink, seh."

"Thank you," said the Northerner, "I hardly think— Do you suppose Major Garnet's firing those last two shots after——"

"Will ruin him? O Lawd, not that! We all know, and always have, that he's perfectly cra-azy when he's enra-aged. No, my deah seh, Miz Proudfit has confessed! She says——"

"Are you not surprised that Major Garnet was armed?" Fair interrupted.

"O! no, seh, Colonel Proudfit was too much of a gentleman to be lookin' faw a man, with a gun, an' not send him word! And, besides, Miz Proudfit's revela-ations——"

But the horse and buggy were ready, and at last March—to whom, as he stood at his window fully dressed, the few moments had seemed an hour—saw Fair drive swiftly by and fade into the gloom. Charlie Champion came toward the hotel, bringing Parson Tombs. March put on his hat, but for many minutes only paced the darkening room. Finally he started for the stairs, and halfway down them met the Doctor.

"Why, bless my soul, John," he goodnaturedly cried, "this is quite *too* fast."

"I reckon not, Doctor; I believe I'm well. I don't understand it, but it's so." He endured the Doctor's hand for a moment on his wrist and temples.

"Why, I declare!" laughed the physician with noisy pleasure, "I believe yo' right!" As they descended he explained how such recoveries are possible and why they are so rare; citing from medical annals a case or two whose mention John thought very unflattering.

"I should like to know what's become of Johanna," said March at the foot of the stairs.

"Johanna? O they say she ran all the way to Fannie Ravenel's, and they

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harnessed up the fast colt and put off for Rosemont, Johanna driving!"

"Why, of course! I might have known it! But"—John stopped—"Why, then, where's Fair?"

"O I saw him. He drove on to overtake 'em. He'll have a job of it!"

"He can do it," said March, picturing the chase to himself. "But I—I wonder what—This is no time—Why—why, what did he want to do it for?"

"O he may have had the best of reasons," said the amiable Doctor, and departed.

Outside a certain door—"Why, John March!" murmured Tom Hersey. The voices of Garnet and Parson Tombs could be heard within. They ceased as the landlord modestly rattled the knob, and when he gave the visitor's name Garnet's voice said:

"Ask him in."

As March entered, only Parson Tombs rose to meet him. He had a large handkerchief in his fingers, his eyes were very red, and he gave his hand in silence. Garnet, too, had been weeping. He shaded his downcast eyes from the lamp. March had determined to give himself no time for feelings, but his voice was suddenly not his own as he began, "Major Garnet," and stopped, while Garnet slowly lifted his face until the light shone on it. March stood still and felt his heart heave between loathing and compassion; for on that lamp-lit face one hour of public shame had written more guilt than years of secret perfidy and sin, and the question rushed upon the young man's mind, Can this be the author of all my misfortunes and the father of?—he quenched the thought and driving back a host of memories said:

"Major, Doctor Sexton has just pronounced me well. I am at your disposal, sir, for anything that ought to be done."

Garnet shaded his eyes again. "Thank you, John," was his subdued reply. "It's such a clear case of self-defense—I hear there will be no arrest. Still, I shall remain here to-night. Johanna's gone home, I believe. There's only one thing, the deepest yearning of my heart, John; but before I ask that boon, I want you to know, John, that I acknowledge my sin! my awful, awful sin of years! O my God! my God! why did I do it?"

Parson Tombs wept again. "He's confessed everything, John," he said with eager tenderness.

"God knows," responded Garnet "God knows I never concealed it but to save others from misery! and while I concealed it I could not master it! Now I have purged my sin-blackened soul of all its hideous secret and evil purpose! The thorn in my flesh is plucked out and I cast myself on the mercy of God and the charity of His people!"

"Pra-aise Gawd!" murmured Parson Tombs, "no sinneh eveh done that in va-ain!"

"O John," moaned Garnet, "God only knows what I've suffered and must suffer! But it's all right! all right! I pray He may lop off every unfruitful branch of my life—honors, possessions—till nothing is left but Rosemont, the lowly work He called me to Himself! Let Him make me as one of his hired servants! But, John," he continued while March stood dumb with wonder at his swift loss of subtlety, "I want you to know also that I feel no resentment—I cannot—O I cannot—against her who shares my guilt and shame!"

"Great Heaven!" murmured March, with a start as if to turn away.

"No, thank God! her vanity and jealousy can drive me to no more misdeeds! She made me send Mademoiselle Eglantine to Europe, when she knew I had to sell her husband's stock in both companies to bribe the woman to go! John, the cause of her betraying me to him at last was my faithful refusal to break off my engagement with your mother!"

"Major Garnet, I prefer——"

"Will you tell your mother that, John? It's the one thing you can do for me! Tell her I beseech her in the name of a love——"

"Stop!" murmured March in a voice that quivered with repulsion.

"—A love that has dared all, and lost all, for hers——"

"Stop!" said John again, and Garnet turned a beseeching eye upon the Pastor.

"John," tearfully said the old man,

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"let us not yield to ow feelings when the cry of a soul in shipwreck"—he stopped to swallow his emotions. "Ow penitent brother o'ny asks you to bear his message. It's natu'al he should cling to the one pyo tie that holds him to us. O John, 'in wrath remembeh mercy!' An' yet you may be the nearest right, God knows! O brethren, let's kneel and ask him faw equal love an' wisdom!"

Garnet rose to kneel, but March put out a protesting hand. "I wouldn't do that, sir." The tone was gentle, almost compassionate. "I don't suppose God would strike you dead, but—I wouldn't do it, sir." He turned to go, and, glancing back unexpectedly, saw on Garnet's face a look so evil that it haunted him for years.

LXXXIII

BARBARA FINDS THE RHYME

BARBARA walked along the slender road in front of Rosemont's grove. The sun was gone. Her father had not arrived yet with Johanna, but she questioned every stir of the air for the sound of their coming. A yearning which commonly lay very still in her bosom and ought in these two long years to have got reconciled to its lovely prison, was up once more in silent mutiny.

With slow self-compulsion she turned toward the house. The dim, vacated dormitories grew large against the fading after-glow. The thrush's song ceased. Remotely from the falling slope beyond the unlighted house the voices of a negro boy and girl, belated in the milking-pen, came to her ear more lightly than the gurgle of the shallow creek so near her feet. Suddenly the cry of the whip-Will's-widow filled the grove—"whip-Will's-widow! whip-Will's-widow! whip-Will's-widow!"—in headlong importunity until the whole air sobbed and quivered with the overcharge of its melancholy passion. Then as abruptly it was hushed, the echoes died, and Barbara, at the grove gate, recalled the other twilight hour, a counterpart of this in all but its sadness, when, on this spot, she had bidden John March come the next day to show Widewood to Henry Fair.

And now Henry Fair, "some day soon" his unexpected letter said, was to come again. And she was letting him come. One of his sweet mother's letters—always so welcome—had ever so delicately hinted a hope that she would do so, the fond mother affectionately imputing to the father's wisdom the feeling that Henry's present life contained more uncertainties than were good for his, or anyone's, future. He was coming at last for her final word, and in her meditations, his patient constancy, like a great ambassador, pleaded mightily in advance.

Henry Fair, gentle, strong, and true, will come; *the other* never comes. The explanation is very simple: she has made it to Johanna twice within the year; a strained relation—it happens among the best of men—between him and Rosemont's master. Besides, Mr. March, she says, visits nowhere. He is, as Fannie herself testifies, more completely out of all Suez's little social eddies than even the overtasked young mistress of Rosemont, and does nothing day or night but buffet the flood of his adversities. As she reminds herself of these things now, she recalls Fannie's praise of his "indomitable pluck," and feels a new, warm courage around her own heart. For as long as men can show valor, she gravely reflects, surely women can have fortitude. How small a right, at best—how little honest room—there is in this huge world of strifes and sorrows for a young girl's heart to go breaking itself with its own grief and longing.

The right thing is, of course, to forget. She should! She must! But—she has said so every evening and morning for two years. Old man! old woman! do you remember what two years meant when you were in the early twenties? Even yet, with the two years gone, by hard crowding of the hours with cares, as a ship crowds sail or steam, it seems at times as if her forgetting were about to make headway; but just then the unexpected happens—merely the unexpected. O why not the romantic? She hears him praised or blamed; or, as now, he is ill; or she meets him in a

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dream; or between midnight and dawn she cannot sleep; or, worst of all, by some sad mischance she sees him, close by, in a throng or in a public way—for an instant—and, when it is too late, knows by his remembered look that he wanted to speak; and the flood lifts and sweeps her back, and she must begin again. The daylight hours are the easiest; there is so much to do and see done, and just the dear, lost, silent-hearted mother's ways to follow. One can manage everything but the twilights with their death of day, their hush of birds, the mind gazing back into the past and the heart asking unanswerable questions of the future. For the evenings there are books—though not all; especially not Herrick, any more; nor Tennyson, for it opens of itself at "Mariana," who wept, "I am aweary, aweary. Oh, God, that I were dead!"

Barbara walked again. Moving at a slow pace, so, one can more soberly—She heard wheels. A quarter of a mile away they rumbled on a small bridge and were unheard again, and while she still listened to hear them on the ground others sounded on the bridge. She hurried back to the steps of the house and had hardly reached them when Johanna drove into the grove and Fannie's voice called,

"Is that you, Barb?"

"Yes. Where's pop-a? Has anything happened?"

"He's got to stay in town to-night. Barb," said the visitor, springing to the ground, "Mr. Fair's just behind. He's only come so's to take me back to my baby."

"Fannie, something's happened!"

"Yes, Barb, dear, come into the house."

About midnight—"Doctor, her head hasn't stopped that motion since it touched the pillow," murmured Fannie. Fair had gone back and brought the physician. But the patient was soon drugged to slumber, and Fannie and Fair started for town to return early in the morning. The Doctor and Johanna watched out the night. At dawn Fair rose from a sleepless couch.

At sunrise he could hear no sound through March's door; but as he left the hotel he saw Leggett come up from the train, tap at Garnet's door and go in.

Barbara awoke in a still bliss of brain, yet wholly aware of what had befallen.

"Johanna"—the maid showed herself—"Has Miss Fannie gone home?"

"Yass'm. But she comin' back. She be here ve'y soon now, I reckon."

Barbara accepted a small cup of very black coffee. When it was drunk, "Johanna," she said, with slow voice and gentle gaze, "were you in the hotel?"

"Yass'm," murmured the maid. "I uz in Mr. March's room. He uz talkin' wid Mr. Fair, an' knock' his suppeh by acci*dent* onto de flo', an'"—she withdrew into herself, consulted her conscience, and returned. "Miss Barb——"

"What, Johanna?"

Johanna told.

Long after she was done her mistress lay perfectly still gazing into vacancy. But the moment Fannie was alone with her, she dragged the kind visitor's neck down to her lips and with unaccountable blushes mingled her tears with bitter moanings.

By and by—"And, Fannie, dear, *make* them stay to breakfast. And thank Mr. Fair for me as sweetly as you can. I don't know how I can ever repay him!"

"Don't you?" dryly ventured Fannie; but her friend's smile was so sad that she went no farther. Tears sprang to her eyes, as Barbara, slowly taking her hand, said,

"Of course pop-a can't keep Rosemont now. If he tries to begin a new life, Fannie, wherever it is, I shall stay with him."

Fair gave the day mainly to the annual meeting of the trustees at Suez University. The corner-stone was not to be laid until the morrow. March re-opened his office, but did almost no work, owing to the steady stream of callers from all round the square coming to wish him well with handshake and laugh, and with jests which more or less subtly implied their conviction that he was somehow master of the hour. When Ravenel came others slipped out, although he pleasantly remarked that they need not, and those who looked in later and saw the two men sitting face to face drew back. "That thing last night," said Weed to Usher, going to the door of their store to throw his

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quid into the street, "givm the *Courier* about the hahdest kick in the ribs she evva got." But no one divined Ravenel's errand, unless Garnet darkly suspected it as he waited beside Jeff-Jack's desk for its owner's return, to ask him for ten thousand dollars on a mortgage of his half of Widewood, with which to quiet, he serenely explained, any momentary alarm among holders of his obligations. And even Garnet did not guess that Ravenel would not have telegraphed, as he did, to a bank in Pulaski City in which he was director, to grant the loan, had not John March just declined his offer of a third interest in the *Courier*.

At evening March and Fair dined together in Hotel Swanee. They took a table at a window and talked but little, and then softly, with a placid gravity, on trivial topics, keeping serious ones for a better privacy, though all other guests had eaten and gone. Only Shotwell, unaware of their presence, lingered over his pie and discussed Garnet's affair with the head waitress, an American lady. He read to her, on the all-absorbing theme, from the Pulaski City *Clarion;* whose editor, while mingling solemn reprobations with amazed regrets, admitted that a sin less dark than David's had been confessed from the depths of David's repentance. In return she would have read him the Suez *Courier's* much fuller history of the whole matter; but he had read it, and with a kindly smile condemned it as "suspended in a circumaambient air of edito'ial silence."

"I know not what co'se othe's may take, my dea' madam, but as faw me, give me neither poverty naw riches; give me political indispensibility; the pa-apers have drawn the mantle of charity ove' 'im, till it covers him like a cir cus tent."

"Ah! but what'll his church do?" The lady bent from her chair and tied her slipper.

"My dea' madam, what *can* she do? She th'ows up—excuse the figgeh—she th'ows up, I say, her foot to kick him out; he tearfully ketches it in his ha-and an' retains it with the remahk, 'I repent!' What *can* his church do? She can do jest one thing!"

"What's that?" asked the lady, gathering his dishes without rising.

"Why, she can make him marry Miz Proudfit!"

The lady got very red. "Capm Shotwell, I'll thaynk you not to allude to that person to me again, seh!" She jerked one knee over the other and folded her arms.

"My dea' madam! I was thoughtless! Fawgive me!" The Captain stood up. "I'm not myself to-day. Not but what I'm sobeh; but I—oh, I'm in trouble! But what's that to you?" He pulled his soft hat picturesquely over his eyes, and starting out, discovered March and Fair. He looked sadly mortified as he saluted them, but quickly lighted up again and called March aside.

"John, do you know what Charlie Champion's been doin'? He's been tryin' to get up a sort o' syndicate to buy Rosemont and make you its pres—O now, now, ca'm yo'self, he's give it up; we all wish it, but you know, John, how ow young men always ah; dead broke, you know. An' besides, anyhow, Garnet may ruin Rosemont, but, as Jeff-Jack says, he'll neveh sell it. It's his tail-holt. Eh—eh—one moment, John, I want to tell you anotheh thing. You've always been sich a good friend—John, I've p'posed to Miss Mahtha-r again, an' she's rejected me, as usual. I knew you'd be glad to hear it." He smiled through his starting tears. "But she cried, John, she did!—said she'd neveh ma' anybody else!"

"Ah, Shot, you're making a pretty bad flummux of it!"

"Yes, John, I know I am—p'posin' by da-aylight! It don't work! But, you know, when I wait until evenin' I ain't in any condition. Still, I'll neveh p'pose to her by da-aylight again! I don't believe Eve would 'a' ma'd Adam if he'd p'posed by da-aylight."

The kind Captain passed out. He spent the night in his room with our friend the commercial traveller, who, at one in the morning, was saying to him for the tenth time,

"I came isstantly! For whareverss Garness' troubl'ss my trouble! I can't tell you why; thass my secret; I say thass my secret! Fill up again; this

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shocksh too much for me! Capm—want to ask you one thing: *Muss* I be carried to the skies on flowry bedge of ease while Garnet *fighss* to win the prize 'n' sails through bloody seas? Sing that, Capm! I'll line it! You sing it!" Shotwell sang; his companion wept. So they closed their sad festivities; not going to bed, but sleeping on their arms, like the stern heroes they were.

"Why, look at the droves of ow own people!" laughed Captain Champion at the laying of the corner-stone. And after it, "Yes, Mr. Fair's address was fi-ine! But faw me, Miz Ravenel, do you know I liked just those few words of John March evm betteh?"

"They wa'n't so few," drawled Lazarus Graves, "but what they put John on the shelf."

The hot Captain flashed. "Politically, yes, seh! On the *top* shelf, where we sa-ave up ow best men faw ow worst needs, seh!"

Fair asked March to take a walk. They went without a word until they sat down on the edge of a wood. Then Fair said,

"March, I have a question to ask you. —Why don't you try?"

"Fair, she won't ever let me! She's as good as told me, up and down, I mustn't. And *now* I can't! I'm penniless, and part of her inheritance will be my lost lands. I can't ignore that; I haven't got the moral courage! Besides, Fair, I know that if she takes you, there's an end of all her troubles and a future worthy of her—as far as any future can be. What sort of a fellow would I be—Oh, mind you! if I had the faintest reason to think she'd rather have me than you, I George! sir——" He sprang up and began to spurn the bark off a stump with a strength of leg that made it fly. "Fair, tell me! Are you going to offer yourself, notwithstanding all?"

"Yes. Yes; if the letter I expect from home to-morrow, and which I telegraphed them to write, is what I make no doubt it will be; yes."

March gazed at his companion and slowly and soberly smiled. "Fair," he softly exclaimed, "I wish I had your head! Lord! Fair, I wish I had your chance!"

"Ah! no," was the gentle reply, "I wish one or the other were far better."

A third sun had set before Barbara walked again at the edge of the grove. Two or three hours earlier her father had at last come home, and as she saw the awful change in his face and the vindictive gleam with which he met her recognition of it, she knew they were no longer father and daughter. The knowledge pierced like a slow knife, and yet brought a sense of relief—of release—that shamed her until she finally fled into the open air as if from suffocation. There she watched the west grow dark and the stars fill the sky while thoughts shone, vanished, and shone again in soft confusion like the fireflies in the grove. Only one continued—that now she might choose her future. Her father had said so with an icy venom which flashed fire as he added, "But if you quit Rosemont now, so help me God, you shall never own it, if I have to put it to the torch on my dying bed!"

She heard something and stepped into hiding. What rider could be coming at this hour? John March? Henry Fair? It was neither. As he passed in at the gate she shrank, gasped, and presently followed. Warily she rose up the front steps, stole to the parlor blinds, and, peering in, saw her father pay five crisp thousand dollar bills to Cornelius Leggett.

In her bed Barbara thought out the truth; that Cornelius still held some secret of her father's; that in smaller degree he had been drawing hush money for years; and that he had concluded that any more he could hope to plunder from the blazing ruin of his living treasury must be got quickly, and in one levy, ere it fell. But what that secret might be she strove in vain to divine. One lurking memory, that would neither show its shape nor withdraw its shadow, haunted her ringing brain. The clock struck twelve; then one; then two; and then she slept.

And then, naturally and easily, without a jar between true cause and effect, the romantic happened! The memory took form in a dream and the dream became a key to revelation. When Johanna brought her mistress's coffee she

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found her sitting up in bed. On her white lap lay an old reticule of fawnskin. She had broken the clasp of its inner pocket, and held in her hand a rudely scrawled paper whose blue ink and strutting signature the unlettered maid knew at a glance was from her old-time persecutor, Cornelius. It was the letter her father had dropped under the chair when she was a child. Across its face were still the bold figures of his own pencil, and from its blue lines stared out the *secret*.

Garnet breakfasted alone and rode off to town. The moment he was fairly gone Johanna was in the saddle, charged by her mistress with the delivery of a letter which she was "on no account to show or mention to anyone but ——"

"Yass'm," meekly said Johanna, and rode straight to the office of John March.

A kind greeting met her as she entered, but it was from Henry Fair, and he was alone. He, too, had been reading a letter, a long one in a lady's writing, and seemed full of a busy satisfaction. Mr. March, he said, had ridden out across the river, but would be back very shortly. "Johanna, I may have to go to-night. I wonder if it's too early in the day for me to call on Miss Garnet?"

"No-o, seh," drawled the conscientious maid, longing to say it was, "H-it's early but I don't reckon it's *too* early," and was presently waiting for Mr. March, alone.

Hours passed. He did not come. She got starving hungry, yet waited on. Men would open the door, look in, see or not see her sitting in the nearest corner, and close it again. About two o'clock she slipped out to the Hotel Swanee, thinking she might find him at dinner. They said he had just dined and gone to his office. She hurried back, found it empty, and sat down again to wait. Another hour passed, and suddenly the door swung in and to again, and John March halted before his desk. He did not see her. His attitude was as if he might wheel and retrace his steps.

Mrs. March had broken off her engagement promptly. But when Garnet, by mail, still flattered and begged, the poetess, with no notion of relenting, but in her love of dramatic values and the gentle joy of perpetuating a harrowing suspense, had parleyed; and only just now had her tyrannical son forced a conclusion unfavorable to the unfortunate suitor. So here in his office March smote his brow and exclaimed,

"O my dear mother! that what is best for you should be so bad for me! Ahem! Why—why, howdy, Johanna. Hmm!"

With silent prayers and tremors the girl watched him read the letter. At the first line he sank into his chair, amazed and pale. "My Lord!" he murmured, and read on. "O my Lord! it can't be! Why, how?—why—O it sha'n't be! —O—hem! Johanna, you can go 'long home, there's no answer; I'll be there before you."

At the post-office March reined in his horse while Deacon Usher brought out a drop letter from Henry Fair. But he galloped as he read it, and did not again slacken speed till he turned into the campus—except once. At the far edge of the battle-field, on that ridge where in childhood he had first met Garnet, he overtook and passed him now. As he went by he slowed to a trot, but would not have spoken had Garnet not glared on him like a captured hawk. The young man's blood boiled. He stood up in his stirrups.

"Don't look at me that way, sir; I've just learned your whole miserable little secret and expect to keep it for you." He galloped on. When, presently, he looked behind, Garnet had turned back —to find Leggett. That search was vain. Cornelius and his "Delijah," kissing their hands to their creditors, were already well on their way into that most exhilarating of all conundrums, the wide, wide world.

Before Barbara came down-stairs to see Mr. March she sent him Leggett's letter. Cornelius had caught scent of the facts in it from Uncle Leviticus's traditions and had found them in the county archives, which he had early learned the trick of exploring. The two Ezra Jaspers, cousins, one the grantee of Widewood, the other of Suez, had had, each, a generous ambition to found a college. He of Suez—the town that was to be—selected for his prospective seat of learning

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a parcel of sixty acres close against the western line of Widewood. Whereupon the grantee of Widewood good-naturedly, as well as more wisely, "took up" near the Suez tract the sixty acres which eventually became Rosemont. Both pieces lay on the same side of the same creek and were both in Clearwater County, as was much, though not the most, of Widewood. Moreover, both were in the same "section" and "range," and in their whole description differed scarcely more than by an N and an S, one being in the northwest and the other in the southwest corner of the same township. On the ill-kept county records these twin college sites early got mixed. When Garnet founded Rosemont his friends in office promised to tax that public benefaction as gently as they dared, and he was only grateful and silent, not surprised, when his tax-bill showed no increase at all. But while Rosemont was still small and poor and he seriously embarrassed by the costs of an unsuccessful election, came this letter of Leggett's to open his eyes and complete his despair. There across it were his own pencillings of volume and page to show that he had seen the record. In one of his mad moments and in the hopeful conviction that the mulatto would soon get himself shot or hung, he paid him to keep still. From that time on, making Leggett's silence just a little more golden than his speech, he had, "in bad faith," as the lawyers say, been pouring all his gains, not worse spent, into property built on land belonging to the Widewood estate. When Judge March found his Clearwater taxes high, he was only glad to see any of his lands growing in value. When John came into possession, Garnet, his party being once more in power, had cunningly arranged for Rosemont not to be taxed on its improvements, but only on its land, and March discovered nothing. In the land boom Garnet kept the odd sixty acres, generally supposed to be a part of Widewood, out of sight, and induced John to deed it to his mother. But when John came back from Europe landless, there arose the new risk that he might persuade her to sell the odd sixty acres, and, on looking into the records to get its description, find himself and his mother the legal owners of Rosemont.

"That's why the villain was so anxious to marry her!" said John to himself audibly as he paced up and down in the Rosemont parlor.

"Mr. March," said Barbara's slow voice. She had entered as he spoke.

"Miss—Miss Garnet!"

"Please be seated." There was a tempest in her heart, but her words were measured and low. "You were very kind to come." She dragged her short sentences and at the same time crowded them upon each other as if afraid to let him speak. He sat, a goodly picture of deferential attention, starving to see again her old-time gaze; but she kept her eyes on the floor. "Mr. March, of course—of course, this is terrible to—me. I only say it because I don't want to seem heartless to—others—when I tell you I thank God—O please don't speak yet, sir"—her hands trembled—"I thank God this thing has come to light. For my dear father's own sake I am glad, gladder than I can tell, that he has lost Rosemont. The loss may save him. But I'm glad, too, Mr. March, that it's come to you—please hear me—and to your mother. Of course I know your lost Widewood isn't all here; but so much of it is. I wish——"

March stopped her with a gesture. "I will not—O I cannot—hear any more! I'm ashamed to have let you say so much! Rosemont is yours and shall stay yours! That's what I came to say. Two properties were exchanged by accident when each was about as near worthless as the other, and your mother's family and my father's have lived up to the mistake and have stood by it for three generations. I will not take it! My mother will not! She renounced it this morning! Do you understand?"

Barbara gave a start of pain and murmured, "I do." Her heart burned with the knowledge that he was waiting for her uplifted glance. He began again.

"The true value of Rosemont never came out of Widewood. It's the coined wealth of your mother's character and yours!" He ceased in a sudden rage of love as he saw the colors of the rose deepen slowly on the beautiful half-

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averted face, and then, for very trepidation, hurried on. "O understand me, I will not be robbed! Major Garnet cannot have Rosemont. But no one shall ever know I have not bought it of him. And it shall first be yours; yours in law and trade as it is now in right. Then, if you will, you who have been its spirit and soul shall be so still. But if you will not, then we, my mother and I, will buy it of you at a fair price. For, Miss—Miss——"

"Barb—" she murmured.

"O thank you!" cried he. "A thousand times! And a thousand times I promise you I'll never misunderstand you again! But—hem!—to return to the subject; Miss Barb—I—O well, I was going to add merely that—that, eh—I—hem!—that, eh—O—However!" She raised her eyes and he turned crimson as he stammered, "I—I—I've forgotten what I was going to say!"

"I can neither keep Rosemont nor sell it, Mr. March. It's yours. It's yours every way. It's yours in the public wish; my father told me so last night. And there's a poetic justice——"

"Poetic—O!"

"Mr. March, didn't we once agree that God gives us our lives in the rough for us to shape them into poetry—that it's poetry, whether sad or gay, that makes alive—and that it's only the prose that kills?"

"Oh! do you remember that?"

"Yes." Her eyes fell again. "It was the time you asked me to use your first name."

"Oh! Miss Barb, are you still going to hold that against me?"

"Rosemont should be yours, Mr. March. It rhymes." She rose.

"No! No, no! I give it to you!" he said, springing to his feet.

"Will you, really, Mr. March?" She moved a step toward the door.

"O Miss Barb, I do! I do!"

"But your mother's consent——"

A pang of incertitude troubled his brave face for an instant, but then he said, "Oh, there can be no doubt! Let me go and get it!" He started.

"No," she falteringly said, "don't do it."

"Yes! Yes! Say yes! Tell me to go!" He caught her hand beseechingly. As their eyes gazed into each other's, hers suddenly filled and fell.

"Go," was her one soft word. But as he reached the door another stopped him:

"John——"

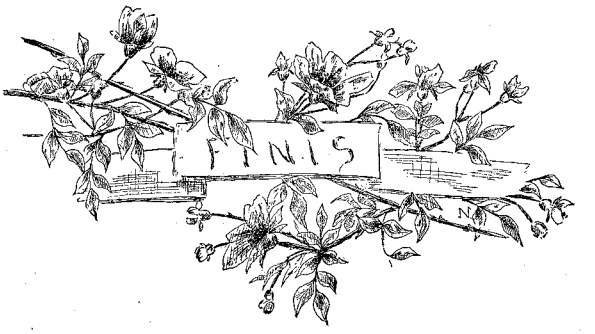
He turned and stood trembling from head to foot, his brow fretted with an agony of doubt. "Oh, Barbara Garnet!" he cried, "why did you say that?"

"Johanna told me," she murmured, smiling through her tears.

He started with half-lifted arms, but stopped, turned, and with a hand on his brow, sighed, "My mother!"

But a touch rested on his arm and a voice that was never in life to be strange to him again said, "If you don't say 'our mother,' I won't call you John any——"

Oh! Oh! Oh! men are so rough sometimes!



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THE POINT OF VIEW

When I spoke to my Uncle Joseph about the approach of Christmas, he admitted that the Christmas spirit was not as lively in him this year as he could wish. Upon probing him for the reason, I found that the house Aunt Maria took for last summer was engaged early in the spring when there was promise of a prompt improvement in business. But the tariff discussion delayed the improvement, and left my uncle with a good deal bigger summer establishment on his hands than he found consistent with the state of trade. The ensuing four months of violence done to his thrift, followed by efforts at retrenchment since his return to town, had brought him to the holidays with a spirit not a little harassed, and inclined to be impatient of Father Christmas himself as an expensive old person who comes around without regard to the times and frustrates the economies of people who want to save. My uncle will feel better presently, and I trust it will be soon, for he is a worthy man and of a benevolent nature, and it grieves me to think that his Christmas may be lost to him. For whatever else Christmas may bring to anyone, lost it is unless it brings the Christmas spirit. Without peace and good-will in one's heart there can be no Christmas that is worth mentioning; so that it behooves anyone who finds himself in danger of going to bed on Christmas-eve without Christmas feelings to hold an inquest on himself betimes and find out what is the matter.

It can be stated on authority that no Christmas-keeping person will be inclined to dispute that the necessary elements of the Christmas spirit are peace and good-will. It is essential to anyone's Christmas comfort that he should have a fair measure of peace of mind. If he lacks that he should find out why. If, as in my Uncle Joseph's case, his disquiet has a fiscal basis, he should call a meeting of himself and firmly resolve to procure a proper relation between his incomings and his outgoings at the cost of whatever sacrifice of pomps and vanities may be necessary. He may not be able to do that actually in a day, or in a week, but he can plan and he can resolve, and if he has a tolerably firm mind he ought to be able to resolve with sufficient vigor to bring his spirit the necessary relief. To lose one's enjoyment of Christmas because one has spent too much money in a bad year is intolerable. To repent is good; to save and scrape and pinch is good if need be; to deny one's self even the happiness of making gifts is praiseworthy if the case is bad enough; but to worry and be miserable is to misuse the season.

Come to terms with yourself, brother, betimes, and whatever the situation is get on top of it before Christmas. If it is not a fiscal difficulty, but something else; if your conscience pricks you for laziness, or for wasting your time, or for neglecting your family, or for flirting, or for reading too many newspapers, or for gossiping, or for drinking too many cocktails, or for whatever species of misbehavior you may last have fallen into, attend to its admonitions and stop its noise. Gain your Christmas peace of mind even if you have to seek it with some resolution. Indulge yourself in that, even if you have to forego some other indulgences. Whatever the year's shortcomings may have been, and whether

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they have resulted in an empty heart, an empty head, or merely an empty pocket, so much peace of mind as is essential to a tolerable Christmas spirit must surely be within the reach of any sinner who really repents and is ready to do his best.

As for the other constituent element, the good-will toward men, that would seem to spring naturally from a state of inward peace. There may be men who can be at peace with their own souls and still not be kindly disposed toward their neighbors; but if so they must be unfortunates whose souls are deformed, and the best Christmas acquisition that one could wish for them would be such a disturbance of their self-complacency as would bring it to their notice that there is something radically wrong with them, and stir them up to bring about a readjustment. Folks who know they lack the Christmas spirit, and know why and grieve therefor, are in a comparatively hopeful state; but folks who haven't got it, and are not even conscious of their own destitution, are in a bad way indeed. Such a case is not one where ignorance is bliss. Not to have the Christmas spirit is not to love one's neighbor, and to live without love for one's neighbor is to live without the greatest luxury in life. Get that, brother. If you have lost it, get it back. If you have never had it, search for it. It is the one thing indispensable, without which Christmas is an empty name.

Among the titles of Dr. Holmes to gratitude and enduring remembrance, which recall themselves to us so numerously and forcibly at the moment of his death, there is one which I hope no one will lose sight of, and which perhaps ought to be called his influence as a civilizer. He not only showed us, it seems to me—and I am thinking of some of his more didactic poems, of the opening chapters of "Elsie Venner," of countless passages in the "Autocrat" and the "Professor"—what a fine foundation we Americans have to build upon, but he was the means of inciting directly a multitude of readers to work toward ideals of real and sincere culture (not the sham article) which have never in our literature been put into such sane and comprehensive form. I should like to see a muster, and I am sure it would be a large one, of the men now in middle age whose mental tone has been, consciously or unconsciously, considerably influenced by the kindly castigation, until they seemed intolerable, of shams and half-baked pretences that otherwise they might have gone on tolerating; by the flashes of unmalignant wit in which even small boorishnesses and meannesses were suddenly shown up in so unmistakable a light that it seemed impossible ever to commit them again; by the numberless cumulative touches by which an ideal of the gentleman was built up, wholesome, sensible, unpriggish, attainable by every sincere sham-hating man, yet also full of quiet high things, charity, consideration for others—a "man of gentle will."

I doubt if any writer ever preached (or practised) much more effectively what are in the very best sense the amenities of life and thought. There was the fullest virility and force in what he did; nobody who recalls his work will be in danger of misinterpreting the word "amenities." But before all things he produced the effect of sweetening and mellowing what he touched; of holding it so that you looked at it in a finer, more charitable light, and saw sides which diminished your prejudices and would not let them keep any malignity. The things he showed up to laughter or contempt somehow did not leave a bitter impression, but only the idea that I mentioned before—that they were repugnant to the finer civilized man he was and assumed you to be. His sharpest wit had a curious quality of tolerance; and all his trenchant bits of criticism and pretended dogmatism had attached to them, like a corollary, a little hint that the cure for it all was charity—the understanding other men better.

This is what I mean by his civilizing influence—that he had the gift of making every man who read him feel like a more civilized being; which I take to be not only a more refined, better informed, more enlightened being, but also one better disposed and more intelligently minded toward the rest of his race.

In little and great things it was the same. Do you remember "Urania, a rhymed Lesson," away back in his younger days—with what skilful good-humor it picked out all the little solecisms of dress, manners, and talk,

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and yet left the perpetrators, while entirely cured, feeling as though they were laughed with and not at? From that trifle up to the best things in the "Autocrat," there is the same indefinable attitude of taking into counsel, of looking at these matters *together*—always with the same result, a feeling of being a little more ripened and (once more) a little more highly civilized when you came out of the talk than when you went in.

All this does not touch the higher aspects of his poetry; it does not touch things like "The Story of Iris" in the "Professor;" but surely it is not the least of his titles to be remembered among American men of letters.

Dr. Holmes was not one of those men of whom one feels that they should have lived to read their own obituaries, so as to have the satisfaction of knowing how greatly they were esteemed. He has been so widely and cordially appreciated for so many decades that all the columns of matter the newspapers printed about him could scarcely have told him anything he did not know before. Whether poets find a personal pleasure in the appreciation of remote posterity is somewhat uncertain; but there is no doubt that the clamor of palm smiting palm is one of the most agreeable sounds that can fall upon a poet's living ear. Dr. Holmes was one of the most intelligently applauded poets that ever lived. If his poems of occasion are unmatched in felicity, it is largely because they had the great good fortune to be addressed in almost every instance to audiences of most exceptional ability to detect a hit. Boston has lost the dearest and most loyal of her old friends. Give her credit for what she did for him. She was loyal as well as he. What he had the wit to write and to say she had the discernment to appreciate. If Boston had not been Boston, Holmes could not have been Holmes. A Milton blind and solitary could write "Paradise Lost" and find the rapture of his own imagination a sufficient incentive. An Edwards in a rural village scarcely emerged from the primeval woods could meditate upon the nature and purposes of the Creator, and find the nature of his theme sustain his efforts. But a poet who writes to please must have an audience that is worth pleasing. Dr. Holmes was a poet of that sort, and it was one of his greatest felicities that from early youth he never had to seek for fit and friendly hearers. His thoughts never went unuttered for want of ears that invited their disclosure. He never had a good thought but that there was a good man within reach to share it with.

It is a matter of accepted tradition that poets are born not made; but not all the born poets are developed. Holmes beyond question was a born poet, but Boston may fairly be said to have raised him. He grew up under her wing. He was educated at her door. His first fame was won by verses first published in a Boston newspaper. He left her for a little while in early manhood, but she hastened to call him back, and provided him with a congenial task that suited his own needs as well as hers and kept him by her ever afterward. It is not surprising that he loved her or that she loved him. They were admirably mated. She made him happy and he made her famous, and incidentally made himself famous at the same time. Her occasions were his opportunities, and he met them with a continuing flow of felicitous response such as no poet of modern times has rivalled. Wherever Holmes is known Boston is known too. Her debt to him is fit to be compared to Scotland's debt to Walter Scott. If the long walk in her Common and the gilded dome of her State House are landmarks in literature it is because he made them so. No other American city ever had such a laureate; even Boston herself is not likely to have such another. The material for laureates is scarce nowadays; the inspirations are scarcer still, and Boston is not a family of New Englanders any more. She has outgrown that phase of her existence and is a great American city, too big and rich and overgrown and spread out and with too miscellaneous a population to inspire again the sort of affection that old Boston stirred in Dr. Holmes. But she is entitled to the comfort of remembering that she recognized the laureate she did have, and that if his constancy never wavered neither did her appreciation ever wane.

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THE HISTORY OF A PUBLISHING HOUSE

1846–1894

NO business establishment, perhaps, comes to have for most people as distinct a personality and personal history, apart from those of its members, as a publishing-house. Its imprint is stamped upon the most highly individualized products in the world; and their selection expresses an individuality which is direct and definite. Such a house comes to be thought of not merely as an organization for buying and selling, but as an entity with a character and personal attributes, which grow more pronounced as the association of its books and authors gather around it.

During the past summer the publishing-house of Charles Scribner's Sons, after nearly fifty years of such associations, has marked an important point in its history by moving from the site with which its friends have been familiar and establishing itself in a new building, its own property, planned and built for its purposes, and entirely occupied by the different departments of its business. If the time is not exactly that of its semi-centennial anniversary, it is certainly an appropriate one to recall something of its past; and if the personal part of its history can be naturally no more than briefly summarized here in a record of the names of its members, there is much in its undertakings and experiences that may be properly and pleasurably preserved in its own Magazine.

THE house was founded in 1846 by Charles Scribner, Senior, the impetus of whose powers and tastes it still strongly feels, as it still fittingly perpetuates his name. He was then a man of twenty-five, a graduate of Princeton, who had studied law in the offices of Charles King and Benjamin F. Butler of New York, but had given up the practice of his profession because of temporary ill-health. His grandfather had been a Congregational minister, graduated at Yale, and his father a prosperous New York merchant. He himself was a lover of books, had strong literary tastes, had travelled in Europe, and took up the new pursuit with a special liking for it, which was the best index of success. He first associated himself with Isaac D. Baker, under the firm name of Baker & Scribner; but Mr. Baker retired after a few years, and he continued under the style of Charles Scribner, still occupying the original quarters of the firm—a part of the chapel of the old Brick Church at the corner of Nassau Street and Park Row, now the site of the *Times* Building, for which in those days he paid six hundred dollars rent, as shown by the original lease still in the possession of the firm. In 1856 he moved to 377 and 379 Broadway, in 1858 to 124 Grand Street, and later to 654 Broadway. It was not until 1874, after Mr. Scribner's death, that the house occupied the building at 743 Broadway, with which it was so long identified.

In 1857 Mr. Scribner took into partnership

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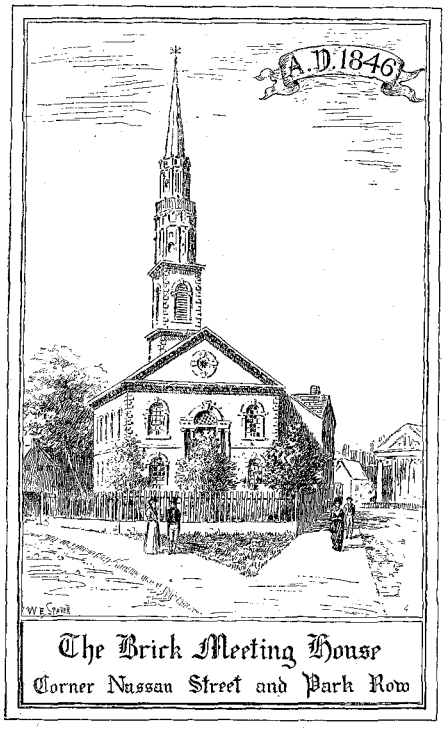

Mr. Charles Welford, the son of a London bookseller, but long resident here, and formerly of the book-importing firm of Bartlett & Welford and the book-auction firm of Bangs Brothers & Co. This partnership was organized for the business of importing books only, under the name of Scribner & Welford, the main house continuing the publishing business under the name of Charles Scribner as before; and from this time until shortly after the death of Mr. Welford, in 1885, the two departments were carried on separately in their details. In 1864 Mr. Scribner admitted to partnership Mr. Andrew C. Armstrong, who had been engaged in the business from its earliest days. In 1869 Mr. Edward Seymour, a graduate of Yale, who had been for some time an assistant editor of the *New York Times* and the correspondent of the *London Daily News*, was also admitted to the firm.

Mr. Scribner died in the year 1871, twenty-five years from the foundation of the house, and was succeeded as its head by his oldest son, Mr. John Blair Scribner, the style of the main firm becoming Scribner, Armstrong & Co., and that of the importing house, Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. Mr. Seymour died in 1877; and in the next year Messrs. John Blair Scribner and Charles Scribner, his younger brother, bought out the interest of Mr. Armstrong in the house, which thus reverted again entirely to the family of its founder and then assumed the name by which it is still known. The death of Mr. John Blair Scribner in the next year left Mr. Charles Scribner for a time the only partner; but a few years after, in 1884, his brother, Arthur H., became associated with him; and from this time there has been only one further change of moment, which occurred, as has been mentioned, on the death of Mr. Welford in 1885—the absorption into the main house of the business of Scribner & Welford, so that the whole is now conducted as a single organization.

THE story of the earliest successes of the house is familiar to those who are interested in the history of publishing, and a part of it to the wider public which cares for the origins of books that have taken a permanent place in our literature. J. T. Headley's books, "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Washington and his Generals," and "The Sacred Mountains," all published in the firm's first year, were great business successes — their sales together passing 500,000 copies. N. P. Willis was already a popular writer; the publication of "People I have Met" added him to the Scribner list, and the house successfully issued a collected edition of his works. The popular qualities of these first ventures may be said to have been to a great extent obvious (though it is proverbially easy to see this after the fact); but when a year or two later Mr. Scribner persevered in publishing "The Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850) and "Dream Life" (1851), by Donald G. Mitchell, though his "Battle Summer" (1849) had not been a success, he began to show beyond mistake the discrimination and faith in his judgments which mark the first rank in his profession. There is certainly no need now, either on commercial or literary grounds, to justify these two selections. Still more characteristically discriminating was his attaching to his growing list the books of Dr. Holland, beginning in 1858 with "Timothy Titcomb's Letters." For a long series of years Dr. Holland's successive works, with their aggregate sales of many hundreds of thousands, proved the soundness of Mr. Scribner's judgment; while Dr. Holland's own repeated testimony to the justice and wisdom of his publisher through all this time has been an especially pleasant memory to the house.

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Charles Scribner, Senior.

An important part of the work of the firm early began to take a direction in which Mr. Scribner was keenly and thoughtfully interested both by conviction and taste — the publication of theological and philosophical works, particularly of writers in his own (the Presbyterian) Church, but not by any means of these alone. He brought to the house during the fifties the first of the long list which has since included an array certainly remarkable in the history of a single publishing establishment—the works of the Alexanders, of Dr. Bushnell, Dr. Hodge, Dr. H. B. Smith, among the older theologians; of Dr. McCosh, Presidents Woolsey and Porter of Yale, President Mark Hopkins, Dr. Shedd, Dr. George Park Fisher, Professor Phelps, Professor Shields, Professor Harris, Dr. Charles A. Briggs, President Schurman of Cornell, Dr. Newman Smyth, Dr. Marvin R. Vincent, President Harper of Chicago, and so many more who have illustrated the theology and scholarship of the Evangelical churches in America, that their enumeration would reach the dimensions of a catalogue. This direction led logically to one of the most important undertakings of the firm (in 1864) in the publication of the great "Lange's Commentary," extending over several years and reaching finally the total of twenty-six volumes, which enlisted in their preparation and revision the best biblical scholarship of the

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world. This Commentary, which though based on the German of Lange and bearing his name, was practically a new work under the editorship of Dr. Philip Schaff (some of its volumes being absolutely new contributions), was probably the largest undertaking, with the exception of one Encyclopædia, entered upon up to that time by an American publisher; and its extraordinary success is a notable passage in the house's annals. Dr. Schaff, whose long friendship is, like Dr. Holland's, one of its pleasant recollections, was, beside his scholarship, a man of tireless energy both in initiative and in actual labor; and the long list of his individual works upon its catalogue was ended only a few months before his death in 1893. At the time there was already in progress the latest of a long line of undertakings in this field, successors of the great Commentary, in the "International Theological Library," undertaken in conjunction with Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh, and edited by Professor Charles A. Briggs and Professor Salmond.

Some of the earlier relations formed by the firm with foreign authors — relations which have since multiplied until they form a very important part of its business — grew up in this direction of religious and philosophical works. The scholarship of Edinburgh and Glasgow not only contributed to several of the larger undertakings, but was represented in increasing numbers on its list by individual works; the great centres of German higher criticism have been also represented; the house has been the American publisher of the long course of Hibbert Lectures, and of a long series of the books of English writers in kindred fields. But with the majority of its English authors in general literature, its connection has been the growth of the last twenty-five years—a time long enough to have given it some of its most interesting associations. During nearly that time it has published here the works of Mr. Froude, of Dean Stanley, and of Professor Max Müller; it published Mr. Gladstone's seven volumes of collected essays fifteen years ago; and constantly through the quarter of a century the books of men like Rawlinson, Sayce, Jowett, Jevons, George Smith, Forsyth (ot "Cicero"), and many more, so that no small number of the notable single English contributions to the scholarship of this period appear upon its catalogue. The histories of Mommsen and Curtius were the principal continental additions to its works of this class during the same years; though many others of less scope might be recalled. The predilection for books of this order—what may be called classics of scholarship in the more serious fields — has been a direct legacy from the early members of the house, and is still especially noticeable in its list, however it has extended in other directions. As a consequence the number of its books in use as college text-books and in all the departments of higher education has always been very large, and has made up an important element in its business. For a number of years—from the later fifties until 1883—an Educational Department, fully organized under expert heads, was maintained also for school text-books, and was very successful with some of the best school-books in the

Charles Scribner, Senior—from a daguerreotype.

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country, such as Guyot's Geographies, Sheldon's Readers, Cooley's Physics, and the like; but in view of the rapid specialization of this branch of publishing, the separate methods required in it, and the preference of the firm for devoting all its energies to the other lines of its business, the school-book list was sold in 1883 to Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., and the Educational Department of the Scribners concerned itself only with the higher text-books, which still include such classics as the works of Whitney, Marsh, Perry, and many others.

John Blair Scribner.

Of the undertakings which rapidly followed the Commentary, the establishment in 1865 of a small monthly magazine, *Hours at Home*, is a point to be noted in the history of the house, as the small beginning of the enterprises in periodical literature with which it was to become so closely identified. *Hours at Home* was "a family magazine," primitive and limited, judged by any later standard, and a very modest venture indeed; but it led Mr. Scribner to think of the possibilities of its enlargement and change into something very different. Dr. Holland, whose capacities as the editor of a popular magazine he recognized, was consulted as to taking its editorship with a view to such changes; but discussion and the growth of the ideas in the minds of both finally led to the decision to establish an entirely new periodical. Mr. Roswell Smith, whom Dr. Holland had met in Europe while the matter was under consideration, and who had become greatly interested in the enterprise, joined in it with added capital, and in August, 1870, the firm of Charles Scribner & Co. announced in a circular, dated from the office of *Hours at Home*, that they had "organized the Magazine Department of their business into a separate company, with Dr. J. G. Holland and Roswell C. Smith as part owners, under the name of Scribner & Co.," and that with November the publication of *Scribner's Monthly* would be begun. The history of the Magazine which followed this announcement is well known. From the beginning it set a virtually new standard for the illustrated popular periodical; it brought together a multitude of new writers whose influence has been very wide in American literature; through its artistic side especially it had the chief part in the great progress in American illustration and wood-engraving which has been one of the notable things of our last quarter of a century; and the way in which it revolutionized all former ideas of the possibilities of magazine circulation was epoch-making, as the Germans say, in this field of literature.

The Magazine had already shown the promise of its success at the time of Mr. Scribner's death, in 1871; it continued steadily to increase in prosperity through the changes in the firm which followed. In the main business of the house, too, these were years of great activity in carrying out other enterprises which its founder had begun or which he had in view. About the middle of the seventies the Subscription Book Department of the business began to grow into prominence — a department whose history is one of large undertakings. The American edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," undertaken in co-operation with Messrs. Black of Edinburgh, the original publishers, and printed by them there to be furnished in

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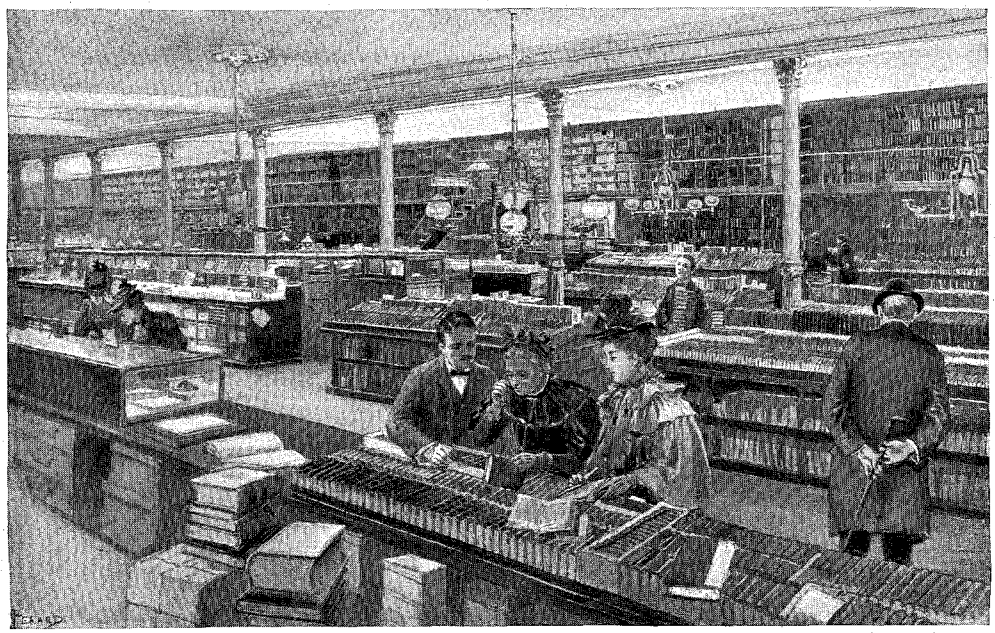
sheets to the American firm, was one of these, which proved to surpass in importance anything of the kind hitherto attempted. The sales of the edition—in twenty-four volumes, the least expensive form of which cost $125 per set—have been more than 70,000 sets, so that their proceeds must be reckoned in the millions—a sufficiently rare thing with the accounts of a single book. The whole history of this undertaking is of great interest to those who know it; the conflicts with pirated editions, the influence of the American demand upon the work itself in increased attention to American needs (fuller maps, etc.), and many other points, making up a story which might be well worth the telling. Not the least interesting aspect of it was shown by the figures given for total sales by Mr. Adam Black, in his speech at the dinner to the contributors to the Encyclopædia in London, on the completion of the Ninth Edition —indicating clearly that the authorized sales of the Encyclopædia in America must have been not far from four times those in Great Britain itself.

To the successful books published through the Subscription Book Department belong also the illustrated "Popular History of the United States," begun under the editorship of William Cullen Bryant, and written by Sydney Howard Gay, with a body of assistants who were engaged upon it four years or more—a book of which the preparation and illustration alone meant an investment of considerably more than $100,000, but which amply justified its conception; the "Scribner-Black Atlas of the World" and the "Statistical Atlas;" the many series of colored plates now so familiar, like the "Game Fishes and the Upland Game Birds and Water-Fowl of the United State," the "American Yachts," the "Trouvelot Astronomical Drawings," etc.; books of art, like "The Arts of Japan," "Contemporary American Artists," and others; the "Cyclopædia of Painters and Paintings," and the "Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians." Greely's "Three Years of Arctic Service" was another book first published by subscription; and most notable of all among later works, Stanley's "In Darkest Africa." This latter, like so many other books, has an interesting personal history. The Scribners had published Stanley's first great book, "How I Found Livingstone;" and in the rooms of the Aldine Club hangs framed among other papers of curious interest the last letter written to Mr. John Blair Scribner by Stanley on the eve of his starting on the Livingstone expedition. When the later expedition to relieve Emin Pasha was undertaken, the book which it was known would result was naturally regarded as a prize in the publishing world, and it was eagerly competed for, many proposals awaiting Stanley at Zanzibar when



General View of the Store, 743 Broadway.

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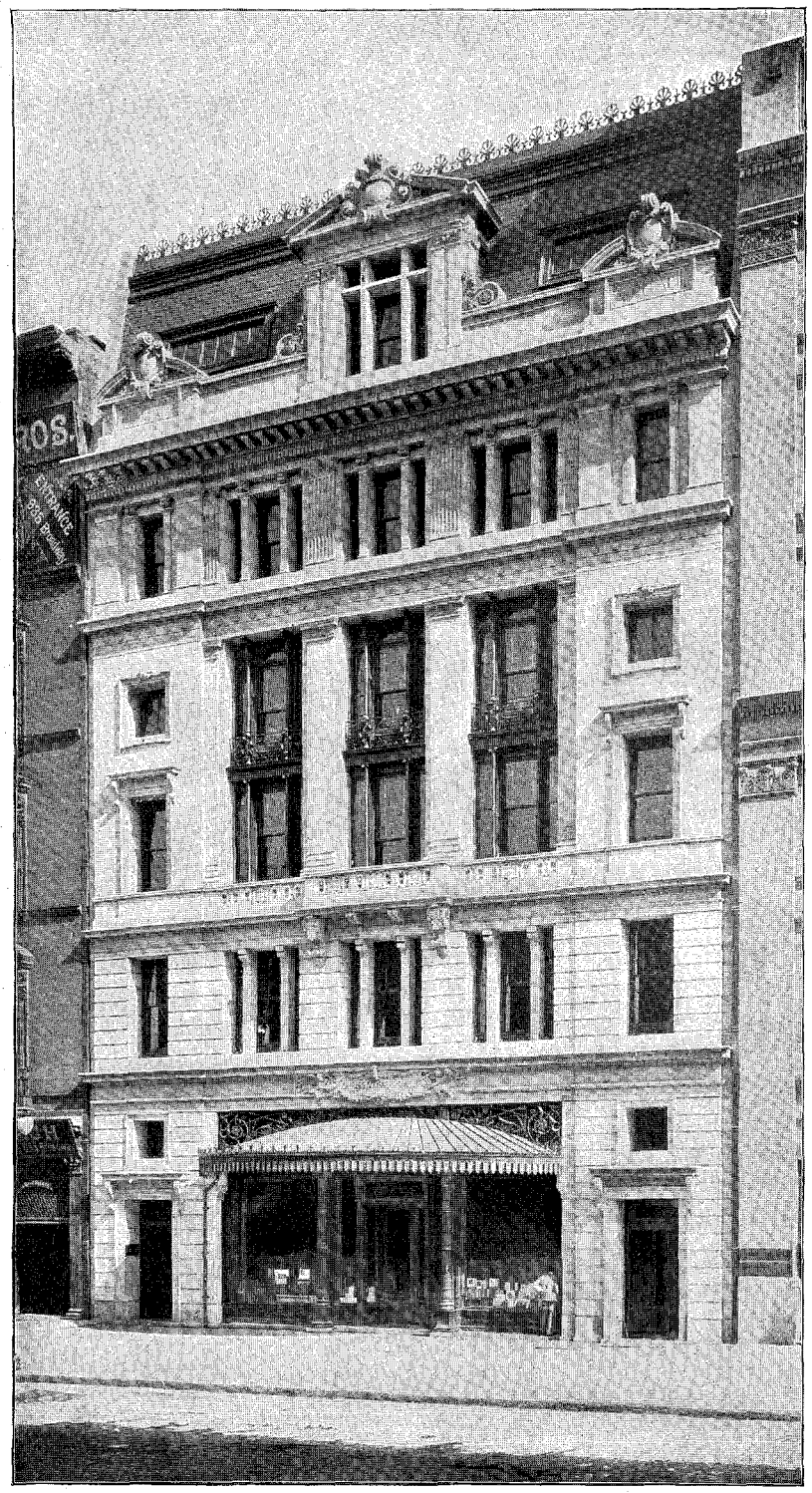

THE NEW BUILDING, 153–157 FIFTH AVENUE.

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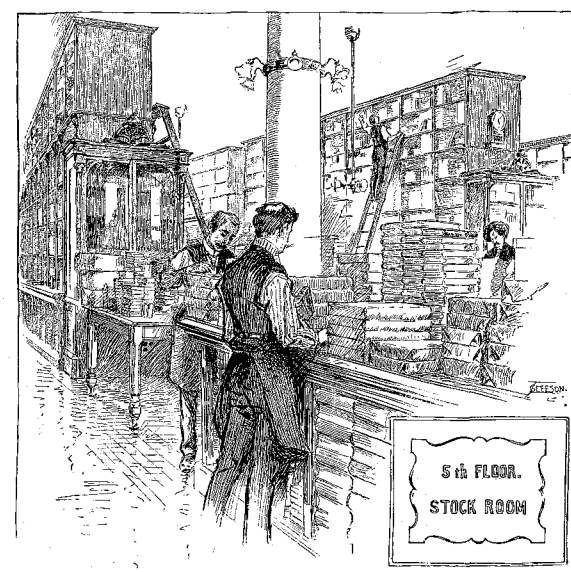
he came out again into civilization. Among these was an offer from the Scribners, which was instantly accepted. The preparation of the volumes was at once pushed forward; a member of the firm made a rapid journey to Cairo to sign the contracts, and with Mr. Edward Marston, of Sampson Low & Co. (the English publishers), to supervise certain necessary details; and the book was published within six months, to find at once an enormous sale.

During the later seventies and early eighties some works were issued through the regular main publishing department of the house which deserve special notice even among its multitudes of standard publications during those years. "The Campaigns of the Civil War," a series of ten volumes by prominent participants and military critics, which was the first attempt at a great military history of the war, and involved in its preparation an immense labor, and a great deal of willingly rendered assistance by government and military authorities to both authors and publishers; the works of Sidney Lanier; of Cable, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Stockton, Eggleston — almost the whole new group of writers of fiction of the time; many volumes of memoirs and biography — the Memoirs of Metternich and Miot de Melito, the Reminiscences of Carlyle and Froude's Life of him, the Lives of Kingsley by his wife, of Frederic Maurice by his nephew, of Lord Lawrence, of Dean Stanley by Dean Bradley; Keats's Letters to Fanny Brawne; some important and highly successful libraries and collections like the Library of Travel, edited by Bayard Taylor; the Bric-a-brac Series, edited by R. H. Stoddard, whose collected poems were also published at this time, and a list, in fact, that might be indefinitely prolonged. It was a time, too, when the accession began of a larger number of younger fiction-writers to the list of the house — a company which has since included Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris, H. C. Bunner, Robert Grant, Richard Harding Davis, Harold Frederic, Brander Matthews, F. J. Stimson, G. P. Lathrop, H. H. Boyesen, George A. Hibbard, Octave Thanet, and many more.

That side of the firm's business which was devoted to the importation of books had



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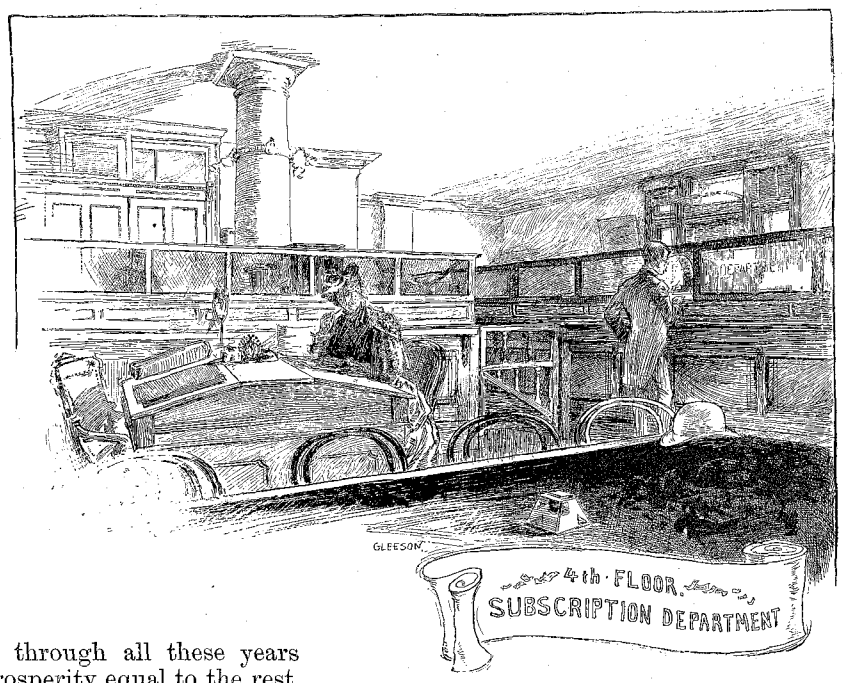

gone on through all these years with a prosperity equal to the rest.

Probably few men with a greater fund of knowledge or skill in choice have ever been connected with such a house than Mr. Charles Welford, who, living in London, conducted the business of buying there in a way which led book collectors, of whom some of the foremost have been valued clients of the house almost from its beginning, to learn to look to it for valuable prizes, and book-lovers to deal with it for fine editions and the standards of foreign publication. By the time of his death, in 1885, his traditions and knowledge, in addition to the years of experience of others in that department, had become a capital which this portion of the business is never likely to lose; and Mr. L. W. Bangs, for many years manager of the Importation Department in New York, has, since Mr. Welford's death, carried on the work in London with the same success.

IN 1881, circumstances arising which it seemed might hamper the firm in its entire independence in the conduct of the Magazine of which it had been a founder, it decided to sell its interest in the Monthly to a new corporation; and the sale was made under a stipulation that the Scribner name should be withdrawn from the periodical, which then became the *Century Magazine* and its publishers the Century Company, the Scribners agreeing to abstain for five years from the publication of any magazine that should be a competitor in the same field. Thus it was not until January, 1887, after an interval a year longer than the agreement provided, that the present Magazine was established, under the editorship of Mr. Edward L. Burlingame—a new publication in every sense, in no way a revival of any part of the past, but filling once more the whole complement of the departments of the business of the house, and adding again to the lines of its activity one with which it had so long been identified.

The new venture, like the old, was successful from the beginning; and in its own pages may perhaps be most fitly left to speak for itself. It has carried on the traditions of the house both in making itself a magazine of general literature, and, it is believed, in the character of that literature; and it is fortunate in having won a place for its own individuality which it owes to these things.

In the sixteen volumes now ended there is a sufficient proportion of the good literature which during the last eight years has found publication through periodicals, to gratify its conductors and in their belief to furnish a favorable augury for the future. To recall any large part in this space would be impossible unless by a bare list of names; but two

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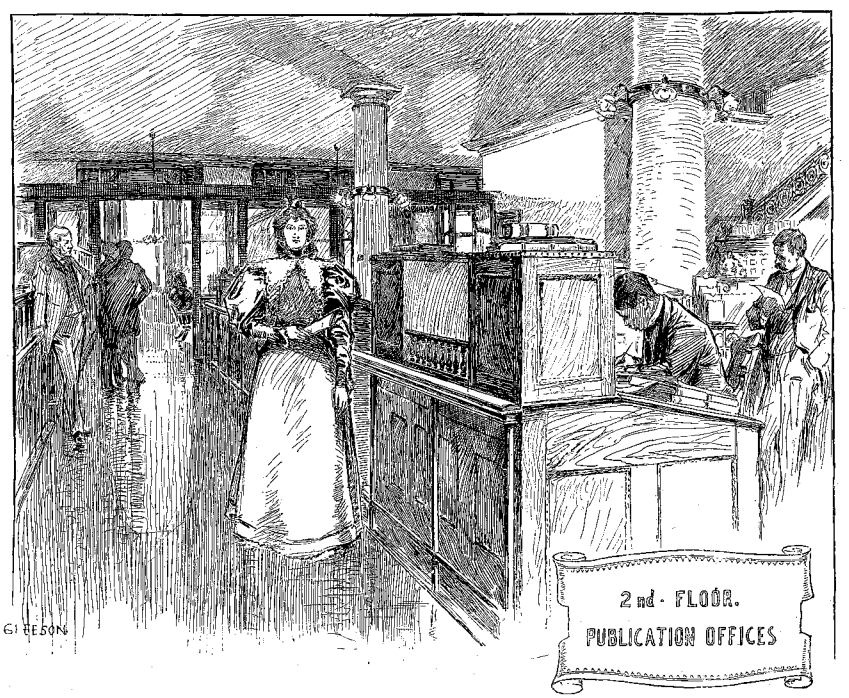
or three matters which have been literary events may be cited—such certainly as the hitherto unpublished Letters of Thackeray, edited by Mr. James Russell Lowell, one of the Magazine's first publications, which added, as a critic said, "a new classic to English literature;" passages from the remarkable Diaries of Gouverneur Morris (now forming part of the two volumes published by his granddaughter); the long series of reminiscences and personal relations of many notable men — Sheridan, Stanley, Minister Washburne, Lester Wallack, Hugh McCulloch, Archibald Forbes, and many others, which have given to the Magazine perhaps a special prominence in this field of autobiography and personal narrative; the great groups of articles on three of the most important factors in modern progress, widely known as the "Railway Articles," the "Electric Articles," and the "Steamship Articles," probably the most successful series ever published by a periodical in satisfying popular interest upon these subjects by the work of men of the highest authority; the novels and essays of Robert Louis Stevenson, and the short stories which have included many of those most notable in the whole history of American short-story writing. The number of new writers now widely popular whose work the Magazine was the first to publish has been very great; but it has not outnumbered the list of older and already well-known names which it counts among its contributors.

The mention of the Magazine brings the history of the house down to the present. It goes into its new quarters holding the pleasantest relations with a very large number of the foremost contemporary writers, with a list of books upon its catalogue to which several hundreds are added each year, and with continually widening lines of activity. It has a natural pride in its record; and there is probably no house in the country in which a heartier *esprit de corps* prevails throughout its staff. Its prosperity has been gained not by the perfunctory but by the cordial and interested co-operation of many men, chosen originally for their competence and forming a picked body with exceptional capacities and experience, possessing and reciprocating the confidence of their chiefs.

IN the new building, which was built for the firm by Mr. Ernest Flagg, the architect of the new St. Luke's Hospital and many other public buildings, and of which the dignified and striking façade is already familiar to passers on Fifth Avenue, the ground floor is entirely occupied by the bookstore, which differs in



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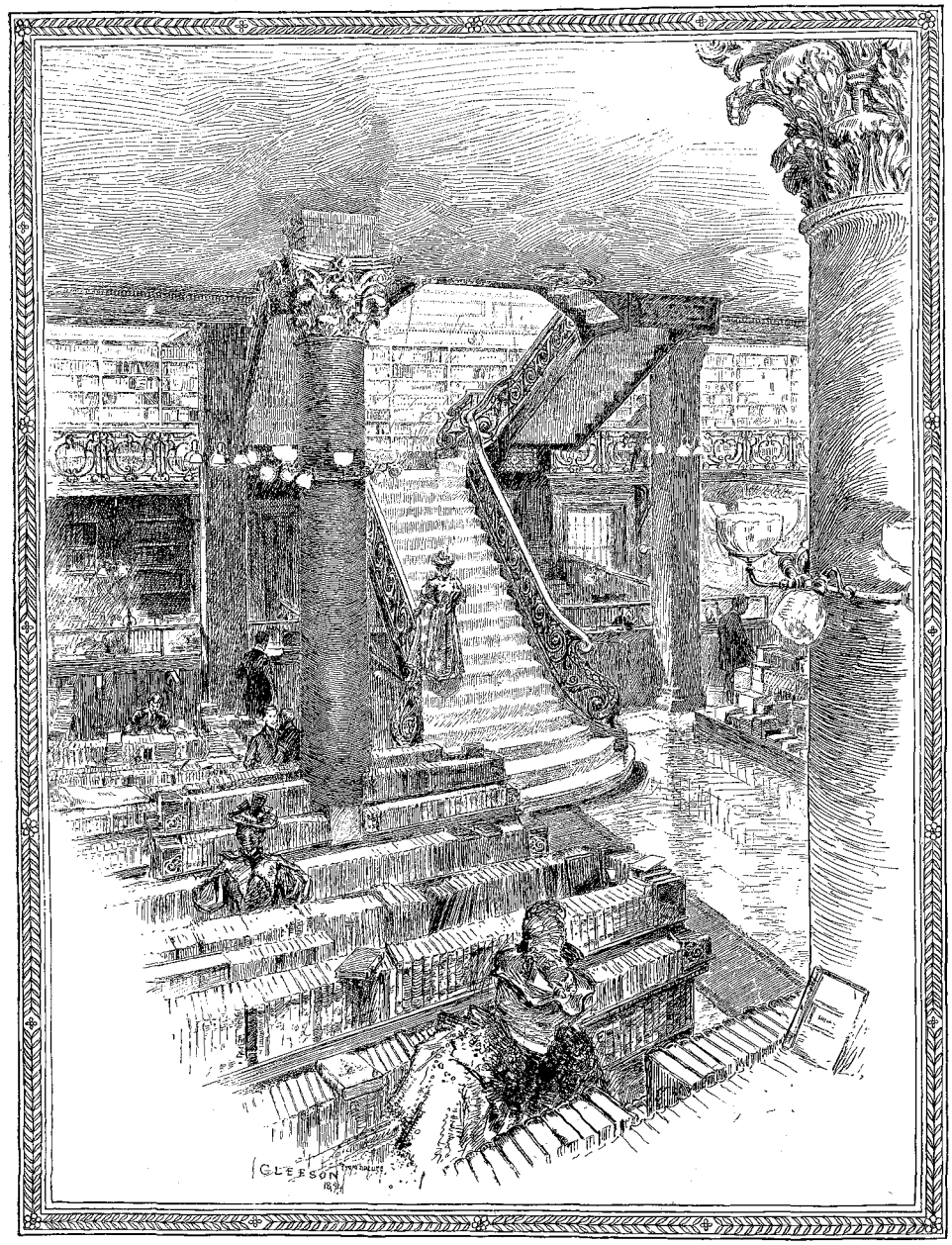

THE STAIRWAY IN THE NEW STORE AS SEEN FROM THE GALLERY.

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many ways from the conception of a book-store derived from past examples. Instead of a confused and crowded space with counters and low bookcases, the whole room resembles a particularly well-cared-for library in some great private house, or in some of the quieter public institutions. The walls, wainscoted to the ceiling in quartered oak, are for the most part covered by bookcases with glass shelves, on which the finer-bound and illustrated books are ranged from floor to ceiling—a gallery midway around the room aiding the access to them and still further heightening the library appearance. On the floor of wood blocks, laid in asphalt—so that a curious feeling of firmness meets the step like that of a sidewalk rather than a floor—stand large oak tables, upon which are ranged books for the inspection of buyers; and stands and chairs for reading are placed conveniently among these larger tables. Supported by four high columns, but otherwise having its great space quite clear, this ground-floor room is altogether free from offices (excepting at the back those necessary for the manager of this department and his immediate assistants); and with its Indian red decoration and the plentiful sunlight which pours in from the high windows at back and front it is a spacious, airy, and pleasant place. From the back a broad flight of stairs of white marble, dividing half-way up to the left and right, leads to the second floor, where are all the offices of the firm, of the Financial and Manufacturing Departments, the Wholesale Department, the Educational Department, the Book Buyer, and many more. The third floor is occupied altogether by the Magazine, with its different departments—the Editorial, Artistic, Publishing, etc. On the fourth floor is the Subscription Department. The fifth floor is given up to the storage of stock, but in an orderly way;—one may walk with almost as much pleasure through the neat aisles between the many groups of bookcases here as below in the main shop itself. The sixth story is occupied by mailing-rooms, ar-

rangements for the printing of circulars, and the other miscellany of a great business. The whole building is unique in being perhaps the first in America built from ground to top distinctly for the uses of a publishing-house; everyone having contributed to the original planning the experience of years as to the needs in his own department, and the consequence being an almost perfect adjustment of means to ends.

SO housed and so equipped, the firm in a little more than a year will enter upon its second half-century, with opportunities which it means to use fully in the advance of every department of its work.

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